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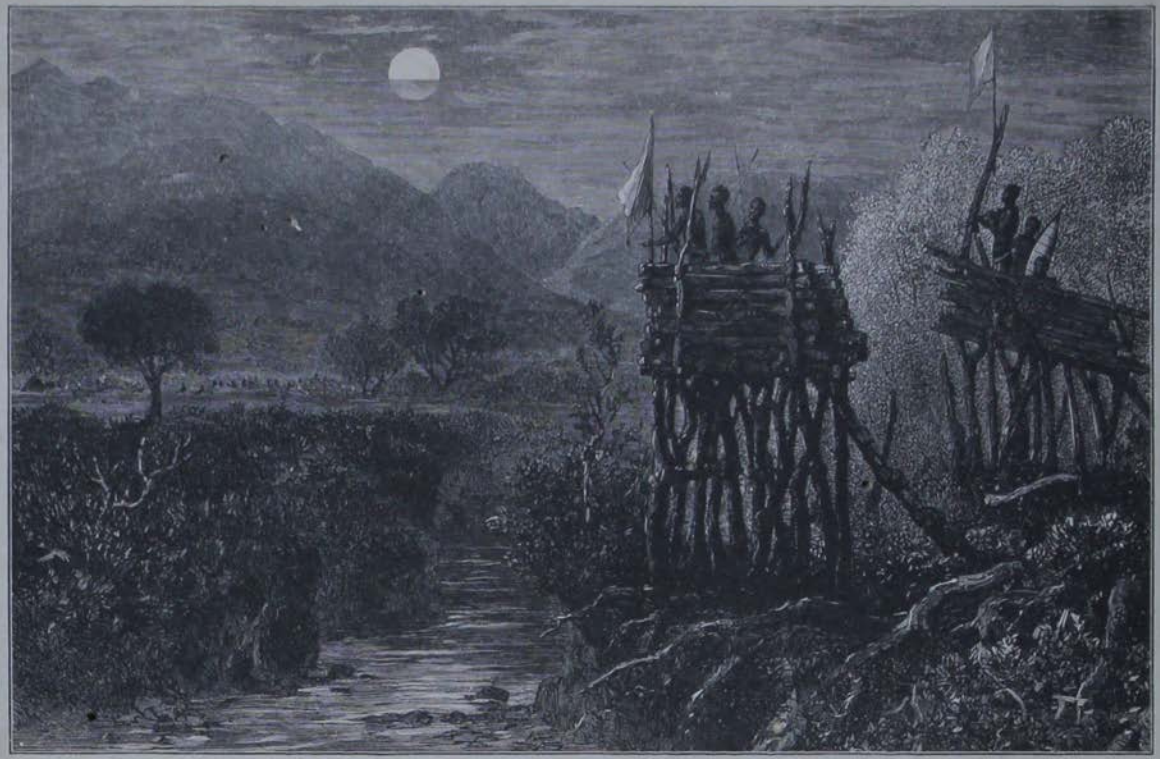

Machinga Camp. Ruaha. Gorge of Uwanje. Wasango Sentries.

Frontispiece. IN MERERE'S "BOMA." (*See page* 349.)

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES

AMONG

THE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS

OF

EASTERN & CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE

J. FREDERIC ELTON, F.R.G.S.,

H.B.M. CONSUL AT MOZAMBIQUE.

LATE OF THE 98TH REGT., AND A.D.C. TO LORD STRATHNAIRN.

EDITED AND COMPLETED

BY H. B. COTTERILL.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

33079

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1879.

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Dedication.

TO

COL. THE HON. WENMAN CLARENCE WALPOLE COKE,

&c. &c. &c.

GUARDS' CLUB.

MY DEAR COKE,

Will you accept the dedication of this Work in friendly recollection of the long chats over East Africa we used to enjoy by our camp fires in Zulu-land in 1871, and as a recognition of your continued interest in Africa?

Perhaps you may think I should rather have first written of the Matabele country, Zulu-land, and the Limpopo River — of prospecting for gold and African sport. I began to write on these subjects, but as I got further into my task I realised that any work touching upon the Slave Trade demanded a completely separate treatment, and therefore I commenced afresh from Mozambique and Zanzibar.

Yours very sincerely,

F. ELTON.

PREFACE.

THE great loss which the public service has sustained by the death of Captain James Frederic Elton will be fully appreciated after a perusal of the present volume.

The qualifications which render it possible for a Consul to hold his own amongst the desperate characters that infest the Eastern shores of Central Africa are not easily come by, nor is it an ordinary courage which makes a man efficient in acting up to our policy in respect to the slave-trade, when the field of his labours is a most relaxing and unhealthy one. Our Indian Banyan subjects are to be found in various localities upon the Eastern seaboard;—anxious enough to "run" with the Arab slave dealer when dollars are tolerably safe, and forward enough to "hunt" with the representative of our Flag, and claim a British subject's rights if it serves their purpose: it requires then no common shrewdness and knowledge of Indian duplicity to cope with such as these. Nor is the "Northern" Arab Dhow-Captain apt to relax the grasp of his sword when he is met face to face by an English official, just as he has a dhow crammed with slaves in some bye-creek, or whilst he tramps along the sands with his gang of "raw" slaves to the spot where his vessel lies hidden amongst the mangroves. At such moments the nerves must forget fever

poison's influence, and the situation must be accepted without hesitation, in all its bearings.

The reader will mark, then, how the seasoned pluck, and the varied experience of men, possessed by Captain Elton, stood him in good stead during some most critical moments. And as one ascends the scale of dangers and embarrassments which fall to the daily lot of men employed on such service by the Foreign Office, perhaps we must give a prominent place to the extreme difficulty of being brought in contact with Portuguese officials, in whom anything like visible energy in suppressing the slave trade was conspicuously absent when Captain Elton arrived at Mozambique. It is no mean tribute to his memory when we find it on record that whilst he was attached to the Consulate something like real activity prevailed amongst the Portuguese authorities. That his example had much to do with this is confirmed when we notice with mortification that since his death, and pending the arrival of his successor, the exportation of slaves from the neighbourhood of Mozambique has again become very brisk. How well he was fitted for the delicate position which he assumed at Mozambique in 1875 will be best seen when we trace his previous history in an eventful military and diplomatic training.

James Frederic Elton was born on the 3rd of August, 1840, and was the second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts W. Elton, of the 59th Regt. Bengal army. When the Indian Mutiny broke out, he entered the Bengal army and saw much active service. Having been with the relieving forces at Delhi and Lucknow, he had the good fortune to be placed on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh

Rose (Lord Strathnairn), to whom he was aide-de-camp for some years, and he subsequently received the Indian Medal with two clasps. In 1860 we find him a volunteer for service in China and present at the taking of Pekin, besides being in several engagements; he received the China Medal after this campaign. Having gained his Company, he quitted the English service and joined the staff of the French army in Mexico in 1866, subsequently giving a very graphic description of the campaign in a work entitled, 'With the French in Mexico.'

His experiences of African exploration and adventure began in 1868. There are few of the old Natal colonists and professional hunters of the interior who have not something to tell of the active, light-weight, blue-eyed, cheery fellow who seemed admirable in all that concerned sport or adventure, the man for whom no day was too long, no tract too unknown, no project too hazardous. Nor was this all. In the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society' (vol. xlii.), we have full evidence of his great geographical attainments. Our interest in the Zulu country and the lands bordering upon it is painfully enhanced just now, and a careful study of Captain Elton's exploration of the Limpopo river may be turned to with great advantage in mastering many particulars which have nowhere been dealt with so carefully. In 1871 he undertook official work at the Gold Fields, and again at the Diamond Fields, and he was also engaged in some delicate negotiations with the Portuguese. Becoming a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of Natal, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the various immigration schemes in all their complex bearings, and was thus able to deal with the exceedingly difficult questions

which arise in arranging for the transport of free labourers and freed slaves from one part of the coast to another. In 1873 he was appointed Assistant Political Agent and Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, by Sir Bartle Frere, and in 1875 British Consul in Portuguese Territory at Mozambique.

Surely it must be a man of no mean enterprise who would immediately set to work to wage war on all fragmentary and obsolete knowledge, and determine to examine personally each dark hole and corner of the slaver's haunts along the coast, whether under Portuguese or Arab jurisdiction. How this was done the following pages will show; but it is in Foreign Office Blue-books and correspondence that Captain Elton's indefatigable energy comes out in such marvellous colours, for no extension of ordinary limits would allow of a third part of his work being incorporated in this book.

There is one common test to which every African traveller should submit if he claims public utility for his work; I say let him be judged by his note-book and his sketch-book.

Perhaps when I contend for this test I shall best justify it thus. It is an ordinary determination when travelling to use the eyes and ears with a view to writing down accurately and, above all, freshly—in both senses of the word—such facts, reports, and impressions as an industrious intelligence apprehends every day under the most favourable circumstances, but, with all the will, many fail to do this. True, to sketch quickly either in pencil or water colours is not given to all: he who can do so at once scores many points. But now we come to the great trial of energy peculiar to the country under consideration, without which the highest accomplishments go for very little. In tropical

Africa the tendency to exhaustion is exceedingly great. Nature is fain to cry, "hold, enough!" when the day's march under a broiling sun comes to an end; and he who, amidst all the hindrances of pitching camp in the short half-hour between sundown and darkness which answers for an African evening, can regularly take up pen, pencil, or brush, is indomitable. There is nothing in the world which spoils so quickly under exposure as the note or the wayside observation. Secure it at once in the pocket-book or the journal, and it is elastic and bright, and will always retain its proper form; but carry it with you day by day, under a mass of accumulating impressions, and no wonder it is dank, limp, and all but colourless when its turn comes to be stowed away in the traveller's collection.

Here, then, is where the late Captain Elton's work as an explorer merits an exceedingly high place. It would be hardly possible to point to more beautiful sketches than those taken by him in places and under disadvantages of toil and worry that would have compelled nineteen men out of twenty to relinquish the attempt. His journals and notes testify that he was only too well aware of the transient nature of impressions to give them time to evaporate under the heat of fresh adventure. With such capabilities and with talents so actively employed, no wonder that we find his worth spoken to by Dr. Kirk, Her Majesty's Political Agent at Zanzibar, who writes as follows in full appreciation of his loss; and I may add it is the testimony of one who, through twenty years of little recognised toil, has served Her Majesty in similar dangers, whilst no one is so able to form a calm judgment after long experience of men in Africa:—

"Elton will be missed as an active public servant. He was the man for the place; and I say no one could have done better for the Government than he did. Many another would have run his head against the wall. He had sense and talent too much for that; and he leaves a most unblemished reputation as a public servant who has filled one of the most difficult posts out here." I quote from a letter written from Zanzibar on the 2nd February in the year 1878.

A companion in his last fatal march from Lake Nyassa towards the coast, and present when he died, Mr. H. B. Cotterill is far better qualified to lay before the public a careful selection from the notes and sketch-books of Captain Elton than any one else, and we have, as a result of his painstaking editing, a description of adventures in East Africa, most of which he himself might otherwise have recorded. It was pointed out to Mr. Cotterill that two narrations of the same story could only clash, and in a proper spirit he has waived his inclination to place his travels in the printer's hands, where death has demanded precedence for Captain Elton's notes.

The scenery on Lake Nyassa and the River Shiré has been already described by Mr. E. D. Young, R.N. (who was the first to circumnavigate the Lake), in his work entitled 'Nyassa;' but the adventures which befell Captain Elton and his comrades on the way to the coast, occurred on a totally fresh field, and we have thus a new part of Africa opened up to us. From some recent controversies in the daily papers, I am prompted to make a remark upon the Machinga tribe,—so prominently brought into notice in the following pages, more particularly as there is still a needless

mystery hanging over them, which has afforded room for the idea that they are allied to the Caffres. To Bishop Mackenzie and ourselves these people were very well known in 1860–64, and several of them settled at the Magomero Station of the Universities' Mission. Split off by civil war, they were nevertheless to all intents part of the great Ajawa nation, which changes its name to Yao (Steere) or Waiyou (Livingstone) as one nears the East Coast. Confusion may have arisen from the Caffre-like shield and assegai being seen amongst them; but here the Machingas have only done what all natives do in similar circumstances, *i.e.* lay aside their own weapons to assimilate themselves as nearly as possible to others whose prestige is far beyond their own. The Machinga who feigns himself one of the Ma Viti has half-won his battle; just as the Makololo, by begging trousers of travellers and a lavish expenditure of "good morning," makes many believe that he is nearly allied to the English! I notice too that Livingstone describes the Machingas several times as of the Waiyou tribe ('Last Journals,' vol. i. pp. 46, 50, 108, 112, &c.); and I am indebted to Mr. Beardall, who was with Mataka near the Lake recently, for the information that this Yao chief spoke of them as the hardest-fighting section of his tribe.

Whenever Africa is opened up it will probably be by turning the most powerful chiefs to account; and with this in view we can understand how eagerly Dr. Livingstone tried to gain particulars respecting Merére. It was reserved for Captain Elton, Mr. Cotterill, and their companions, to visit him just when this African celebrity was in sorry plight, and those who know the native character will see at once that Merére will only be too anxious to see more of the

English at his town. Situated as he is on the main road from Zanzibar to the Lake, his good-will is likely to become an important factor in any future doings in the country; and one cannot but feel glad that his first impressions of the English were formed when Captain Elton was a friend in need and a friend in deed to him. To all, ashore or afloat, he carried out the *rôle* of an English official in a manner that produced an effect that can be and should be utilised: every suggestion for counteracting the slave-trade on the Lake, as the great feeder, is especially worthy of instant attention.

If Her Majesty's Government is prepared to allow some little more attention to be paid to the extinction of the slave-trade, and if the Foreign Office will but permit another "oscillation" from the dead indifference of the last twelve months to take place, then Captain Elton's researches will be quite invaluable, but each succeeding mail shows that the traffic is springing up again with great vitality, and mainly from a sudden cooling down upon the subject both in the Indian Executive and Downing Street. This is the more vexatious when we consider, as all must in perusing the following narrative, that the Consular intelligence brought to bear upon the subject in Central Africa is all that can be desired.

HORACE WALLER.

December 28th, 1878.

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Note.—"The Illustrations in this Work are from sketches taken upon the spot, and are faithful renderings of the places and scenes they portray. Most of them are by the Author, but a few (in Part I.) are copied from sketches by Mr. Moorman, R.N., of H.M.S. 'Thetis,' and by Lieutenant Ogle, R.N., of the same ship, to whose kind assistance the Author's thanks are due."—F. E.

All passages or words inserted by the editor into the text of Consul Elton's Journals have been enclosed in *square brackets*.—H. B. C.

CAPTAIN F. ELTON.

To face page 1

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES

IN

EAST AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER ON AFRICA AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.*

Effects of complicity of civilised nations in Slave-trade—England, the first to acknowledge its immorality and to interfere for its suppression—Abolished on the West Coast, the Trade continues on the East Coast to supply slaves for Mohammedans—Slave-dealers and their confederates—Transport of slaves from the interior—Atrocities connected with traffic — East African Slave-trade described by Dr. Livingstone — Public sympathy aroused in England—Owing to Treaties with Zanzibar, measures for suppression difficult to carry out—Dr. Kirk appointed England's representative at Zanzibar—Prepares the way for more resolute anti-slavery policy—Sir Bartle Frere sent out to negotiate new Treaty with Sultan—Temporary failure of negotiations—Treaty concluded making transport of slaves by sea illegal—Slave-dealers establish a land route—New system for supplying clove-plantations with labour—Enormous import of slaves into Pemba Island (north of Zanzibar)—Difficulty of dealing with this traffic—Dr. Kirk induces Sultan to declare transport by land and fitting out of slave caravans illegal—Insubordination of Arab Governors and discontent of Sultan's subjects—Sultan's authority supported—Slave-trade reduced to a smuggling traffic, but not suppressed—Scheme, proposed by Political Agent for suppressing Slave-trade at its source in the interior, under consideration of British Government

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* This chapter has been kindly contributed by FREDERIC HOLMWOOD, Esq., H.M. Assistant Political Agent at Zanzibar.—ED.

—Present state of interior of Africa—England in the South—Egypt in the North—The West—The East—Facilities afforded by the Zanzibar dominions on that coast for opening up Africa—Jurisdiction and influence of Sultan—His character and administrative abilities—Sale of alcoholic liquors prohibited—England the recognised enemy of Slave-trade and friend of the slave—Physical features and climate of East Africa—The maritime region—The Ghauts—The upland plains—The great Lake district—Productions—Character of natives of interior—Coast population—Difficulty of defining country likely to be first brought under influence of civilisation—Mission Stations—Commencement of road to Lake Nyassa—The opening up of Africa to trade and civilisation—Feeling in favour of such a movement gaining ground—Might be carried out under the form of a chartered commercial corporation—Effects of overtrading on British prosperity—Causes which have enhanced the ill-effects—The opening up of Africa might be carried out as a national undertaking—Would provide a new market for our manufactures and employment for our surplus middle-class population—The area now open to our influence may be generally described as nearly equal to that of British India—Its sparse population not an unmixed evil if properly dealt with—Assistance might be afforded by the Sultan of Zanzibar—Conclusion.

A FEW brief remarks on the African Slave-trade may assist the general reader—who abhors "blue-books"—in fully understanding many of the allusions to it in the following pages. Had Captain Elton survived, he would doubtless have added such comments in his own terse and interesting style. The writer of this chapter contributes them in memory of his old colleague and departed friend. Their opinions on African subjects generally coincided, having been formed in the same practical school—they having both had the good fortune to be long associated, while serving on the East Coast, under a chief whom to know was to esteem and respect, who, first as an African traveller and afterwards as England's representative at the Arab court at Zanzibar, has perhaps done more to suppress the East African slave-trade than any living man.

AFRICA AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Whether that monstrous phase of iniquity known as the slave-trade was the direct effect of the traditional curse attaching to the African race, or simply of the demand for menial labour among more wealthy and powerful peoples, or whether it arose from both causes combined, the misery, degradation, and ruin which this barbarous traffic has spread over the vast continent of Africa, consigning a great portion of one of the fairest quarters of the globe to utter desolation, form a spectacle which has been before the world for centuries, and one which not only long failed to excite the sympathy or arouse the indignation of more favoured races, but actually reached its climax of infamy when the most civilised nations of Europe, in endeavouring to extend their dominions and colonise a new world, increased the demand for slave labour to a pitch never before attained, at the same time exerting all the ingenuity and using all the advantages which a higher intelligence afforded them, for the purpose of systematically depopulating Africa, and transferring her youth and manhood as slaves to their own plantations in the West.

There is consolation in the reflection that, if England was not behindhand in participating in this horrible trade in human beings, she was the first to acknowledge its immorality and injustice, and, having done so, to put her shoulder steadily to the wheel, by interfering for the suppression of the unnatural traffic, without for a moment counting the cost or regarding the danger.

It is matter of history how this more modern form of the slave-trade, which long kept the plantations of the Americas and West Indies supplied with labour, and which was principally carried on in European and American vessels from

the West Coast, was totally suppressed, at an enormous pecuniary cost to the nation, accompanied by heavy losses to our navy in officers and men.

On the East Coast of Africa, on the other hand, a form of slave-trade went on, as from time immemorial, supplying the needs of the Mohammedan nations of the East—of Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, and notably of Zanzibar, the extensive African dominion of the ruler of Muskat, now an independent territory under its own Sultan.*

In these countries slavery is an institution deep-rooted as the religion of the Prophet, which makes domestic slavery essential to the peculiar status of woman, and gives every encouragement to agricultural slavery among freeborn Mohammedan men.

A special class of slave-dealers, recruited principally from the offscouring of maritime Arabia, leagued with a large following of idle half-castes and the native seafaring population of an extended coast-line, carried on this traffic with all the ardour attaching to an adventurous life accompanied by independence of law and order, while the prospects of large gains added no small attraction to a calling possessing otherwise many charms for such wild and restless spirits. Their caravans penetrated far into the interior, and, whenever there was a dearth of the commodity they sought, a temporary alliance with the nearest native chief powerful enough, and willing to aid them in attacking a weaker tribe, or in making a raid on some neighbouring village, soon enabled each dealer to fill up his chain-gang, at a small cost, with healthy young women and children. In such cases the massacre of the able-bodied men of the tribe they had surprised, and the abandonment of the elderly inhabitants to starve amid the

* The trade from the Portuguese dominions is not here referred to, it having been fully entered into by Captain Elton.

ashes of their devastated homes, did not cause a moment's thought or uneasiness.

The transport of their newly-acquired property some hundreds of miles down to the coast, through countries often barren and badly watered and not seldom unfriendly, was, however, an undertaking full of anxiety and difficulty, and one which gave rise to frequent acts of shocking atrocity. When hurrying through an inhospitable and impoverished district, the leaders of a slave-caravan could not stop to disengage the sick or fainting from the chain-gang, but, lopping the head above the ring confining the neck, allowed it to roll out of the path, while the disengaged body was kicked on one side, with a curse on its feebleness; or, if food failed, babes would be snatched from their wretched mothers' breasts and flung into the adjacent jungle, lest they should deprive a still healthy slave of the strength to proceed.

On arriving at the coast, the duty of $2 per head would be paid on the survivors, and the dealer would be at liberty to dispose of his slaves on the spot, or ship them in native vessels to a more favourable market, unless, as was frequently the case, he had been trading with capital borrowed from one of the numerous Indian merchants from Kutch or Bombay, in which case he might have to await the instructions of his principal.

It was this phase of the East African slave-trade which, at the commencement of the second half of the present century, was minutely described by Livingstone, in a series of letters and despatches from the Zambezi and Nyassa districts, which he was exploring under instructions from the Foreign Office.

Just at this period cheap journalism was springing into existence, and matters, which had hitherto principally received the attention of a small body of philanthropists and

legislators, were suddenly brought home to all classes, the latest information on every subject of interest being placed daily at the disposal of all who could read, whether they resided in the centre of busy cities, or in the remotest villages of the British Isles.

Among the questions which this wonderful extension of the daily press brought prominently before the world, none took hold more strongly on popular feeling and sympathy than that of the slave-trade; and though matters of more national importance and nearer interest may often have kept the subject in the background, the small band of philanthropists who have made the promotion of an anti-slavery feeling in Great Britain their special study, have never since had any difficulty in obtaining the active support of public opinion, whenever an opportune moment occurred for fresh exertions in favour of slave-trade suppression.

Practically, however, though much good was then effected in the amelioration of the status of the slave throughout the world, and in the more stringent enforcement of treaty obligations among such nations as still persisted in retaining slavery as an institution, very little diminution occurred in the supply of slaves from the interior of Africa, with its accompanying horrors, and it began to be recognised by all conversant with the subject that, in the existing state of slave-trade treaties, little could be hoped for in this direction.

Dr. Kirk, who had been attached to Livingstone's expedition by the Foreign Office as scientific officer and second in command, was, about this time, appointed to act as our representative at the Zanzibar Court, and being already thoroughly acquainted with the native character and languages, and accustomed to deal with Mohammedans—the dominant race on this coast—he addressed himself successfully to the task of preparing the way for a gradual develop-

ment of a more resolute anti-slavery policy, which he foresaw would be eventually insisted on by Great Britain.

While firm with the Sultan and severe in dealing with flagrant cases of slave-trading among British Indians under his jurisdiction, he yet succeeded in gaining the confidence and esteem of the ruler, and of many of his advisers, as well as of the large Indian community, and all the better classes of one of the most mixed populations in the world, securing, at the same time, respect and fear from the numerous daring and reckless characters who were, both from choice and circumstances, irretrievably committed to illegal slave-traffic. The only instrument at his disposal was, however, the Treaty of 1845, and he was at length compelled to advise Government that, placing the most stringent interpretation upon its provisions, they furnished no practical obstacle to the shipping of slaves to all parts of the Sultan's African dominions, and that until these were amended, nothing like a disabling stroke could be dealt at the large foreign trade which was so readily cloaked under the guise of legal shipments to the northern ports.

Matters were thus progressing when, in 1869, fresh impetus was given to our anti-slavery policy by further letters from Livingstone, who was now sojourning in the districts adjacent to the Arab trading stations at Unyanyembe and on the Tanganika lake. His graphic descriptions of whole countries laid waste to supply slaves for the Arab traders aroused public indignation throughout Great Britain, and Government responded to the feeling by appointing a commission of persons acquainted with Africa, or identified with slave-trade suppression, to make inquiries into the subject.* The result of their deliberations, on

* Proceedings of Committee on the East African Slave-trade, dated January 24, 1870.

being presented to Parliament, was referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, who, on August 4, 1871, presented a report, recommending certain measures for ensuring the entire suppression of the transport of slaves by sea.

In consequence of this report, it was determined to send out a Special Mission to Zanzibar, for the purpose of negotiating a fresh slave-trade treaty with the Sultan, making illegal all traffic in slaves by sea. It was hoped that such a prohibition would strike at the root of the evil by causing the demand for slaves to cease, and making, in fact, the running of slave caravans from the interior of Africa an unprofitable undertaking.

Sir Bartle Frere, whose high abilities had long been recognised by various administrations, and who, in addition to having done good service both in India and England, was one of the first authorities on slave-trade questions, was selected as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and started, accompanied by his staff, in the autumn of 1872, duly accredited to the Court of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the bearer of a letter, as well as many valuable presents, from her Majesty to his Highness.

The Sultan received our Envoy with every distinction and courtesy, but firmly persisted in declining to amend the treaty in accordance with the wishes of the British Government. In adopting this course, his Highness was urged by a variety of motives; but principally by the unanimous dislike and hatred of his advisers, and indeed of all his Arab subjects, to such a change; and though repeatedly assured by Sir Bartle that the new treaty would eventually be insisted on, even if force had to be employed, the Sultan finally desired that the question should not be further discussed, and the Mission reluctantly withdrew; and our Envoy, after

visiting the principal ports in the Zanzibar dominions and Portuguese possessions, and also on the west coast of Madagascar, to which large shipments of slaves were being made, returned to England *viâ* Muskat, after consulting long and anxiously with Dr. Kirk, in whose hands the negotiations now remained. On his departure, Sir Bartle Frere left Dr. Kirk two assistants, being convinced of the impossibility of his carrying on the work of the British Agency, with its jurisdiction over a thousand miles of coast, with the small staff hitherto at his disposal.

The late Captain Elton was one of these, and his great ability, high spirits, aptness for work, universal courtesy and charming disposition, soon rendered him a most valuable officer, and endeared him to his chief as well as to all with whom he was associated, or with whom his duties brought him in contact.

In his Diary Captain Elton has fully described the events which followed Sir Bartle Frere's departure; how our representative at Zanzibar eventually negotiated the desired treaty; how, on being himself sent to the southern part of the Sultan's dominions, he discovered that the slave-dealers had outwitted us, and that they had successfully established a land-route in lieu of the forbidden sea-transport.

A year later (Oct. 1874) his colleague, on visiting the northern part of the Sultan's territory, discovered that the slave-dealers, flushed by success, and doubtless emboldened by Dr. Kirk's absence in England, had established a regular system of transport in order to supply the prosperous and fast-increasing clove-plantations of the island of Pemba with labour.* This form of sea traffic, conducted principally at night across a narrow channel, had all the elements of a smuggling trade, and it was one most difficult for our navy

* Parliamentary Blue Book, Slave-trade, No. 4, 1876, page 3 *et seq.*

to deal with. It was computed that the enormous number of 15,000 slaves was thus being annually supplied to this new market.

Captain Prideaux, of Abyssinian renown, an able political officer in the Indian service, acting as our representative during Dr. Kirk's absence, advised the Government that he could obtain no proof of the magnitude of the new trade reported by his assistant,* and Lord Derby† decided to await Dr. Kirk's return before taking any steps in the matter.

Dr. Kirk returned to Zanzibar in March 1875, but two months later had to accompany the Sultan on his visit to England. Before leaving, however, he saw sufficient to prove to him that there was good cause for the report respecting the Pemba trade which had been made by his assistant during his absence on furlough; and he instructed that officer, whom he left in charge of the British Agency, to report more fully on the subject.

On reaching London with the Sultan he informed Lord Derby that the new form of slave-traffic was far more serious than Captain Prideaux supposed, and, on receipt of the Acting Agent's detailed report shortly afterwards,‡ the Foreign Secretary instructed Dr. Kirk to thoroughly investigate the matter on his return, and if he found anything approaching this enormous Pemba trade to exist, to take strong measures for its suppression.§

It only remains to narrate that, on returning to his post in September 1875, he soon found that, so far from being

* Parliamentary Blue Book, Slave-trade, No. 4, 1876, pp. 93, 94.

† Ibid. p. 134.

‡ Dr. Kirk to Earl of Derby, May 10th, 1875 (Parliamentary Blue Book, Slave-trade, No. 4, 1876. Acting Political Agents' Supplementary Report on Pemba Slave-trade, page 129 *et seq.*

§ Hon. R. Bourke, M.P., to Dr. Kirk, Aug. 5th, 1875 (Blue Book, Slave-trade, No. 4, 1876, page 134).

exaggerated, the serious nature of the Pemba slave-trade had, if anything, been underrated,* and he at once brought the subject before the Sultan—between whom and the British Government the utmost cordiality prevailed—and recommended his Highness to carry out a scheme which he had long been maturing, and which he believed would have a more practical effect than former measures, by reaching the source of supply. Acting upon Dr. Kirk's advice, the Sultan issued two proclamations, one rendering all transport of slaves by land illegal, the other interdicting the fitting out of slave caravans to the interior.

These edicts created consternation among slave-owners as well as slave-traders, and signs of revolt were shortly apparent.

But it had always been most strongly insisted on by our representative that we were bound to meet the straightforward and enlightened conduct of the ruler of Zanzibar in all his dealings with us, by supporting his authority on such occasions in no uncertain manner. Anticipating trouble on the coast, Dr. Kirk had therefore proceeded to Kilwa with a body of his Highness's troops under his orders, and accompanied by a British ship of war, while he had requested the senior naval officer to send a second vessel to the northern part of the coast. He soon awed the malcontents into submission, and, having ascertained that the Arab governors fully understood that they would be required to enforce the new laws, he was able on his return to report that at length an effective blow had been struck at the slave-trade.

The traffic had, in fact, been suddenly reduced to a smuggling trade, both by land and sea; no legalised form of transport now enabling large slaving ventures to be cloaked

* Parliamentary Blue Book, Slave-trade, No. 2, 1877, page 241 *et seq.*; pp. 251 and 252; pp. 255 and 256. 1876, p. 363 *et seq.*

under the guise of lawful trade during the longer and most difficult part of the journey to their destination.

But, in the satisfaction caused by this result, the immense difficulties that would be experienced in dealing with smugglers were not lost sight of. On the contrary, Dr. Kirk looked upon his successful negotiation merely as a first step, though a most important one, towards a long-meditated scheme for following up the suppression of slavery till the evil could be finally crushed at its sources in the interior of Africa, and this scheme, which, in accordance with instructions from the Secretary of State, he duly transmitted in detail to the Foreign Office,* is still under consideration, and will doubtless before long be carried out, and prove the last chapter in the history of England's anti-slavery policy.

Should those who may study that history have occasion to remark that we have not always taken either the most speedy or economical methods in dealing with the traffic, it must be remembered that in regard to this question successive Cabinets have only professed to follow the voice of public opinion, as indicated from time to time by its acknowledged representatives. It is true that when public interest in the subject periodically died away, there were always such men as Shaftesbury and Fowell-Buxton to stir up the national conscience; but Ministers of the Crown have a very different responsibility, and, in the purely philanthropic action of slave-trade suppression, they most properly await the unmistakable expression of the nation's wishes before taking any fresh step.

The present state of the interior of Africa may be summarised as one of simple barbarism; but signs are not wanting that a change is about to take place. From the

* Parliamentary Blue Book, Slave-trade, No. 3, 1878, page 355.

South, England is steadily advancing the line of civilisation. In the North, Egypt has annexed the upper waters of the Nile, with the adjacent districts; and should Gordon Pasha retain his influence with the Khedive, and that ruler continue in the path of reform he has recently entered on, the slave-trade in that country will be suppressed, and civilisation gradually follow. In the West, though England and Portugal possess colonies on the coast, the absence of harbours, and other causes which cannot be entered into here, have cramped progress, and will long continue to prevent any considerable extension of commerce.

The East Coast, however, is everywhere contiguous with this vast interior, the limits of which it is impossible to define in any other direction, and from this point everything is favourable for the march of civilisation—indeed, the advance has already commenced; and those practically acquainted with inter-tropical Africa are almost unanimous in believing that from this coast its fertile lake districts and rich interior will before long be opened up, and that this work will be accomplished mainly by the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is true Portugal possesses the finest harbour and the mouth of the most important navigable river on this coast. The former, however, from its position, more particularly affects the interests of our South African colonies; while the latter, though commanding the only water-communication with the Nyassa country, is not likely to continue an obstacle to the progress of civilisation, when it advances hand-in-hand with commerce.

Probably every one interested in Africa has an ideal scheme for its regeneration, yet among those who would see England enter the field, few hold exactly the same views as to what should be the extent of our action, or where it should reach its limits, though all agree that an undertaking

intimately connected with the development of trade should be a leading feature in any such movement.

The facilities afforded by the extensive territory of Zanzibar on the East Coast of Africa are both great and exceptional.

The consolidation of the British colonies in the south, with their numerous offshoots and dependencies, is now demanding, and will long continue to require, all the care and energy that can be devoted to it, and will fully engage the attention both of the executive and the colonists themselves for many years to come.

In the vast territory recently annexed by Egypt the same process has commenced, but as in this instance the regeneration of the mother-country herself equally requires looking to, no more extended action is either possible or desirable from that quarter at present.

In each of the above cases, moreover, the lines of communication, however perfect they might become, would be too long to compete for a moment with routes direct from the coast.

In the West the huge rollers of the Atlantic, unbroken by any natural shelter, beat incessantly on a coast almost devoid of harbours; and though a rich local trade is carried on, it is confined to the mouths of unhealthy rivers, and such European settlements as are found on these shores are proverbial for their deadly climate. But, in addition to these disadvantages, the fearful effects of the slavery operations of civilised nations on this coast, which have been already adverted to, have unfortunately been enhanced and perpetuated by the wholesale introduction of rum and alcoholic liquors.

On the East Coast of Africa, however, an entirely different state of things prevails. Europeans and Americans are only known as the purveyors of cheap manufactures of wonderful

utility and finish; and if the natives have been puzzled by the periodical advent of eccentric travellers, who seemed to have no intelligible object, such persons, with very rare exceptions, have proved kindly and gentle towards all with whom they have come in contact, and indeed singularly forbearing in submitting to the impositions of the chiefs and the impertinent curiosity of the people. It is true cheap guns and gunpowder were also introduced and have been the means of causing much misery by fostering the slave-trade; but African intelligence scarcely has connected the white man with this innovation, although aware from what countries the new weapons came.

About one thousand miles of this coast, from Cape Delgado in the south to Warsheikh in the north, is Zanzibar territory. In many places the Sultan's jurisdiction does not extend very far inland; but his influence is great even on the shores of the Tanganika and Victoria Nyanza lakes, and his governors are recognised in more than one large Arab station far in the interior.

The character of the ruler of Zanzibar, and its important seaboard dominions, is in many respects remarkable. His Highness Seyyid Burghash is an intelligent Arab gentleman, as well as a far-seeing and enlightened sovereign-prince; and though in purely religious matters he is a conscientious follower of the strictest sect of Mohammedanism, he is quite able to appreciate the sincerity of those who differ from him, and is specially alive to the advantages of modern civilisation. Although long compelled to run counter to the wishes of his advisers in matters connected with the suppression of the slave-trade, on which his alliance with England depended, he has, under the most unfavourable circumstances, gradually secured the obedience and respect of his subjects, and has put down abuses with which an Eastern ruler has

rarely the force of character or the determination to cope. Doubtless his visit to England in 1875 had a great effect in modifying his views on many subjects; but he has always kept himself acquainted with European opinion by a regular perusal of the English, French, and Turkish press; whilst, by giving his daily personal attention to the administration of justice, and those patriarchal duties which belong to his position, he compares favourably with other Eastern monarchs.

One important benefit undoubtedly conferred on East Africa, and which cannot be too constantly borne in mind in our future dealings with African races, is the veto he has placed upon the sale or introduction of alcoholic liquors by his subjects. It is true that intoxication is by no means uncommon among the natives of this part of Africa, and that many chiefs in the interior spend a considerable portion of their time in the consumption of partially fermented liquids of varying strength and quality, but this is very different from the drinking of spirits; and the stupid inebriety brought about by filling the stomach to repletion with thick native beer has nothing in common with the permanent and ever-increasing evils which follow the acquirement of a taste for the white man's intoxicants among uncivilised races.

And, lastly, England is universally recognised on this coast, and far into the interior, as the enemy of the slave-trade and protector of the slave; and, though slave-dealers, and others whose interests suffer thereby, strive to represent that she only acts for her own selfish ends, every year, as our anti-slavery policy has become more widely known, our efforts have been more generally appreciated by the natives, and it is certain that they will greatly facilitate the future opening up of Africa.

As regards its physical features and climate, East Africa presents an equally favourable aspect. Numerous commo-

dious harbours, most of them safe at all seasons, are found at intervals along its coast; they are, with few exceptions, situated in healthy spots—some are, for tropical places remarkably salubrious. Several would afford safe anchorage for our fleet in the Indian Ocean; whilst others, owing to their depth near the shore and the calmness of their waters, are especially convenient for the loading and unloading of cargo.

The force of the sea, which, however, is by no means heavy except in the north, is commonly broken by outlying islands, between which and the mainland there is generally a safe channel for native vessels, often for European ships; and an Admiralty Survey, as perfect as that of our own shores, is rapidly approaching completion.

The climate on the coast is by no means excessively hot; although its equable temperature, which ranges (day and night) from 78° to 88° Fahr., renders it somewhat trying to Europeans. Men of sound constitution need never fear to encounter it, provided they are temperate, and return to a temperate climate to recruit every four or five years. Even this precaution will cease to be necessary when a little progress has been made in establishing inland stations. Already there have been discovered within one hundred miles of the coast uplands possessing agreeable and healthy climates; and within three hundred miles from Zanzibar there is a range of snowy mountains, on the slopes of which will probably be situated the future sanitarium of East Africa. The maritime region, like that of all tropical countries, is not healthy where, as is often the case, a rich alluvial soil is intersected by river deltas, and deeply fringed with mangrove-swamps; but here, as in Western India, when the ghauts are ascended, a drier and generally cooler climate is experienced, and a country is reached which, if fairly cultivated, is remarkably healthy. The high temperature which prevails, from April

until the rains, in the plains of India is here unknown; and the elevation of this great inland plateau gradually increases towards the centre of the continent to between three and four thousand feet above the sea-level.

In the maritime region rice, millet, Indian corn, sesamum, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, and tobacco thrive, with scarcely any cultivation or attention, and may be grown in unlimited quantities; while the yield of india-rubber, from the wild vine or climber which there produces it, is so great and readily procurable that the natives have, since its discovery, been neglecting the collection of gum-copal, which lies in extensive deposits a foot or two below the surface of the ground, in favour of this equally valuable product.

On the upland plateau wheat and other European cereals, coffee, cotton, and probably many other valuable productions thrive; while ivory and beeswax are collected in the forests.

In both regions timber and cattle are largely distributed. The latter do not succeed in countries where there is much game, as they are unable to withstand the bite of the tsetse-fly, which throughout Africa follows herds of animals in their wild state, but this is an evil which will disappear only too rapidly before the guns of European sportsmen.

The minerals at present known to exist in these regions are gold, copper, iron, and coal; but as the natives only work metals that are found on, or quite near the surface, it is impossible, in the absence of a scientific exploration of the country, to form a trustworthy estimate of its wealth in this respect.

The water supply is generally good; few rivers of any great magnitude exist, but small perennial streams are numberless and fairly distributed, and a chain of magnificent lakes in the very heart of the country, gives a line of water communication, a thousand miles in length, broken only by two intervals of about one hundred and fifty miles.

There are two rainy seasons in the year, but in most districts partial rains occur during the dry seasons and few really arid spots exist. Irrigation in its most simple form will supply all the wants of increasing agriculture, and the drainage consequent upon it will render healthy large tracts now periodically inundated.

The character of the natives is, on the whole, peaceful and docile; but in dealing with the Somali, Galla, and the various branches of the wild pastoral tribes of Masai origin, the exercise of great tact and patience will be necessary, and here will undoubtedly occur one of the greatest difficulties which the pioneers of civilisation must encounter.

In this vast tract of Africa religion can hardly be said to exist. It is true there is a general recognition of a Supreme Being, but very indefinite ideas are held respecting his nature and attributes. Far more practical is the universal belief in evil spirits, to whose agency most ills and misfortunes are set down, and the Medicine-man, or Rainmaker, who is supposed to possess the means of influencing these unseen powers, is a person of consideration in most African villages. It is doubtful, however, whether such superstitions have a stronger hold on the African mind than on that of the peasantry of some more civilised countries.

The Swahili population of the coast are a robust and intelligent race; they are wanting in habits of obedience and apt at taking advantage of travellers, but when judiciously managed by leaders who know their language and ways, they perform most useful service. They have mostly become Islamised.

There is a trait in the character of Africans generally which has done much to keep them in a universal state of barbarism—it is a disinclination to any settled employment, no matter what the incentive to labour. This may be a

consequence of generations of slavery, or the defect may be inherent in the race; it is fostered by the warm equable climate and by the immense fertility of the soil,—the former rendering clothing almost unnecessary, and the latter affording a food supply with the rudest possible cultivation. It is none the less a tendency to be combated in every possible way, and should on no account be lost sight of.

It has been already remarked that the limits of the country likely to be first brought under the influence of commerce and civilisation are not capable of exact definition.

This will be obvious to all who have followed the discoveries of recent African travellers. So long as these confined their explorations to the caravan routes which have been in use for ages, little actual danger was encountered—though, from the nature of these routes, which rarely equal, either in magnitude or permanence, the ordinary village footpath of civilised countries, and only admit of porterage in single file, or, at most, of the passage of lightly laden asses, the cost of such expeditions has been hitherto enormous, and out of all proportion to the distance travelled. But when the more adventurous have been tempted to strike out a path for themselves, the task has been fraught with peril to both life and property, through the combined ignorance, superstition, fear, and greed of the savages through whose countries it was sought to penetrate, and unfortunately, in the few instances in which such energy, endurance, and pluck, met with well-deserved success, little accurate observation could be instituted, and consequently the information obtained respecting districts whose inhabitants decline intercourse with strangers is far from perfect.

But the great lakes of Eastern Central Africa have now been carefully explored, and we are fairly well-acquainted with the nature of the peoples inhabiting their shores. On

two of these, Nyassa, and Victoria Nyanza, mission stations have already been established with the good-will of the natives, and a third society is fitting out an expedition not only to establish themselves on Lake Tanganika, but also to construct a road from the coast to their proposed station.

But perhaps the most promising sign that the march of civilisation has already commenced from the East Coast of Africa is that afforded by the construction of a highway from Dar-es-Salam, a small but perfect harbour on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, to the north of Lake Nyassa. This work has been undertaken by Sir Fowell Buxton and Mr. William Mackinnon, two gentlemen long associated with schemes for the good of Africa. They are carrying out this important undertaking entirely from their private resources, and the only return they desire is that it may benefit the country, and encourage others to come forward to aid in opening up this vast continent in which they have so practically interested themselves. Already forty miles of this road have been completed under the superintendence of an English engineer, and as experience is gained in managing the native labourer and dealing with the chiefs through whose districts the road must pass, the work will progress more speedily.

It is, however, the belief of many practical men who have made this subject their special study, among whom are several prominent members of both Houses of Legislature and many commercial authorities, that the period has arrived for a combined effort for the purpose of opening up tropical Africa to commerce and civilisation, and at the same time a fresh market for our manufactures. It is certain that the rooting out of the last vestiges of the slave-trade can only be ensured by such means.

Whether this movement takes the form of an ordinary

trading company, or of a chartered corporation similar to the old East India Company, is perhaps a question of little importance. In a revolution of such magnitude events will soon take the details out of hands who would force them into certain preconceived grooves, for in these days such revolutions are swift in their action, provided circumstances are ripe for the change.*

The wealth and population of Great Britain have increased to an enormous extent, and the cost of living in the mother country has been proportionately enhanced; yet, though numberless inventions and new undertakings have provided occupation for accumulated capital, and emigration has hitherto been a safety-valve for surplus population, we are suddenly confronted with the discovery that we have not only been overtrading, but that other nations vie with us in the quality of those productions in which we have always excelled, and are often able to undersell us even in our own markets. The situation is further complicated by the fact that emigration does not provide relief for a special form of plethora from which we are now suffering. In fact, the large accession to the upper and middle classes, consequent on the accumulation of great wealth, is providing candidates for employment who from habit and education are no longer suited for the rough manual labour which alone succeeds in clearing and occupying new tracts of land, and the colonies themselves have a middle class of their own coming forward to fill the vacancies that occur in their towns and cities.

* Many practical men, well acquainted with the country, are of opinion that the opening up of tropical Africa would be best initiated by the construction of a line of telegraph, partly overland and partly underground, to connect our South African colonies with England, *viâ* Egypt. The immense advantages of such an undertaking are obvious; the difficulties to be overcome are great, though by no means insurmountable.

At this juncture India, which had long been relied on for affording employment to an increasing proportion of this class of our surplus manhood, proves to have a redundant population who refuse emigration; and works of civilisation and public utility having been pushed forward at a rate that the financial position of that country will hardly bear, it has been found necessary largely to substitute the services of educated natives in posts of trust, which formerly were reserved for our own educated youth. As native education advances, the mercantile community in India is naturally availing itself of this cheaper labour, and to add to our home difficulties, the population, having far outstripped the necessities of agricultural and menial labour, has of late been largely employed by native capitalists in competing with British manufactures on which they were formerly dependent.

If the foregoing remarks are based upon a sound appreciation of events, they furnish a strong argument in favour of the movement above referred to being carried out to some extent as a national undertaking. Were this done we should be more likely to avoid, in opening up the last continent unpenetrated by civilisation, those errors which have cost us so much in former efforts of a similar nature.

That part of Central Africa which may now be considered amenable to trade and civilisation may be generally described as about the area of British India, but having probably only about a twentieth of its population. There are many disadvantages in so small a population, but it is not an unmixed evil; and if in carrying out the great work of civilisation we so regulate the natives that they may become an ever-increasing power in the regeneration of the continent, instead of disappearing as the white man advances—an event, the recurrence of which has sadly marred many pages in the history of our colonisation—we shall find our reward not only in the

benefits which we shall confer on a race which our forefathers deeply injured, but also in the revival of our trade and in the opening of a new sphere for our superfluous energy.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is fully alive to the civilising mission of England, and, provided he is dealt with in a liberal spirit, will cordially support our efforts with his undoubted influence.

It is unnecessary here to go further into this interesting subject. Two of our greatest authorities on Africa, Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Kirk, are now serving their country in different parts of that continent. They are both deeply interested in its future, and their practical knowledge will, it may be trusted, be available in guiding the measures which will be necessary to ensure the success of so great an undertaking, long after they have returned from their present onerous posts to seek a well-earned repose in their native land.

It will be apparent to those who peruse the following pages that their author, had his life been spared, must have taken no unimportant part in any scheme for opening up tropical Africa. And, when this work is accomplished, the name of Frederic Elton will be always remembered among those of its most distinguished pioneers.

MANGO FOLIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

Visit to Mozambique—Description of the bay, town, and inhabitants—View of Zanzibar—Its exports, and the hurricane—The streets and sights of Zanzibar—The camel mill—Sir Bartle Frere and the Seyyid—Cameron at Bagamoyo—A miniature hurricane—The slave market—Presentation to the Seyyid—Dress and architecture of the Zanzibarites—The suburbs and "mashamba"—A young African elephant—A case of "natural selection"—Official visit of the Seyyid—His Proclamation—His complicity in the slave-trade—Signature of the treaty—The word "bagham"—News of Cameron—Mr. Moffatt's death—Chase of dhow by H.M.S. 'Magpie'—Encounter with slavers, and capture of dhow by cutter of 'Daphne'—A ride across the island of Zanzibar—Dunga and Chuaka—Ramathan at Zanzibar—Festival of Bairam—The Arab Calendar—News of Dr. Livingstone—Proposed visit to Kilwa and the Rufiji.

R.M.S. '*Natal*,' *March* 5, 1873.

At noon we are fifty miles from Mozambique. A misty day, with heavy clouds lowering over the horizon—not a day on which you can descry land afar off, and it becomes a nice question whether we shall save the daylight. Some of us are apathetic, and loll in easy chairs, languidly reading yellow-covered novels. The wind is still fair and the sea smoother, and the older travellers pay but indifferent attention to vague rumours of mythical cloud-land until 4 P.M., when the mist lifts and unveils a blue mountain line ahead on our starboard beam—the high land behind Conducia Bay. Then we open up the ruined light-

house (it shut up like a telescope soon after being built a few years ago) on the Island of St. George, with the buildings of Mozambique showing against the sky-line beyond—the rocky beach of St. Jago, and the cocoa-fringed line of mainland with the faint blue outline of Pao Mountain in the far distance. Two "pangaios"—flat-bottomed vessels of about thirty tons, with towering top-heavy poops and projecting prows, a huge lateen sail on a mast raking over the bows—a cross between a Chinese junk and an Arab dhow—sail round Cape Cabaceira towards us, looking to all intents and purposes pilot boats racing for the honour of guiding us into harbour. The leading one, flying a Brobdignagian Portuguese flag, luffs up towards us. The 'Natal' slacks, but we are out in our calculations. The stranger is no pilot, but some Arab trader on a venture, apparently, to the Madagascar coast, and only anxious to have a good look at the new arrival; for after bearing down close enough to give us a view of his vessel's interior economy and negro crew, he kept on his way rejoicing; floundering through the seas—the wind was freshening—with his long flat bow dashing the water in sheets of spray over his naked sailors and crazy half-decked craft.

There was nothing left for Captain Ballard—it was close on six o'clock—but to find his way in by the south passage; so, with two men in the chains, and at half speed, we slowly passed St. George's, and steamed nearly up to Fort St. Sebastian before a pilot came out to us—office hours were over, and he was probably taking his "kef"—the relaxation from business of the true believer. But his boat did come at last, and with him an irruption of Arabs in red fezzes and long white robes. Ten minutes more and we rounded the spit off the fort, dropping anchor close to a Portuguese gunboat and the steam *aviso* 'Quillimaine.' Pratique given,

a boat from the man-of-war paid us a visit, and the saloon was rapidly crowded with officials, naval officers, and visitors. Goodall and I were the only two passengers who went on shore that evening, availing ourselves of the hospitality of the Maison Régis. The pier, on landing, presented a gay scene—naval and military uniforms, Parsees, Moors, Arabs, Banyans, and Battias, from Diu and Goa; negroes, fire worshippers, christians, heretics, mussulmen, and hindus. Costumes of every variety, faces of every shade, composing an ever-shifting picture of bright and contrasted colour, softened down by the pale bright moonlight. From the pier we adjourned to the club—a large solid building, probably an old convent—where we found all the world, but not his wife, of course. Two or three parties of whist were going on, and the billiard tables were all occupied; the rooms spacious and airy, and by no means overcrowded, although there were some forty or fifty people in them. Here we soon picked up all the news of the place. Sir Bartle Frere and his staff had paid Mozambique a visit, remaining for two days, and receiving an official reception from the Governor-General. Sir Bartle came in the 'Enchantress,' accompanied by the steam corvette 'Briton,' and had visited the island of Ibo on his way, leaving this for Nossi Bé, in Madagascar, on Saturday last, March 1st, from which port after a few days' stay he purposed returning to Zanzibar.

Of course a great many reports were flying about with regard to his mission, and the general idea seemed to be that the course of diplomatic negotiations between her Majesty's Commissioner and the Sultan had not run smoothly, and hints were thrown out of a hidden treaty of commerce, America outraged, and a suspension of the question for the present. I give you these reports for what I believe them

to be worth—nothing. Then two gunboats—rifled cannons and all the latest improvements—had arrived from Europe, and a new expedition was to be sent up the Zambesi against Bonga, and Bonga was dead, and somebody else with a Bonga family connection reigned in his stead. A lighthouse had been put up at Tangalane Point on the Quillimaine River, and another at Inhambane, near the old white beacon.

One must give the Portuguese credit for their houses; they are thoroughly suited to the climate. Lofty ceilings, large verandahs and courtyards, walls of impossible thickness, broad open staircases, everything to induce you to believe that it is cool. We slept in a huge barn-like room, with windows open on the bay, and a deliciously fresh breeze blowing—and we *did* sleep.

March 6. We were on board before 7 o'clock—it was a sweltering hot morning—the decks were being washed, and a chocolate-coloured Goanese priest was feebly wandering about in search of some one who knew his native tongue. His huge tiara-shaped *toque*, with a big black tassel on the top of it; his black *soutane* down to his heels and black tippet, and painful anxiety, seemed so curiously out of place as he stepped about to keep his feet dry, that one could hardly refrain from smiling in his face. But more of him presently; he is on his way home to Goa by the new line *viâ* Zanzibar and Aden. Collecting our forces, and sternly refusing to be tempted by the sellers of coral and shells who crowd round the ladder in leaky bark pirogues sewn with cocoanut-fibre and propelled by primitive paddles, we return ashore with our letters and papers, and stroll around before breakfasting at the Maison Régis, where our party—Capt. Ballard and Mr. Julius Smith (the U.S.S. Co.'s agent here)—are invited.

It is really a lovely bay in the bright clear morning sunlight. The three steamers, an old receiving ship, one or two coasting schooners, dhows, and pangaios of every impossible build are anchored in the foreground; the blue line of coast and the bold outline of the Pao Mountain form the distance; clouds of boats like a flight of birds come sailing across with provisions for the town from the creek above the Government Gardens of Mussooril; the waving lines of cocoanut-trees on the shores of Cabaceira, broken here and there by the white flat-roofed houses of those rich enough to live in the country; the broad rippling expanse of sea relieving the dark coral island of Mozambique, with its heavy mildewed, old, conventual buildings, the Fort of St. Sebastian, the Governor-General's Palace, and the Custom House, prominently painted in white and yellow; and the rows of boats hauled upon the beach for repairs—all combine to form a lively, high-coloured picture. A mob of little naked slave boys are chattering and laughing away, and sailing toy dhows in the shallows, as if life was to be but a long pleasant dream to them; a few idle negroes bask in the sun on the pier; a coffee-coloured sentry, dressed in a blue jacket and white trousers, with far too heavy a musket for his size and weight, monotonously guards the Alfandega. Down the Indian quarter to the right, busy Parsees, men from Cutch, Arabs, Moors, slave women in bright cloths wrapped tightly below the armpits across the bosom and flowing to the knee, half-castes from Goa, soldiers in uniform, and natives in every variety of dress and undress, form a motley throng. Through it a slave running ahead clears the way for a litter, carefully shrouded in matting, and borne by four lithe muscular blacks. A trap-door in the side is raised by a small hand; you catch one glimpse of a languid, curious, cream-coloured face, and the pride of some

Arab or Mujoge harem, closely followed by a bevy of slave girls, has passed by you. Then follows a "machilla"—an open litter—with chintz curtains, slung with chains to a pole covered with zebra skin, carried along at a rapid sling trot to the grunting of stalwart slaves bearing Senhor X—— to his office; and in marked contrast to the Portuguese, you meet the successful Banyan, with an unhealthy-coloured yellow face, and long, lank, black moustache, caste marks on his forehead, and gold-twisted turban on his head, loose and silken as regards his coat, with folds of fine muslin waving about his nether limbs, and a pink calico umbrella of immense and skeleton-like proportions in his hand; crafty, money-making, cunning, intensely polite, his soul bound only to his body by the one laudable and religious anxiety of its helping him to turn over his coin to better advantage. After him comes a thin, wizened-faced, spare-limbed Arab—a hybrid race here—with a hooked nose and marked features, a small, thin-lipped mouth, a scanty moustache, scattered beard, and a supercilious smile; the whole overborne by a deep-lined, high, but receding forehead, contracted with a flitting frown; the head covered with a fez and white turban; a slight stoop to his shoulders, clothed in a coloured loose jacket and a long white robe; lean tapering fingers, and veined and tremulous hands, which nervously roll up a cigarette as he turns from side to side to salute his numerous friends. This man could possibly tell you many a story of successful slaving; many a tale of dhows filled and cleverly "run" with a live cargo.

From its narrow Indian quarters, its close, evil-smelling bazaar, its barbers, its cooking, its tobacco, and its thousand and one wares, the whole of which, to a casual observer, hardly look worth fifty pounds, past the Arsenal and its sentinel, and the old Jesuit Fathers' church, down a quiet

street of large whitewashed, solemn houses, with heavy folding gates looking ready to stand a siege, and we run into a noisy procession of women, gaudily decked in every colour which Marseilles ingenuity can direct British and Swiss looms to manufacture to meet the fitful and changing fashions of Eastern Africa. One is singing a monotonous chant, one of them posturing grotesquely, the others join in a shrill chorus as they march on; but the head figure of the group walks negligently and stolidly straight to her post, without noticing her companions. She is in all probability a freed favourite, and now, with slaves of her own, considers herself moved into the upper rank of native society.

Through a long narrow street inhabited by Portuguese of the lower class—most of them transported for their country's good—hard-featured, hard-working women, grimy, cigarette-smoking men, half-naked children, dirty slaves, water-carriers, open liquor shops, stalls, and tumble-down, flat-roofed, single-storied "casas," and we are on the back of the island, drinking in the fresh sea breeze from the broad Indian Ocean, the waves splashing over the coral reef below the wall as we stroll along under the trees of the park towards the fort. A wonderful old fort this, built entirely of stone brought from Portugal about 1510. It looks as if it was strong enough to last the attacks of time for another 300 years, and carries a number of old-fashioned honey-combed guns of very little use against modern artillery; neither is the garrison sufficiently strong to efficiently man it. Within are large water-tanks, and a well for the supply of the shipping, and very good water it is too. Under the trees edging the grass-plots forming the strip of park stretching from the fort to the town are groups of women selling fruit, dried fish, and vegetables, who stare at the strangers

until they are fairly out of sight—a stranger, until quite recently, being almost an unknown animal in Mozambique. The display is not a great one; it is the commencement of the cold—the so-called cold—season, and the change of the monsoon. The delicious mangoes and mangosteens are over, and there are no fruit but unripe bananas of indigestible omen. Past the chapel behind the palace, where a mass is being chanted for the late Port Captain, who died just before our arrival; through some high narrow streets common to Portuguese and Banyan, skirting many unpleasant objects in the shape of humankind, and not a few noxious odours, into more civilised quarters, and our stroll is over. It has taken us about three-quarters of a hour to accomplish, and we have left all the southern end of the island undiscovered; but we are just in time for the French institution of ante-breakfast Vermouth.

A visit to the Governor-General, and an hour's shopping in the curio shops, and our day ashore was over, for shortly after lunch we steamed gaily away from the anchorage; the Arab pilot gorgeous in a gold-laced cap and jacket and trousers (put on in honour of the mail steamer, I suppose), being on the bridge, while his boat manned by slaves under a wizened-up old Moor was towed alongside of us. The wrath of this Moor we aroused to an amusing pitch by throwing coins down to his men to scramble for, and the more wrathful he got, the more we threw down, and the more hilarious and reckless of consequence became the boatmen. I hope they did not pay for it when the "patron" reached home in the evening.

Outside the island we dropped our pilot, and with a fair wind and smooth sea headed for Zanzibar, and bade adieu to Mozambique; then as the evening closed in and the breeze freshened, our Goanese friend of the morning became

greener in the face, and, in nautical parlance, unshipped his top-gallant funnel, and put on a storm truck, at the same time taking in a reef in his petticoats; and all was peace and well with us.

Before breakfast on the 9th of March (Sunday) we sighted Zanzibar. It was a dead calm, the sea like molten glass, the distant hills of the mainland quivering in the hot atmosphere, and the tree-fringed promontories of the island standing out against and above an indistinct horizon in distorted mirage as we steamed past Ras Kizimkasi, sending long rocking waves to glitter in the beating sun-glare, and ripple and die away upon the narrow strip of sandy beach, beyond which arose, in perhaps too great profusion and monotony, shadowy clumps of graceful cocoanut-palms, intermingled with groves of clove-trees, and faced by a tangled wild foreground of fantastically matted and labyrinthine tropical vegetation. One or two clumsy dhows, with their broad white lateen sails shining in the sunway, relieved the calm purple tone of the misty horizon, and faint curling columns of smoke ascended through the brilliant green forest-colouring that covered the land. A hot, dreamy, tropical landscape—a languid, idle atmosphere—a day upon which it was a positive punishment to move about more than was necessary, and almost too much exertion to think—a day upon which the dull heavy thud of the screw-propeller and the vibration of the steamer persistently combined to be perseveringly annoying in asserting claims upon your unwilling attention.

Past Kwalé and Kisiwa, and leaving Chumvi behind us, coralline and water-worn islets, fringed at low water by narrow strips of bright sandy beach and densely covered with entangled brushwood and here and there a dwarf baobab-

tree—past one of Seyyid Burghash's dismantled frigates, stranded upon the sand-flats during last year's hurricane—gradually sinking the southern shores, and we make the anchorage and Zanzibar city—a whitewashed, mildewed oriental town, of flat-roofed and many-storied and many-windowed abodes, with high wooden look-out stages and turreted walls—a pointed temple of Hindu architecture, consular flags of many nations drooping over the houses—the Seyyid's red standard fluttering over a white, green-jalousied, weather-stained, irregularly-built pile — "the Palace," with a dilapidated saluting battery facing the sea; a town vividly recalling to memory the orthodox and conventional oriental port, at once picturesque, strong-flavoured, highly conservative, and best to be admired at a distance.

Zanzibar ships, cloves, large quantities of gum-copal, thousands of hides, cocoanut-oil, sugar, ivory, cowries (*Cypræa monēta*), and orchella weed (and nowadays india-rubber), principally to Hamburg, some little to France, and a very great deal in dhows to Cutch; whilst last, but not least, some 25,000 slaves are annually landed here from the mainland, paying a duty of two dollars per head. Of these possibly 7000 are reserved for home consumption and some 18,000 shipped for Arabia and the Persian Gulf. Just now it is, however, the "close time" for the Kilwa export of slaves, and numerous dhows of all shapes and sizes, riding at anchor and pulled up on the hard sandy beach facing the town, look out-of-work, whilst fewer fires than are usually seen dart up their flames at night as signals to the shippers from the mainland. In fact a feverish excitement exists as to the future, and, as I hear it described, "the black-bird trade is decidedly slack and depressed." The difficulties of stopping the sea traffic must be very great. Dhows run

recklessly over sandbanks and amongst coral reefs into "foul" passages and creeks where Her Majesty's cruisers dare not venture—one guard-vessel cannot be ubiquitous—and many are protected by the French flag, the Arabs being clever enough to qualify for "francisation" and to abuse the tricolour, under which they can often afford to laugh at British efforts for the suppression of the traffic, and frequently succeed in running "paying" live cargoes with comparative impunity.

At the anchorage we find H.M.S. 'Daphne,' four guns, the British Indian Steam Navigation Company's S.S. 'Punjab,' two German steamers, a French vessel, a "jackass" frigate belonging to his Highness the Seyyid, and a wilderness of dhows; whilst above the town lies the wreck of another frigate belonging to Burghash, a waif left from last year's hurricane, which has visibly imprinted its marks on the sea frontage, where it whirled away entire roofs, thrashed against the wharves, beat in windows and doors, knocked down walls, and stained with great patches of discoloured decay the white faces of the houses. H.B.M. Consulate * suffered probably more than any other building. The very frameworks of the windows were blown in, the rooms flooded with salt water, drifted up in showers by the force of the wind to the first story, furniture smashed into atoms, and its general appearance shows how narrowly complete house-wreck was avoided.

As we land, after being boarded by the guard-boat from H.M.S. 'Daphne,' a bevy of white gowned Arabs and slaves rush down to the wharf and besiege us after the manner of the East. Broken English is freely spoken, even to

* Now H.B.M. Vice-Consulate and the Assistant Political Agent's residence. The large house of the Universities' Mission was subsequently purchased for the Agency and Consulate-General.

interjections, seafaring phrases, and strong expletives, and guides are legion. Picking out one, and escaping from the abuse of the disappointed, we stroll up the narrow oriental lanes—not broad enough to take in three abreast—past every variety of tribe, costume, and complexion; tame Brahmini cattle, which refuse to move on one side; an excited religious procession of the Hindu population, shrilly singing in high keys to the shrillest of Indian reed music, and the monotonous hammering of "tom-toms;" groups of Arabs in the chequered blue turbans with orthodox fringe from Asian looms, long robes and awkward sandals, with silver-mounted and hippo-tooth-handled knives thrust into their voluminous "kamarbands," recalling in both expression and garb old memories of the Yusufzaie and Afghan frontier; caste-marked Hindus; hooked-nosed Banyans; swaggering swashbucklers; slaves of men of position swelling with the reflection of borrowed importance; masked and closely-veiled women; brightly clad, over-bedecked, painted-browed slave girls; sore-eyed children; here and there an Indian woman, in marked contrast with her regular features to the recently imported African; and a sauntering multitude of slaves of both sexes; hewers of wood and drawers of water, hawkers, attendants, beggars, loafers, camels and their drivers, lean hydrocephalous cats, and pet monkeys. The crowd is dense, lazy, unsavoury, and it is difficult to progress without jostling, but we are long since hopelessly engaged in a tortuous labyrinth of narrow, ill-paved lanes striking in every direction. Dilapidated wells with raised steps are in odd corners of the thoroughfares, and "Rebekah" is a picture portrayed at many of them. Here the motley collection of a Goanese tradesman attracts attention with its advertisements of "Soda-water" and "Bass's Pale Ale"—there long cocoanut-fibre-roofed sheds, open to the street, shelter

dozens of lean, galled, heartbroken-looking camels, some patiently chewing the cud, others blindfolded and fastened to a heavy beam, crawling round and round in a small circle, and driving the oil mills, a small slave boy sitting on the beam urging on the poor beast with a stick with one hand and thrusting down the "copra"* with the other, alternately

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shrieking and grinning the while to the weary, harsh creaking of ponderous wooden machinery, such as has prevailed in use for centuries in the East, the scene reviving in one's memory the well-known picture of Samson in the hands of the Philistines. Place Samson in the harness of

* "Copra"—the inner kernel of the cocoa-nut dried in the sun.

the camel, the Philistine task-master on the slave boy's seat, and the local surroundings require no alteration in order to complete the resemblance.

Through the lanes, past the wretched and friendless camels standing in rows in the stables, and awaiting patiently their turn at the treadmill (W. will call these oil-mews—"livery-stables!"), and we open a sandy square surrounded with ruined houses and high back walls: lines of natives—men, women, and children, squalid and spare from travelling, exposure and semi-starvation—are sitting upon the ground in parallel rows, separated and told off in batches according to their estimated value and quality—groups of Arabs, some in dingy brown or dirty white, others in blue, scarlet, gold, and vermilion raiment, "girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads"—"desirable young men; captains and rulers;" greedy-looking merchants of every class and age; rough-looking sword-bearers; enriched slaves who own slaves; men in every variety of costume, from mere rags to save decency up to the picturesque: all these, with the lusts of gain, possession and speculation deeply and grimly lined on their faces, crowd eagerly round, inspecting desirable lots, conversing in whispers, with an eager, knowing, clever, yet mysterious look, as at Tattersall's on a heavy Monday's sale. This is the Slave Market—open every afternoon from five until sun-down for the transaction of business. With delicately painted eyebrows and artificially darkened, languid, dreamy eyes, decked for sale in bright-coloured garments, heavy silver armlets, necklets of beads and frontlets of brass (lent for the occasion by the "dalali," or broker) and artistically grouped to produce a provocative effect, they do not look in the least annoyed at their position, but rather on the other hand gratified at the attention they command from the

glancing eyes of the Arab aristocracy, who look upon this daily show much in the same manner as we see men idle at the saddling of the fillies before the Oaks in the enclosure, idly yet critically, and with a passing gleam of enthusiasm and interest when "the form for their money" walks past.

Lengthened negotiations have been going on, so we hear, between her Majesty's envoy, Sir Bartle Frere, and "the Sultan," or rather "the Seyyid," the Lord, of Zanzibar. His Highness cannot get over the fact that the slave-trade brings him in a very comfortable income, and is not considered to have any intention of meeting our wishes, even half-way, or of discontinuing to favour the traffic, even if ample indemnity is secured to him, unless there is a display of force sanctioned by the British Government to justify him in flying in the face of all his chief advisers, both religious and civil. Therefore Sir Bartle has left on a visit to Johanna, Madagascar, Mozambique and Kilwa, whilst awaiting final instructions from London. Since the suspension of negotiations, the Americans, Germans and English are in bad odour at Zanzibar, and the Seyyid is reported to have said that "he knew the English would come with plenty of ships and do plenty of talk, and then go away and do nothing"—a speech which has of course gone the round of the slaving circles, and adds to the derision with which the Arabs nervously endeavour to cover an uneasy feeling of anxiety that there is under the surface (and on the surface too, for that matter) of the entire native population, as to the next move. It will be a hard wrench and a bitter blow to the Zanzibarites when they surrender, as soon perforce they must, their national and religious privileges and rights in slavery, slave-trading and slave-owning, to the philanthropic persuasions of the Christian.

The Livingstone Search Expedition (No. III.) is on the

mainland at Bagamoyo, and it is said ready for a start. It is commanded by Lieutenant Cameron, R.N. (under him are Lieutenant Murphy, R.A., and Dr. Dillon, R.N., as volunteers), and is started under the auspices of the Geographical Society and the immediate direction, at its outset, of Sir Bartle Frere. Mr. Moffatt, a very quiet, persevering lad, has sold some little property he had in Natal and come to Zanzibar, where he is eagerly awaiting Sir Bartle's return to get leave to accompany the expedition; but he is hardly old enough or strong enough to face real African travelling, in my opinion; and Cameron is still short of thirty carriers, so Dr. Kirk informs us. Bagamoyo is within a day's sail of Zanzibar, and twenty-five miles march brings you into a good shooting country on the Kingani river—hippopotamus, giraffe, harrisbuck, waterbuck, blue wildebeest, &c.

March 12th–25th. We were all overboard early on the morning of the 12th (sharks are not dreaded in Zanzibar harbour, and the men-of-war's men bathe morning and evening)—a long low swell rolling inshore, and heavy masses of leaden-hued clouds packing up from the westward, when we suddenly heard a dull rolling volley of thunder, and simultaneously vivid flashes of forked lightning broke vividly over the distant coast line. Out of the water we came, and in less than a quarter of an hour visible darkness spread like a veil over the island, black banks of storm-clouds rolled up, strong, raw, gusts of wind swept along in company with a beating downpour of tropical rain, and, in less than half an hour, it blew a fair imitation of a hurricane, and compelled our steamer (the Union Company's R.M.S. 'Natal') to drop a second anchor and get up steam, and H.M.S. 'Daphne' to down top-gallant masts and yards. Such a scene of confusion alongside! Coal lighters rammed

each other viciously; a cargo boat, laden with grain for Mozambique, broke adrift, shipped a couple of following-after seas, and then quickly foundered astern of us—the slaves on board all escaping by jumping for the lighters, except one unlucky wretch who, entangled by a rope, sank with the lighter, but bobbed up again like a float, and swam successfully to the shore; dhows dragged their anchors driving ashore hopelessly entangled, some of them beaching high up and broadside-on, where curling breakers broke into dense and drifting clouds of spray over their great clumsy deck-houses and lumbering sterns, and drove back crowds of eager and interested Arabs and Hindus who hastened down pell-mell to the scene of disaster, and urged on a confused and babbling army of slaves to make confusion worse confounded by violent and misdirected efforts at effecting impossibilities—and accomplished nothing. For full half an hour this squall roared and blew furiously—whirled off the iron roof of the Sultan's new harem, high into the air, wrecked some twenty native craft, ruined all coaling operations, drenched everything through and through, gave every one extra work, and caused the greatest anxiety, left its visible traces of ruin on the sea-frontage, and then gradually blew itself out—a minute edition, but only a very minute one, of the frightful hurricane of 1872.

Through the last of the rain, and whilst huge heavy rollers still broke sullenly on the beach, the handsome Admiralty yacht 'Enchantress' emerged from the mist and fog and steamed up to the anchorage, conveying Sir Bartle and his staff back from their round of inspection. Later in the afternoon the weather improved, and the R.M.S. 'Natal' left for the Cape, the inauguration of the Union Company's East African Coast Line of mail steamers: then H.M.S. 'Briton' arrived, a smart, steam corvette, carrying ten guns,

and flying the senior officer's pendant (Capt. Malcolm). We learn she has been ashore at Kilwa Kivinji, the great centre of the slave-trade, knocked forty feet off her false keel, and had to be towed off by the 'Enchantress,' with which she was sailing in company.

Sir Bartle Frere has been inspecting Mozambique, Majunga and Nossi Bé in Madagascar, Mayotta, Johanna, and the notorious port of Kilwa Kivinji, where he was more than discourteously received by the Arab Governor—a fresh complication regarding which a formal complaint is to be addressed to the Seyyid Burghash.

The Sultan is impassive—negotiations are at a standstill—everybody is busy waiting for the Aden mail, which leaves on the 14th, in the British India S.S. 'Punjab,' and then we hear the embassy departs for the coast, Makulla, the Persian Gulf, Bombay and Simla, and that for a time Zanzibar is left *in statu quo*. An official dinner at the Consulate on the 15th wound up the shore entertainments, and on the 17th Sir Bartle Frere, after making new appointments on the Consular Staff here, steamed across to Bagamoyo on the mainland in H.M.S. 'Daphne,' to visit the admirably constituted French Mission near that town, and see the progress made in the preparations of Cameron for a start.

There has been a largely attended slave market lately, and on the evening of the 31st (March 1873) it was with extreme difficulty that we forced our way through the crowd into the square where the public sales are effected. It is in its revolting details that the brutality of the business strikes one most forcibly. When you go at an

Orange Girl.

early hour and look at the strings of men, old women, and children sitting upon the ground in lots, and the rows of younger, better favoured and higher priced girls, bedecked for the occasion with heavy earrings and bugles and bright-coloured robes—all the faces marked with that vacant stare common to the slave population—I protest the sight is a revolting one, and it is rendered doubly so when, as is often the case, some of the recently imported wretches are mere skeletons of skin and bone, festering with sores and loathsome skin-disease, and looking as if they were on the very threshold of death. But wait until the throng thickens, until the heavy speculators arrive and business waxes fast and furious. A keen, hook-nosed Arab discovers a likely article for his money, and, in conference with his companions, narrowly inspects the man, woman, or child, it does not signify which, with all the science of an expert and proficient. The mouth is opened, the teeth examined, the eyes carefully looked at, the hands and nails passed muster, the limbs handled, and the condition felt in precisely the same manner in which a horse would be looked over at a fair; and when the competition is eager, and the lot is passed over from one intending buyer to another, each one stepping aside to put one or two pertinent questions, and endeavour to ascertain temper—an important qualification—and finally, in the case of women, retiring with the chattel under the cover of an adjacent shed, the more minutely to estimate the value of her attractions, one turns away with a thorough feeling of sickness and disgust at such an exhibition being possible in this civilised age, and a hope (happily now in rapid realisation) that the days of public slave-dealing are nearly drawn to a close. My picture is far from being overdrawn, it is one that will bear painting in more sensational colours than I know how to use, and there are in-

decencies inseparably connected with the slave-trade that one is compelled, perforce, to pass over in writing.

No description can effectively bring before a stranger to the East Coast the utter misery and degradation which the traffic spreads open-handed in its wake. It commences with murder, rapine, and lawless raids; epidemic diseases and death follow up its paths. Legitimate trade is abandoned for its heavier and attractive gains, whilst morality—but what is the possible good of writing about morality? There is none of it that can be co-existent with the collection, transportation, and sale of slaves. One drops the subject from simple inability to bring it in all its bare reality before you, trusting ere long to chronicle the complete downfall of an elaborately contrived system, the very existence of which reflects in some measure a disgrace on every civilised nation of the West.

On the 3rd of April I was presented to the Sultan in my official capacity* by Dr. Kirk, together with Mr. Holmwood.† The usual ceremony was observed. We, that is the three English officers, headed by the Consular peons and cavasses, proceeded between a double rank of Persian and Balúch soldiers to the foot of the steps leading to the great door of the palace, where we were met by the Seyyid, his brothers, immediate relatives, principal advisers and the Wazir, and conducted up a winding staircase to the first floor, into a long marble-floored hall used on state occasions. There every one was seated, the formal introductions made, coffee and sherbet handed round, and a short conversation on matters non-political, conducted, according to the rigour of

* 1st Assistant Political Agent and Vice-Consul.
† 2nd Assistant Political Agent and Vice-Consul.

etiquette, through the medium of an interpreter. On leaving, Seyyid Burghash took Dr. Kirk's arm and accompanied him through the ranks of the guard of honour, where, after he had shaken hands with each member of the agent's staff, the ceremony came to a conclusion. The retainers of the court were gorgeous in gold and silks, but Seyyid Burghash himself was plainly but very neatly dressed in the blue-checkered turban and long flowing robe, composing, with the additions of sandals and a sabre, the customary daily attire of the Arab gentleman.

Zanzibar grows upon one, in despite of Burton's ghastly descriptions of the many ailments to which flesh is heir in the island. Occasional showers of rain in the morning and clear bright days with a cool sea-breeze characterise the opening of the monsoon, which will not fairly blow until next month. I know of no cases of sickness amongst the European community, and one lady can at any rate boast of seven years' residence here, and the enjoyment of good health, although the climate is described by Burton as more deadly than the marshes of the Maremma.

There is always variety to meet the eye, and there is more here than at many a Mediterranean seaport. The scene from my window presents a broad expanse of deep-blue water, stretching away to the faint, indistinct outline of the hills on the mainland. A few wooded coral-islands dot the half distance, and wavelets ripple and break monotonously on the strip of sand before the house, as if never a hurricane blew destruction on the shore. A cool breeze ruffles the sea, and brings up from the coast quaintly-shaped dhows with large white cotton sails, looking like gigantic albatross. In the foreground the 'Daphne,' trim and ready for work, and a couple of merchantmen, lie at anchor, together with a forest of dhows and long, swan-necked Mtepes,

resembling overgrown gondolas. Boats and launches are everywhere. Slaves are busily loading coal at the wharf, watched by a group of idlers, composed of an Arab boy in a fez and camel's-hair gown, with a couple of sable attendants —all three intent on chewing sugar-cane; a Banyan from Cutch, gorgeous in pure white muslin and a scarlet and gold turban; a Mussulman Hindu with a henna-dyed beard; several loafing guides, whose business it is to mob the unsuspecting stranger on landing; and a soldier, with the curved Arab dagger, called "jambia," in his waist shawl, a rhinoceros targe suspended from his shoulder, sword in hand, dressed in the white gown, belted sandals, embroidered jacket, and voluminous blue-checkered turban of the Ishmaelite. One Cutchi contemplates the scene from a post of vantage on the edge of the wharf, screened from the sun by a huge cotton umbrella; whilst half-a-dozen women are on the sands catching small fish like whitebait, using their under-garments as nets. An account of this latter performance—one of daily occurrence—was recently questioned in a review as "a traveller's tale," much to the amusement of Zanzibar.

Persian mercenaries, northern Arabs, Gallas, Hindus, Cutchis, women wearing the gilt masks of Muscat, which hide nearly all the face under a mass of filigree-work; slave girls painted and weighed down with silver jewellery, slave girls unadorned, sleek slaves, emaciated slaves, blacks, browns, greys, sombre costumes and gorgeous colours, white asses with henna-stained tails; one of the Sultan's retainers on a fidgety, fretful Arab smothered in gay trappings, and tied down with a standing martingale *à la Turque;* fat Indian kine, eager traders and money-changers, graceful women attired in the "sari" of the East, and repulsive old negresses, compose a picture of everyday life, to which

imagination must apply an architectural background of Arabian arches, heavy carved wooden doors and lintel posts, circular towers, narrow latticed windows, recesses and raised terraces, combined with and worked into tortuous lanes and sharp turnings, wells in unexpected corners; squalor, whitewash, dirt, and evil smells as you penetrate further into the heart of the town.

An artist could find congenial occupation for years; but your matter-of-fact thorough British tourist would vote the place slow, of course, see nothing in it, and sigh for a future of broad streets and civilisation, broad-cloth, bottled beer, and blacking; and from such revilers of the picturesque I trust a kindly Providence may long deliver the quaint, queer, rambling dirty old Arab town of Zanzibar.

How this African East Coast is maligned by the notes found on many old maps! Who would think Brava's "sterile and uncultivated country" was rich in cattle, and exported many thousands of ox-hides to Zanzibar, and how many people dream of the rich, almost unworked, copal fields, future sources of great wealth and industry, which line the mainland coast? With the slave-trade fairly suppressed, all these hidden sources of industry will gradually be brought to light; and I see no reason to doubt the truth of the dictum made in the House of Commons' report, that "Zanzibar may become a second Singapore or Kurrachí of the East Coast." Sugar and cloves grow luxuriantly on the island; it is the great ivory mart of the world; hides, rafters, copal, sesame, cereals, &c., are exports; and in 1871-72 the imports amounted to over three millions of dollars.

I cannot say much for the breed of camels here. Crushing "copra" for the extraction of cocoanut-oil affords daily toil to the meanest and thinnest of the race, which are imported from the coast near the equator, and are here exclusively

employed in the drudgery of working the primitive presses which have been in vogue for hundreds of years. They are never used as beasts of burden—there are too many slaves to require their services in such a capacity—but are condemned to turn round and round, blindfolded, and to the music of a creaking beam and a shrieking driver boy, as long as ever their wretched lives may last.

On the subject of dress I must avail myself of Dr. Steere's very correct descriptions, and add a short note on the everyday costumes of the town. The Arab women wear the "pyjamah," a robe of coloured materials, a veil or sometimes a silk handkerchief folded and fastened round the brows *à l'Indienne*. An embroidered waistcoat and the "barakoa," or gilt mask of Muscat, reaching nearly to the mouth, are common additions; wooden clogs, held by a button between the toes, protect the feet, whilst over all is thrown a large square of black silk.

Another common dress consists of the blue robe called "kanzu," with a head-dress of the same stuff divided into two streamers hanging down the back; this is fastened by a string passing under the chin and attached to a silver ornament.

In jewellery, the heavy gold or silver bracelets and anklets called "banagiri," ornamented with bluntly spiked bosses and bordered with filigree-work, nose rings and nostril studs, earrings—some of them large circular brooches fixed in the lobe of the ear, others worn in the upper part, sometimes pendent and sometimes as a fixture—silver waist-chains, and star-shaped frontlets, are varieties to be daily seen on passers by.

Turquoises and pearls can be purchased in the bazaars, and signet rings are commonly seen. Charms and talismans are in universal use, for here the Moslem faith is corrupted

enough by long contact with the Africans to burn incense and propitiate places supposed to be haunted by an evil spirit.

The men wear a loin-cloth, over which is passed the long white gown called "kanzu," a shawl "kamerband" wound round the waist, an embroidered waistcoat, and over all a loose Arab garment of camel's hair or cloth, in fashion resembling the Afghan "choga." On their feet are sandals fastened by a broad band over the instep and a thong passing next to the great toe. The head-dress either a fez or a white skull-cap, with a turban folded round it of the popular blue check pattern with a red border and fringe. The "jambia," or curved Arab dagger, is always worn by any one of consideration; bearing arms is an indispensable sign of honour, and the slave if possible will with swagger thrust a rude knife under his girdle in order to gain consideration amongst his fellows.

The poor, and slaves in general, boast only of a loin-cloth —which, indeed, with the fringed shoulder sheet is often worn by respectable Waswahili—the mulatto descendants of the Arabs and Persians who in pagan days first colonised Mrima. The Shirazi, whose late Sultan received a yearly present from Seyyid Sa'id, belong to this class, who, when the Portuguese visited the coast in the 15th century, were dressed in silks and velvets embroidered with gold, and were, perhaps, more advanced in civilisation than the piratical intruders themselves.

From dress let us glance at the architecture of Zanzibar (an Arabic name, neaning literally the black coast—from "Zeng," a negro, and "bara," a wild country or seaboard). The Arab mansions are entered by heavy double doors, richly carved in intricate arabesque and studded with iron bosses, heavily barred and padlocked, and flanked within and without with "baraza," or stone seats for retainers

and guards—hence the word "baraza," applied to the daily court held by the Sultan, at which the poorest subject (as if at the door) may attend and claim justice. A narrow passage leads to a square courtyard, surrounded by the arches which support the first floor, and if the house is occupied by Europeans, this is frequently freshened by the green leaves of a banana-tree growing in the centre—in the corner is often a well. A steep staircase mounts to the principal rooms, which are always lofty, though sometimes narrow, ornamented with recesses, and not uncommonly by a row of columns and arches; trellised or latticed windows look out on the street, and the doors open upon the broad verandah encircling the "patio." Flat terraces on the balustraded roofs—a favourite resort as a look-out in the cool evening—and a general disposition to place rooms and doors in unexpected places, and scatter arched columns in every available corner, give a rambling style to the corridors that suggests the 'Arabian Nights.' Last night—and we have lovely starlight nights here—as we cooled down over a solitary and final cigar, and loitered round our inner court, I protest one listened to the breeze ruffling the long graceful banana-leaves glittering in the soft moonlight in such a frame of mind, that the appearance of "the four Calenders blind of an eye," or Sidi Nouman in the flesh, from behind the dark shadows of the pillars, would hardly have surprised us.

The narrow streets, narrow shops, and narrow windows of the bazaars, are in usual oriental style, and flanking them are square or oblong huts, often surrounded by a yard fenced with matting, built with walls of wattle and daub, upright mangrove poles, or palm trunks, all pent-roofed and thatched with palm-leaves tied to a framework of laths—the closer the laths the better the thatch. Between these and the houses of the rich intervene rough

stone buildings, with wooden shutters and steep steps, the abode of a middle-class, or of the numerous hangers-on to the better Arabs. The round Kafir hut is nowhere to be seen. Coral rag is used universally for building, quarried beyond the town, and carried in by slaves—a tedious process—and lime is made from the same material, and burnt in conical piles at the yards round the Shangani Point. The mosques are low, oblong, unpretentious structures, supported by pillars, and divided by the usual row of pointed arches. Minarets are few; but grass-grown graveyards, thickly planted with ruined headstones, are often met with in the town; and beyond the suburbs, near the Khoja Mosque, one of the greenest spots and one of the most picturesquely situated landscapes marks a vast cemetery.

The town is nearly an island at high water, and passing across the narrow isthmus of Nazimoja, you skirt the cemetery and the mosque I have just mentioned. Beyond you find neatly kept plantations, fenced in by orange hedges and shaded by spreading mango-trees. Everything is green around; strings of blue-clad women bringing in wood, fruit, and vegetables from the country, are met, and here an Arab, ambling along on his donkey, preceded by a sable attendant to clear the way. Donkeys are highly valued here, and fetch sums varying from 60 to 500 dollars, those from Muscat being the highest in price. The huge cabbage-shaped baobab and the palm are everywhere, and the soil appears capable of growing anything. As it is, sugar-cane attains a large size, even when comparatively neglected. Rice, sesamum, manioc, maize, mtama (holcus), pine-apples, grapes, &c., flourish, and the clove plantations have long been famous. Many of these "mashamba" are being re-planted, but it is five years before they come into bearing, and the picking and the after-picking is a tedious process,

the height of the shrub requiring the use of ladders. The cloves are then sun-dried and fit for market, but the variable price of this produce leads many to point towards sugar as the future for the island. If planting enterprise is ever to come here, I do not see where it is to come from unless from South Africa, and there is no colony capable of furnishing us with planters so easily as Natal. There is a plantation and mill at Kokotoni, on the north end of the island, where, according to all accounts, the crop is a fair one. White uncrystallised sugar is readily sold here to the Indian population, who are suspicious about crystal, fearing that blood may have been used in refining.

Many of the "mashamba" or plantations are exceedingly productive and lucrative to their owners, and the scenery—the green forest trees, luxuriant vegetation, various palms, long lines of what before the hurricane were cloves on the hillside, white country houses, the strip of sandy beach and the background of brightest blue sea—is refreshing in the extreme, when one strolls out in the evening to enjoy the cool sea-breeze which seldom fails to blow now from the S.W.

There has been lately (April) a great piece of excitement—the shipment of an African elephant, a real, live, young "tembo," hence for Bombay. He was placed at Dr. Kirk's disposal by Lakmidas, the wealthy farmer of the Sultan's Customs, who offered him to Sir Philip Wodehouse, and to Sir Philip he has now gone to astonish his Indian *confrères* by flapping his ponderous ears in their faces. He is thoroughly docile and intelligent, about 6 feet 6 inches high, and already furnished with short tusks. After the clever way in which he got into the lighter from the Custom House Wharf, the equanimity with which he accepted the position during his voyage to the steamer, and the utter

indifference he displayed at being hoisted in mid-air on board, I do not imagine the orientals can give him much weight. Indeed, I fancy he will meet those of his own age on level terms, and go far towards destroying the convictions of the division who, against every evidence of ancient days, stoutly maintain the African elephant is untamable.*

Sir Philip would do South Africa a good service if he could only persuade enterprise to domesticate these huge animals, instead of destroying the race for the sake of the ivory alone. Tamed, the elephant proves the longest-lived and hardest working of servants. I remember one who looked fresh and cheery over his daily toil in 1863, and whose record of service showed he had assisted sixty years before at Assaye—but how much cane he could either have stowed away within his huge carcase, or have carried on his back to a sugar mill, are statistical questions beyond my general information power.

The "tembo" fairly on board the 'Punjab,' made great friends with the donkey engine, watched its movements with the utmost interest, and was desperately annoyed when the tarpaulin covering was put on and his favourite hidden from his sight. This was more than he could stand, so he tenderly whipped the cover off, and firmly refused to allow anything to be thrown over the object of his young affections without uttering a protest, and being thoroughly uncomfortable until he had again unveiled its beauties before his infatuated little eyes! There are so few authentic cases of really constant affection brought before the public nowadays, that I strongly recommend as a case of Natural Selec-

* This question has, I believe, been lately solved by the employment of the African elephant by Gen. Gordon. A proposal has also been made that the Society of Arts should offer a prize to encourage its use as a beast of burden on the caravan routes of Eastern Africa.—ED.

tion the Loves of the African Elephant and the British Indian Company's Donkey Engine to the careful attention of enthusiastic Darwinians.

It was a great day for the loafing population of Zanzibar, who crowded down in hundreds to see him leave. Volunteers pulled his tail, hauled at his ropes, and did all they could to disgust him with embarking, but he was imperturbable, and got into the launch with the greatest *sang-froid* as soon as he saw the bent of the proceeding. Lakmidas insisted on supplying him with an ample provision for the voyage, and Captain Hansard takes him under his own especial charge, so that every one has shown a lively interest in lending him a hand on the occasion of his quitting African shores for the gorgeous paraphernalia of oriental pageants, in which, when he reaches an age of discretion, he is no doubt destined to be diplomatically arrayed. Good luck and *bon voyage* we all wish him, and hope he will hold his own amongst those terrible old Conservatives his Asian cousins, who have had it all their own way in a close borough for centuries.

May 24th. Her Majesty's birthday. Seyyid Burghash showed his good taste by ignoring all differences and disputes respecting slave-trade negotiations and firing a salute of twenty-one guns at noon. He also sent a dinner of honour to the British Agency—a sheep roasted whole, on a gigantic charger borne by slaves, pillars, pyramids of fruit, and piles of confectionery. Dr. Kirk's little girl, whom everybody knows by the name of "Kubwa" (the big one), as being the eldest child, is a great favourite of the Sultan's; he saw her passing in front of the palace when going for her evening walk with the nurse, and called her in. She has just returned triumphantly, laden with Indian toys, most of them curious specimens of zoology, and provided with enough

sugar-candy and sweetmeats to disorganise a young lady's boarding school. Burghash's fondness for children is a pleasing trait in his character.

In the afternoon Dr. Kirk, Mr. Holmwood and I, visited the slave market, as from its appearance the pulse of the local traffic can be felt. There was a scanty display of slaves, nearly all of them of the class known as "shamba-slaves," viz. slaves for plantation (shamba) work alone, in contradistinction to "domestic slaves" used for employment in or about houses and "surias"—concubine slaves. The prices were very low: 11, 12, and 14 $ for "shamba-slaves;" girls, recently landed apparently, 24 and 25 $; "surias," sold for misconduct, so the "dalali" informed us, 30 to 45 $. The crowd made way for us, and if not over-civil in their looks, were certainly civil to us in their behaviour; indeed our sense of confidence in the bearing of the population has never been once shaken, and Mr. Holmwood and I walk through the town, sometimes with an attendant and a lantern, and sometimes without either, almost every night at 10.30 to a house we now live at in the country, whilst repairs are going on at the Consulate, with more security than we should ever expect to trust to in the outskirts of London.

May 26th. The Sultan signified his intention of calling on the British Agency this morning in honour of the Queen's birthday, the 24th, and the English community, comprising Dr. Steere, the Rev. Mr. Midgeley and the Rev. Mr. West of the Universities' Mission, assembled to meet him. He arrived with the usual army of Arab, Persian and Balúch soldiers, and a large attendance of relations and retainers. The conversation was rather desultory; the Seyyid asked several questions as to her gracious Majesty's age, length of

reign, family, &c., and then fell into a discussion regarding the Arabic type of a translation of the Bible lying upon one of the tables that happened to catch his eye, shrewdly remarking "that it was a good book and authorised slavery as an institution!" winding up the visit with a chat upon commerce, and an allusion to his wish to visit Mecca again.

May 29th. We are curiously situated with reference to our action against the transport of slaves by sea. On the 1st of May the "open-time" for the traffic was announced as usual by the Sultan, and a Proclamation affixed by him on the Custom House doors to the same effect, notwithstanding his knowledge that her Majesty's ships would employ every method to blockade the slavers and prevent the carrying of slaves.

To-day we have been learning the Kilwa news from the mouth of the captain of a dhow sent up from there in detention by H.M.S. 'Daphne,' charged with having fitted out his vessel for the slave-trade. He had been told that the case against him was abandoned, and his delight made him loquacious and communicative—"he was glad of the lift up from Kilwa, and did not care for the loss of his sail and not having his crew—he had come to Kilwa from Lamu, and fitted up with slave-decks. On 1st of May the Sultan's leave to ship slaves arrived as usual, but every one said the English would not stand it, so he held on to see what would come. The Wazir Sheikh Ibrahim had a dhow prepared there for 400 slaves, and Seyyid Burghash's sister, the Bibi Kholli, one that would hold 250, or thereabouts. Now he was unlucky, he thought he had best sell his slave-fittings, and buy food and get another crew together. He had been given plenty to eat and to drink on the voyage by the Wazungu (white men, in this case the 'Daphne's' prize crew);

he had got his dhow back, he was contented, and Inshallah! now he would get a cargo of goods to take back to Lamu." He allowed there were over two thousand slaves at Kilwa awáiting shipment; others, he said, had been marched across the Rufiji River to Dar-es-Salam.*

There were rumours in town lately that Seyyid Burghash purposed sending down his steamers, the 'Star' and the 'Dar-es-Salam,' to carry slaves under his flag; but there is not a chance of his doing so now, for Dr. Kirk has warned him that any ships whatever, steamers or dhows, carrying slaves, even if under the House Flag of the Family (the "Âl-bu-Sa'id") would be dealt with in the same manner as all other craft, and this warning has taken due effect.

Prices of slaves have fallen at Kilwa, it is said, some 50 or 60 per cent.

June 8th. We have had no breathing-time for the past few days, and I am sick of the sight of pens, ink, and paper; it is a perfect luxury to pass a quiet day in the country after all the late quill-driving. On the 2nd the Aden Mail arrived in the S.S. 'Cashmere,' conveying a cipher despatch from Lord Granville to Dr. Kirk, directing the treaty to be enforced, under penalty of a blockade, and advising the speedy advent of Rear-Admiral Cumming with a sufficient force. The Seyyid's advisers, the Metow'wa'as, gave way under the threat and advised the Sultan to sign, which was all he required to secure his personal safety; accordingly on the 5th of June the treaty was duly and formally signed and became law. On the same day the slave market was cleared by soldiers from the Palace, and on the 6th a slight

* This is worthy of note as the first record of the employment of the "Inland Slave Caravan Route," afterwards so notoriously used by the traders.

demonstration made by the dealers at the usual time of assembly was speedily quelled. All the negotiations passed off amicably, and every one appears to be contented and glad that some definite arrangement has been effected and uncertainty terminated.

On the 6th of June Dr. Kirk was able to report to Lord Granville, "that yesterday afternoon his Highness Seyyid Burghash ratified the new treaty for the total abolition of the slave-trade in his dominions, which had been signed by Seyyid Nasr bin Saeed the same day on his behalf, and by me on the part of her Majesty the Queen;" and "that yesterday afternoon, in accordance with the second article of the Slave Treaty signed on that date, the public slave market in Zanzibar was cleared by order of his Highness Seyyid Burghash, and closed." The following day the treaty was despatched to London in the charge of Lieutenant Hamilton, R.N., "an officer highly recommended by Captain Malcolm, and one who has been engaged in keeping up that effective boat blockade of the coast against the slave-trade which has been the principal means of forcing his Highness to yield now to our demands, without awaiting the more hostile measures that otherwise would have become necessary:" and Dr. Kirk "trusts the course now followed in insuring the safe arrival of this valuable deed will be approved."

On the 23rd of August Earl Granville, in transmitting through Dr. Kirk her Majesty's ratification of the treaty, avails himself of this opportunity to express to Dr. Kirk the satisfaction of her Majesty's Government at the able manner in which he conducted the difficult negotiations which led to the signing of this treaty.

We have had news from the Cameron Expedition. Cameron and Dillon are in Usagara, and all well, but

their messenger reports that one of the second division of the party, a white man, is dead, and that he saw his grave near Simbamwenyi. From description and evidence it is very evident that it is poor young Moffatt who is now really dead, but for the present it is best to await confirmation of the event. Poor boy! he sold his patrimony in Natal to help in the search for his uncle. His energy and pluck were unquestionable, but he never looked to any of us capable of standing the exposure of travelling in Equatorial Africa, or supporting the exhaustion brought on by this trying climate.

June 11*th.* The proclamation of the Seyyid relative to the treaty was affixed upon the doors of the Custom House on Sunday afternoon (8th), and read as follows:—

"PROCLAMATION.

"(*Translation.*)

"*From Burghash bin Sa'eed.*

"To all our subjects who may see this, and also to others, may God save you.

"KNOW that we have prohibited the transport of (بغام) raw slaves by sea in all our harbours, and have closed the markets which are for the sale of slaves through all our dominions. Whosoever, therefore, shall ship a raw slave after this date, will render himself liable to punishment, and this he will bring upon himself. Be this known.

"Dated 12 Rabi el Akhr, 1290 (June 8, 1873)."

Dr. Kirk at once objected to the word بغام "bagham"—not very elegantly but very effectively translated as "a raw slave," in Kiswahili an "mjinga," a recently imported chattel, a slave from the wild interior, a man incapable of

talking Kiswahili—and the Sultan had it removed. The second declaration was posted immediately, and the word "slave" only employed, no limitation being made in this such as the use of the expression "bagham" would tend to legalise. The correction was peaceably received by a large crowd, and with it, I imagine, ends everything to be done for the present as regards the text of the treaty of the 5th of June.

June 20th. On the 15th Rear-Admiral Cumming arrived in harbour, and we have now a formidable force at anchor, consisting of H.M.S. 'Glasgow' (flagship), H.M.S. 'Wolverine,' 'Briton,' 'Daphne,' and 'Nimble,' to show the Sultan that a blockade was seriously intended, had not he and his advisers given way over the slave-trade question. His Highness appears, however, determined to carry out his obligations, now that they have been entered into, and has already arrested one of his principal subjects, Khalfan bin Raschid, a Masakara of the Miskri tribe at Kokotoni, for slave smuggling, and a batch of dealers living at the southern point of the island, Ras Kizimkasi. Rumours are rife regarding the establishment of posts, resting-place, and guards along the Kilwa road, whence it is proposed to march slave caravans along the coast north, but perhaps there may be some exaggeration in the details.

June 25th. A mail arrived from Cameron; on the 4th of June he was at Muniyi at Usagara. Poor Moffatt died on the 21st of May, one hour and a half march from Simbo, at a village called Verazini, where he was buried under a palm-tree. He could eat nothing for some days before his death—all food disagreed with him, and for the last two days he was almost insensible. The rest of the party are fairly well, although all have been ailing.

Here I must digress for a short space from journal and note-books, and endeavour to give a short sketch of events that occurred between June and October in connection with our efforts at slave-trade suppression. On the East Coast of Arabia on the 3rd of June a most unfortunate business occurred. H.M.S. 'Magpie,' on her voyage to Zanzibar to join the Admiral, fell in with a straggling fleet of dhows off Ras Madraka, sailing free before the light south-west monsoon, several of which were boarded to find out where they had come from, and what winds they had experienced. "I should have let them pass," Commander Doughty continues, in his report to Rear-Admiral Cumming, "not caring to waste time when each hour added strength to the monsoon and to the difficulties of my joining you at Zanzibar, had not my attention been attracted by a dhow keeping a very close inshore course; she then bore from me south-west about five miles. I tried to intercept her, but had no chance from the first. Finding capture inevitable, she hauled her wind and beached over a terrific surf on to the sandy bay between Ras Madraka and Ras Khashaun. I stood in as close as safety permitted to watch proceedings, which we were powerless to frustrate. With the force of the wind and the sea the dhow went well up on the beach, where, on grounding, many jumped overboard and landed, while others, with a view, I presume, to expedite the disembarkation of the slaves and assist the feeble, pitched them over into the broken water, from whence they were dragged out by those already on shore. This hurry was a necessity evidently understood by the crew, for in a few minutes her mast went, and the vessel broke into fragments. On the beach there now appeared, as well as we could count, 150 people.

"They formed themselves into a straggling line and,

without further delay, set out for the hills to the northward, among which we soon lost sight of them.

"It was with much regret I felt compelled to leave these poor wretches to their fate,—a fate one scarcely cares to contemplate when one looks at the parched desert sands and barren mountains—weakened by their long sea voyage and the usual short commons of such craft. The Indian sailing directions give no cheerful prospect for castaways on that inhospitable coast. Feeling myself utterly powerless either to capture the slaves or to alleviate their miseries, I proceeded on my voyage."

Lieutenant Hockin, of H.M.S. 'Daphne,' brought a curious case into court, in which a vessel was taken at Saadani, on the mainland opposite the town of Zanzibar, with an Uzegua slave on board, under false colours and papers. Lieutenant Hockin's account of the capture is both graphic and interesting. He reports as follows to his Captain, Commander Bateman, R.N.

"'*Daphne*,' *Zanzibar, July* 28, 1873.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that, on the 27th of July, being off Saadani in the first cutter, I observed three dhows at anchor off that town. I boarded them, and on board one I found a slave boy, who was paid no wages and detained against his will. The nakhoda of the dhow was ashore with the papers. I went on shore with the interpreter to see him; he came down on the beach with a number of people armed with axes, and was very violent. He threatened to kill the interpreter, and said the boat's crew should not leave the place alive if the dhow or boy were taken; this he shouted out whilst running away from us. I then went to the chief's house; the chief was absent on an expedition to the interior, but his brother was acting

in his absence. I said I wanted to see the dhow's papers, and after some little time the nakhoda returned with the papers. He gave me an English pass signed by Dr. Kirk, and an Arab one as well. The owner of the dhow, he said, was the Chief of Saadani, though the English pass named a Banyan, and the boy told me the dhow always flew English colours. I had determined to take the dhow to Zanzibar, and wishing to bring the nakhoda, I told him to come back to the dhow with me. He came part of the way and then ran away. I had previously put the boy into the cutter. On my return to the dhow I found her high and dry, and my boat about half a mile off afloat. I went to the cutter and watched the dhow, intending to bring her out at high water. I saw people come down and begin to take the cargo out of her, and unbend the sails. I then served out three rounds of ammunition a man, and leaving two hands to keep the cutter afloat, I waded ashore with the rest and went on board the dhow. The Arabs then came down in great force, and began surrounding the dhow to landward, waving swords and guns, and shouting and gesticulating.

"The dhow being close up to the bushes, from whence the Arabs could have picked off my men without any chance of my hitting them, and having such little ammunition, I deemed it best to get back to the boat, as I thought my apparent retreat would make the Arabs attack me if they really intended to, and I was anxious to know what they intended to do. Directly we retired from the dhow they ran after us, some of them kneeling down and aiming at us. I ordered my men to fix bayonets and retire, facing the Arabs. They then fired at us; I returned the fire, and hit some of the Arabs. This checked them, but after a moment they came on firing again. By this time we were up to our

waists in water, but I fired a second volley, and they then retired to some distance. My interpreter then told them we meant to take the dhow to Zanzibar, and should report their conduct to the Sultan. Their leader answered, he would not let us take the dhow, and he did not care for the Sultan. On reaching the cutter, the tide falling fast, I went out to seven feet of water, and fired on any one attempting to go near the dhow. The Arabs then dispersed, but fearing they would take the dhow's sail, I landed with Cornelius Duggan, A.B., and ordering the boat's crew to fire on any coming near, I waded on shore and walked up to the dhow; we found the sail had been unbent ready for taking away. We brought the sail back to the boat. As the tide rose, I pulled in nearer and nearer, and then Duggan and myself waded on shore with the cutter's grap-line, but it not being long enough, I went on board the dhow and paid over her hawser, which we then bent to the grap-line. I had brought an axe with me, and I cut the shores which were supporting the dhow. After about five minutes pulling the dhow floated, and I towed her off and made sail."

A decree of condemnation was issued in this case, and an example ordered to be made. "Lieutenant Nankivell of H.M.S. 'Daphne,' supported by boats from that vessel, navigated the dhow back to Saadani, landed there, and had a letter from Dr. Kirk read to the people, explaining it himself by word of mouth in the vernacular, after which, the people fully concurring in the justice of the order and understanding why it was given, he burnt the vessel of their chief before the village, and returned to Zanzibar."

October 14th. I have just returned from the pleasant change of a ride across the island with Mr. Cheeny. We left Zan-

zibar on the 12th, and rode to Dunga, the former residence of the Munyi Mkuu, the Wahadimu Sultan of Zanzibar. The Wahadimu, who speak a dialect of their own, claim to be the original inhabitants of the island, keep aloof from the town, and live by cultivation and fishing. The Munyi Mkuu, their immediate chief, of Shirazi descent, was subsidised by the Arab Seyyids, but at his death and that of his nephew, the family failed in direct male successors, and has now fallen into comparative indigence. Dunga was the ancient palace of these Munyi Makuus. We made an early start, but were somewhat delayed by the vagaries of my steed, a grey Arab stallion lent me by the Seyyid, who absolutely knocked down a 'makuti' (cocoanut-leaf) house before he fairly started, upset his groom, and did his best to upset me. Two hours and a half of pleasant riding past the pretty hill of Welezo, across several small streams and the Mwera (a clear winding stream bordered by immense leafed aquatic plants and spanned by a shaky old masonry bridge on an arch), through a well-cultivated country enlivened by passing strings of people bringing in baskets of fruit and vegetables for sale in the town, brought us to the second ridge of the island. This crossed, our road lay across a flat barren waste, dotted with low brushwood and jungle, a coral flat, honeycombed with deep holes, and studded with dangerously-pointed projecting coral rocks, beyond which on the elevated spine of Zanzibar stands Dunga, a square massive building of some pretensions. Fording the river at the base of the hill we followed an avenue that led to a ruined gateway, at one time the lodge and fortified bastion of the encircling wall of the works surrounding the mansion, and, passing through it, dismounted at the huge doorway. Here we had to climb over masses of rubbish before we could reach the foot of the staircase leading to a large covered

verandah opening upon the inner court. The evidences of the hurricane, absenteeism and neglect, were alarming; the whole of the floor of the great reception room had fallen through, and as we stood in the verandah we looked across a chasm at rows of enormous mirrors against the far wall, which, curiously enough, had escaped destruction. The last Munyi Mkuu's last Wāzir, a pleasant and garrulous old gentleman, received us kindly, and led us to the only habitable room remaining, where we found silken mattresses and pillows spread for us, and our breakfast ready. The poor old man's lamentations over the decay of the family and the family seat were really touching, although it was not without a boast that he showed us round the estate in the afternoon, pointed to the very flourishing crops, and drew our attention to the attachment of the tenants to the place. Traditions he told us without end; the spirit of the last Munyi Mkuu he declared moved about the building every night and disarranged what little furniture was left in it, and his reflection had been seen in the great mirrors. The Arabs could never live there; it would not be permitted by the shades of the old family. The sea of fog surrounding Chuaka on the morning of the 13th was a protection furnished by Allah to the place against night attacks, and had first been seen when an Arab expedition was sent out to plunder the palace years and years ago.

In ancient days the position must have been a very strong one, and history, based upon old local memories, records the inability of the Portuguese ever to dispossess its defenders. The evidences of their visits remain to this day in the shape of an immense number of wild pigs, descendants of old imported stock, which overrun the low jungle country, and do immense harm to the crops upon the plateau.

On the 13th, three hours of the most difficult walking in

the narrowest of pathways I think I have ever experienced, over pointed coral rocks with dangerous pitfalls, rotten ground and holes, brought us to Chuaka and the Indian Ocean, washing the eastern shores of Zanzibar. Part of the road was densely wooded, and our Wahadimu guide, after throwing a stone upon a large heap of pebbles marking a "muzimu," hurried us past a clump of baobab-trees on our return in the dusk of the evening. "There are devils in the trees there," he said, "and the devils are white." It was hardly complimentary to us, nevertheless we obeyed and hurried past.

Chuaka is a neatly-built village, approached through a large graveyard, with head and foot-stones to each grave. A great catch of fish had been made just as we arrived, all fishing arrangements (nets, &c.) being very perfectly made. Long rows of nets hung on drying-poles on the beach, which faces a large and well-protected bay, whence an estuary extends for a considerable distance inland, and almost divides Zanzibar into two islands. Independence here is general. There are no slaves amongst the Wahadimu, who all appear to live upon a friendly equality, under the guidance of an exceedingly old Sheikh, whose insignia of office is a long peeled wand. Mr. Cheeny declares they are Communists.

Our walk back was very trying. Cheeny knocked up completely, and had to halt at a spring in the coral rock half-way through the forest, whilst a donkey was sent for to Dunga, and we both, I fancy, were glad when the cool of the evening set in and our destination was reached.

This morning we cantered into town in time for the opening of the Court.

October 20th. To-day was the Dewali festival, and the

great day of the entire Banyan community. They lighted up all their houses and the principal streets in the evening; and I went with Smith, the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. 'Daphne,' to call at the principal houses, an honour that is greatly esteemed from any one connected with Her Majesty's agency. They were all brilliantly illuminated, and the owners and visitors were attired in the cleanest and whitest of very fine linen, with gorgeous scarlet and gold turbans. Sweetmeats, "mithai," and refreshments were served to the assembled company, and it was etiquette to remain seated for a short while in each house to witness the "nautch." Nautch dancing here is not at a high pitch of perfection. There is only one decent performer from India, and she is rather past mark of mouth, I fear, but she has trained up sundry pupils of negroid type to imitate imperfectly her steps. A boy dressed up as a woman danced the best, and was loudly applauded by the natives; but the exhibition was a sorry one, and we were glad to beat a hasty departure back to the Consulate at an early hour in the evening.

October 23rd. The Ramathan was issued into existence yesterday evening with a salute from the Sultan's battery and ships, and a general illumination. Every one fasts now for a month—that is, they fast during the day and eat at night, so turning night into day. The result is that all one's servants and the Consular messengers yawn and lollop about the place in the daytime, and chew immense quantities of "tambuu" (betel-leaf with areca nut, lime, and tobacco) to stop the cravings of hunger.

At half-past two in the morning throughout the Ramathan a gun is fired to warn every one of the approach of day, that they may get their cooking and eating over before dawn. This gun-fire is called "daakuu."

October 28th. News from Unyanyembe. The last division of Cameron's party had reached there. All in good health. No news of Dr. Livingstone, so they push on to Ujiji.

November 1st. After a week's patient inquiry from the people of the caravan recently arrived from the interior, we can glean nothing more about Dr. Livingstone's movements than that he has surely passed to the south of Lake Tanganyika, *en route*, it is said, to the country of the Manyema tribe.

November 5th. Dr. Kirk and Holmwood returned to-day in H.M.S. 'Briton' from the north, both of them looking remarkably well and better for their change of air.

Dr. Kirk has been most successfully carrying out the engagement entered into by the British Government in Article IV. of the Treaty of June 5 with the Sultan of Zanzibar, which provides that all slave-holding by Indians under our protection is to be stopped by us. He has released altogether 478 slaves, of whom 201 elected to remain, although freed, with their former masters.

November 12th. The twenty-first day of the Ramathan fast: all the shops shut up. The shafis do not observe this day.

November 21st. The Ramathan ended this evening, and a salute was fired from the Sultan's battery and his ships in harbour, and most of the dhows illuminated.

November 22nd (1st of Shaowal). The feast of Bairam. Another salute at 7.30 A.M. This is the "Siku-kuu"—"the great day"—of the year at Zanzibar. Everybody turns out in new clothes who can afford it, and thousands of people collect on the large plain behind the town near Mnazimoja. Here there were whirligigs—the true whirligig of the old British fair—camel races, dances going on within

a ring of dusky spectators, donkey and horse races, all carried on with the utmost merriment and yet with the most decent behaviour. All servants are supposed to receive an extra month's wages to-day, or the equivalent in the shape of clothes; an ingenious system by which thirteen months are made out of the year, but nevertheless a species of time-honoured imposition with which one has to put up with as good face as possible, and pay up.

This month is called by the Swahili "Mfunguo wa mosi," literally "the first month of *not fasting*." Bishop Steere tells us that the Ramathan is treated as the first month practically, and the rest are reckoned from it; the word by which they are denoted seems to mean *not fasting*, as though the Ramathan being the month of *fasting*, the rest were the first, second, third, &c., of *not fasting*, until the months of Rajab and Shaaban, which have both a special religious character. There are twelve lunar months = 355 days in the Arab year, bearing no correspondence to the season. The months are determined by the sight of the new moon, or by the expiration of thirty days since the beginning of the previous month. It happens sometimes that some of the coast towns will begin their months a day before or after what was taken as its first day in Zanzibar. A gun is usually fired from one of the ships when the month begins.

The two great Mohammedan feasts are held on the first of Shaowal (the Bairam), when every one gives presents, and on the tenth of Th'il hajjah, when every one is supposed to slaughter some animal and feast the poor.

The other year in use among the Swahili is the nautical and agricultural year, it is roughly a solar year, having 365 days. It is reckoned to begin from the "siku ya mwaka," answering to the Persian Nairoz. The last day of the old

year is called "Kigunzi," and the days are reckoned by decades, called "miongo" (sing. "mwongo").

December 5th. There is news that Livingstone was last seen at Fipa on his way to Katanga. Cameron is reported well, and we have seen his handwriting on a bill, although he has not written to Dr. Kirk. I have received orders to proceed to Kilwa to carry out the policy with regard to Indians holding slaves entailed by Article IV. of the Treaty of the 5th of June last, and Lieutenant Pullen, R.N., of H.M.S. 'Shearwater,' has arrived to-day in a dhow from Pangani, looking rather like a drowned rat, with leave from his Commander, Captain Wharton, to accompany me as a volunteer. I shall pass through the Copal Fields, and cross the Rufiji, I hope, above the Delta.

NATIVE WATER-JARS AND COCOANUT LADLES.

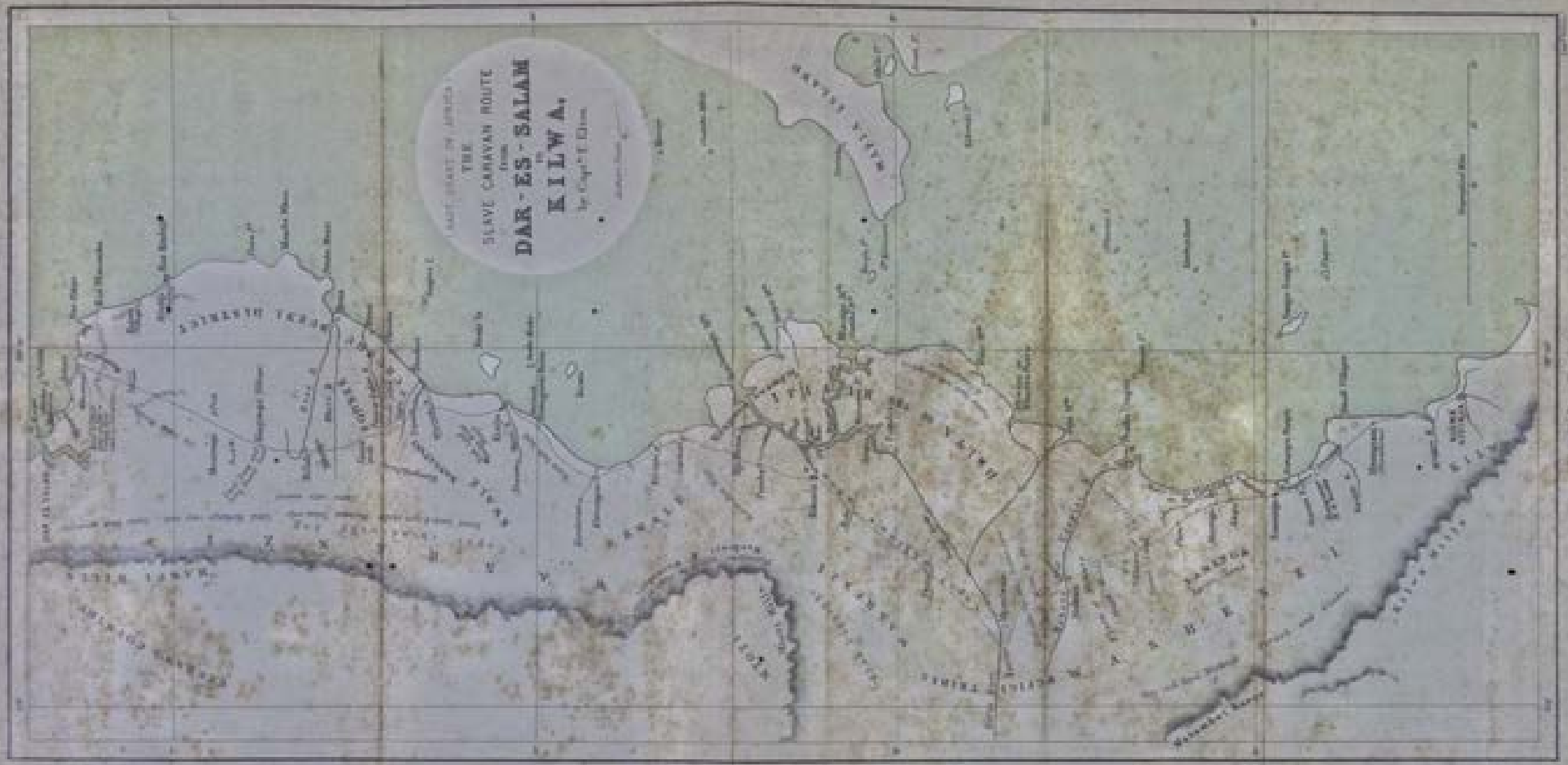
CHAPTER II.

From Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salam—Manumission of Banyans' slaves—Description of the harbour and deserted town—Reported threats of the slavers—The main slave-route nevertheless chosen—Foonzé—Gum-copal diggings—Encounter with slavers at the Pafuni ford—Horrible condition of the slaves—Another slave caravan—The Arabs show fight—A critical moment—Kisiju—Great numbers of slaves marched northwards from Kilwa—Kitmangao—More slave gangs—Kikunia—Prostration from coast-fever—A gang of 1100 slaves—Visit to Chole Island—Thence to Samanga, and the Rufiji—A slave-gang surprised at the ferry—Mpenbeno—Description of Rufiji scenery and natives—Return to Samanga and journey to Kilwa—The coast mangrove-swamps—Serious illness—The 'Daphne' at Kilwa—Return by dhow *viâ* Konduchi and Bagamoyo—Practical results of the expedition.

On the 11th of December I sailed from Zanzibar * in a dhow, and for that night anchored under the lee of Georgia Island, reaching Dar-es-Salam the following morning.

Here I was received with every attention and civility by the Sultan's Akhida, Rashk Allah, and as soon as possible convened a meeting of all Indians under British jurisdiction and protection living in the town and immediate neighbourhood, which was attended by fifteen Banyans, three Bhoras

* The account of this journey consists for the most part of extracts from official reports written on the spot, and from a paper contributed to the Royal Geographical Society. For the use of the accompanying map, my thanks are due to the Committee of the Royal Geographical Society.—Ed.


EAST COAST OF AFRICA
THE
SLAVE CARAVAN ROUTE
from
DAR-ES-SALAM
to
KILWA.
by Capt. F. Elton
Lake Nyassa
Zambesi River
Shire River
Rovuma River
Kilwa

and three Khojas, in all twenty-one people; one Bhora being reported absent in Zanzibar. To this assembly I conveyed the orders of her Majesty's Government with regard to the holding of slaves by Indians, and called upon each man present to register his name, and to declare the slaves in his possession; further stating that any concealment, any future dealing in slaves or the accepting of slaves as mortgage securities, must in the end lead to the most severe punishment.

On the following day, accompanied by the Akhida and a guard, I proceeded on foot to the village of Mgogoni, situated on the sea-shore to the eastward, where the Jemadar called together the Banyans, thirteen in number, who, with three Khojas, compose the Indian community, and to these, when congregated, I also explained the action now taken both in Hindustanee and Kiswahili. From Mgogoni I walked on to Tuliani, where a considerable trade in copal is now carried on, and there found ten Khojas and eleven Banyans, summoned by the local officials, whom I addressed in similar terms to those used on the two previous occasions.

From Tuliani I sent on to Mboamaji to fetch the one Indian inhabitant of the village, and some slaves (formerly the property of a deceased Banyan) reported to be there, and then returned to Dar-es-Salam, after a tiring journey in sand, of some eighteen miles under a hot sun.

The rest of that day and the next were occupied in writing free papers for the slaves brought forward, and in addition to these I have also released eight other slaves who have come to light, making a total of thirty-one.

Of these twenty-one remain with their former masters, five have elected to leave their service, two I found deserted and left to starve by a Banyan who has gone to Cutch, and

three I have judged it prudent to send to Zanzibar, to be provided with service on the island.

In two cases I have been compelled to punish; one of concealment and confinement of two young slaves by a Bhora, and the other a case in which it was proved a Khoja had received a female slave in connection with a mortgage transaction, and held her for two years in slavery, without wages and against her will. But whilst inflicting fines in the above instances, the justice of which all allow, I have been careful to keep in mind the importance of preserving the good-will of British Indian subjects, and find all castes and classes express a strong desire to see periodical visits so arranged from Zanzibar as to be able to have their disputes adjudged upon the spot, in many of which a local inspection and knowledge are absolutely necessary.

It is said that a native caravan with 100 frasilahs of ivory is now within four days' journey, and should this arrive, the few merchants now left in the best laid-out town on the Mrima trust that trade may be re-attracted, and that people may return, for all property, already greatly depreciated in value since Seyyid Majid's death, has during the past few months again diminished very considerably in price, to the prejudice of the many Indian mortgagees.

On the completion of my work at Dar-es-Salam, Sasani, Mgogoni, Tuliani, and Mboamaji, I proceed towards the south, where I fear there exists a most systematic arrangement of the inland slave route.

Mboamaji, December 20, 1873.

My work in the Dar-es-Salam district was brought to a close to-day, without any hitch or unpleasant circumstance having occurred during my stay.

The town of Dar-es-Salam, lat. 6° 50′ S., long. 39°

21′ E., lies south (magnetic), forty miles from Zanzibar, and is built on the north side of the Dar-es-Salam river, which spreads into a land-locked basin, where vessels of large size can anchor with perfect safety. The harbour and approaches have been recently surveyed on a 6-inch scale by H.M.S. 'Shearwater,' in which Captain Wharton ascended the river for four miles (drawing 15 feet). He reports the waters navigable for some distance further to lighter draught.

The Sultan's residence is built at the inland extremity of the basin, and from it a line of stone houses should form a crescent facing the anchorage, with a broad road and flights of steps communicating with the sandy beach, on the inner line of which wells, affording a good supply of fresh water, are conveniently constructed. But time, neglect, and weather are rapidly destroying the steps, terraces, and wells; only two of the houses are habitable, and the others have stopped short at the first story; a low thatched barn does duty for the Custom House in the broad overgrown field which marks the site allotted by Seyyid Majid for the erection of a more pretentious structure; the boldly designed main streets are choked up with rank grasses and brushwood; the houses for the most part deserted and locked up, or giving way to decay, except at one enterprising corner, where a few Indians industriously strive to revive a failing trade with the interior. House property is almost valueless, and land around so depreciated that a plantation of some extent was shown me for sale, at a price of 40 dollars. A plot of land and a half-finished house in the centre of the town, mortgaged about two years ago for 500 dollars, would not fetch a reserve of 200 dollars when offered lately by auction; at the same time a thatched hut and two acres, in a good situation, went for 7 dollars. Yet the climate is healthy, the air

clear, and fevers uncommon and easily shaken off—so say the inhabitants—the site a beautiful one, and the surrounding country green and well wooded; nevertheless there hangs about the scene a gloomy appearance, and the idea suggested itself that the desolation must be connected with the smash of some limited liability company, which has been compelled to stop work, and failed to attract the public by its preliminary outlays to see the advantages of a new seaside settlement.

Five slave caravans, with about 350 slaves, passed Dar-es-Salam from Kilwa up the coast to my certain knowledge during my stay; and I received repeated warnings from various quarters that a strong feeling was aroused at Kisiju and at Kikunia, where the slave-drivers had not only openly declared their intention of shooting me if I took the main road, but had also actively worked up the members of the Indian community in the Kwalé district to disregard all orders issued from Zanzibar, and offered them assistance if they would actively resist the freeing of their slaves. However, as the main, or as it is called the Kisiju road, is undoubtedly the only practicable one, and leads directly to my work, I have resolved to go by no other.

Kisiju, District of Kwalé, Decemb.r 26.

I arrived at this town on the 22nd instant.

On the morning of the 21st our caravan—consisting of 2 soldiers of the Akhida's, 6 Government peons and followers, 11 Wapagazi, Sub-Lieutenant Pullen, of H.M.S. 'Shearwater,' and myself (total 21 men in all)—set out, and made a good morning march to Massonga, crossing on our path the Moua Maji, a narrow, rapid stream, which falls into the sea near Ras Ndege, and abounds in hippopotami.

The road we were on is known as the Kisiju road, and was adopted by me in preference to the coast line when I discovered that no Indians lived at any of the villages on this latter route, with the exception of one man, Vissonji Nersi, resident at Bosa, in the Chungu-bueni district, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The latter district is, moreover, impracticable in places, in consequence of the many estuaries running inland, and deep mud renders the mangrove swamps impassable, except at high tide in boats.

Various reports reached me when at Dar-es-Salam of the existence of a third, the upper road, and upon this, and upon the Kisiju road, slave caravans were said to be moving northwards, under leaders who declared their intention of shooting us if we appeared on the scene. I doubted the truth of the story about the third road from the first, and am now quite satisfied that the only main track available to Arabs is the one we followed. The interior country being in far too disturbed a state for regular traffic, more than a very occasional visit would be opposed by the Washenzi, and no certain supply of provisions could be counted on for the sustenance of the slaves, whereas on this line there is an organized system of halting-places and commissariat.

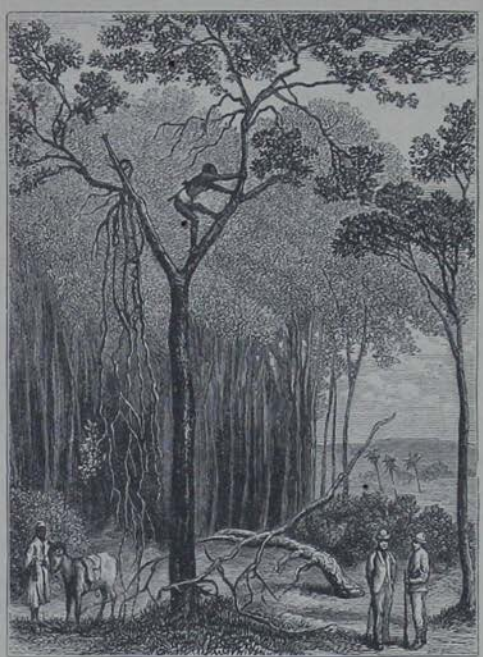
After six hours' march, we reached the deserted village of Kigonga, where a party of copal diggers told us a slave caravan had turned out of the path into the woods, in order to avoid us. Half an hour later brought us across the Bêze into the Foonzé subdivision of the Chungu-bueni district, where we were met by the Battiah of Bosa, Vissonji Nersi, who had prepared us quarters in the house of one Bilali, the owner of an extensive and well-cultivated plantation situated on a hill overlooking a bend of the river, and, as it afterwards appeared, a halting-place for the slave caravans.

Our day's journey, which I estimate at nineteen miles, lay through a gently undulating grass country, with extended belts of fine trees stretching away to the foot of the hills, marking the Uzaramo country, and only broken here and there by a gentle rise, or an outlying shamba, with its surrounding clearings and *mohogo* (cassava) fields.

Everywhere signs of copal diggings were visible. In fact we were passing through the main fields from which the Zanzibar market was once almost entirely supplied, and which still produce this valuable gum in considerable quantities.

The process of digging is a simple one. Twenty or thirty men, generally of the neighbouring tribes or free men, form a party and spread over a stretch of country which they divide amongst themselves into claims, each of which is worked by five or six of their number. Operations are commenced in the first instance by driving five holes to the depth of about 2 feet as a prospect. If the yield is encouraging, four more holes are sunk, and this is followed by the excavation of the whole square to the depth of about 3 feet, deeper than which no shafts are sunk. One square being worked out, a new one is commenced and prospected in precisely a similar manner, until all likely ground is gone over, purely sandy soil without a substratum of fibrous and decaying vegetable remains being passed by. The salesmen, chosen from their knowledge of the coast trade and villages, then effect a sale, for which they receive a share over and above the rest of the workers, and after the division of profits all knock off work until compelled by want of money, *i.e.* goods, to take to the fields again. The trading generally takes place at night in the house of the Indians (whose principal business is in copal), and should no bargain be arrived at, the Washenzi

leave before daylight, sleep in the woods, and return again at dusk to resume negotiations. As the gum is brought in, it is an admixture of the tree-copal (Chakazi), and the true (so called fossil) copal, and, I fancy, is still further doctored on its way before reaching European merchants.



M'SANDARUSI, OR GUM-COPAL TREE.

There was a very marked distrust shown by Bilali and his people at our arrival, which I was not surprised at when I learnt that we were reported as being ready to attack all slave caravans, and that our host's crops were grown for the express purpose of feeding them. This impression I did my

best to remove, and sat up until a late hour before I could convince Bilali that we had no business whatever with the Arabs. Even at the last he shook his head, and said that it was bad to see white men on the road: our visit would be followed by the slaves being all set free; he knew it, and one of the Akhida's soldiers entirely agreed with him; but he was slowly recovering from the effects of a debauch on palm wine at Mboamaji.

On the 22nd, after an hour, we crossed the Mkoti, a brawling stream, the banks of which were overhung with fine trees and luxuriant ferns, running down a lovely valley. This constitutes a serious obstruction during the heavy rains, but can be crossed, I am told, further up. Near here we were overtaken by Kimwere, the petty chief, whose word is law over the Chungu-bueni district, and who, if report speaks truly, has everything his own way on the inland road. He is a fine stalwart specimen of the Mrima, 6 feet 2 inches in height, and broad in proportion, enjoying the credit, and he looks as if he deserved it, of being a wonderful athlete and successful hunter. He had a long chase after us, for, thinking we were on the coast road, he had sent canoes round to the creeks to meet us, and was following in one when a messenger brought the news that we had taken the main Kisiju path. This started him off, and he ran us down, on foot and unattended, firing his gun several times on the way as a signal to stop us (which, of course, we did not understand), in order, as he said, not to miss seeing "the first white men who had been in Funzé."

Further on the road, at 10.30 A.M., our guide made a mistake, and, turning off the path, we crossed a bend of the Pafuni river, and were brought up by the house of one Kazenga, situated between two forks of the stream. Having previously arranged to meet Vissonji Nersi with some

slaves. to be freed from Bosa and the day's supply of food for my carriers at our breakfast halt, I started the whole party off again on finding our error; the Wapagazi, two Akhida's soldiers, and four of our men, taking a short cut to regain the main road by a ford with steep banks, whilst Lieutenant Pullen and I rode back on our donkeys with two men to recross the first and easier ford on the path by which we had arrived.

As we scrambled out through the mud and reeds we found ourselves almost in the midst of a slave caravan ascending the hill, down which we had originally walked. Several strings had already passed by, chained in gangs of sixteens, with the strong ones put in front and the weak behind, and three or four more now defiled within two yards of where we sat on our donkeys, with only sticks in our hands, and our men standing behind us, one with my rifle in a cover and the other with Lieutenant Pullen's over his shoulder, both unloaded. Two of the Arabs in charge came up, looked at us uneasily, and got past us as quickly as possible, hunting on the slaves, but not showing any signs of fight. After they had gone on, we were obliged to cross the river a second time, and here we were perhaps delayed ten minutes by the donkeys falling in the mud, and being unable without much difficulty to climb the opposite bank.

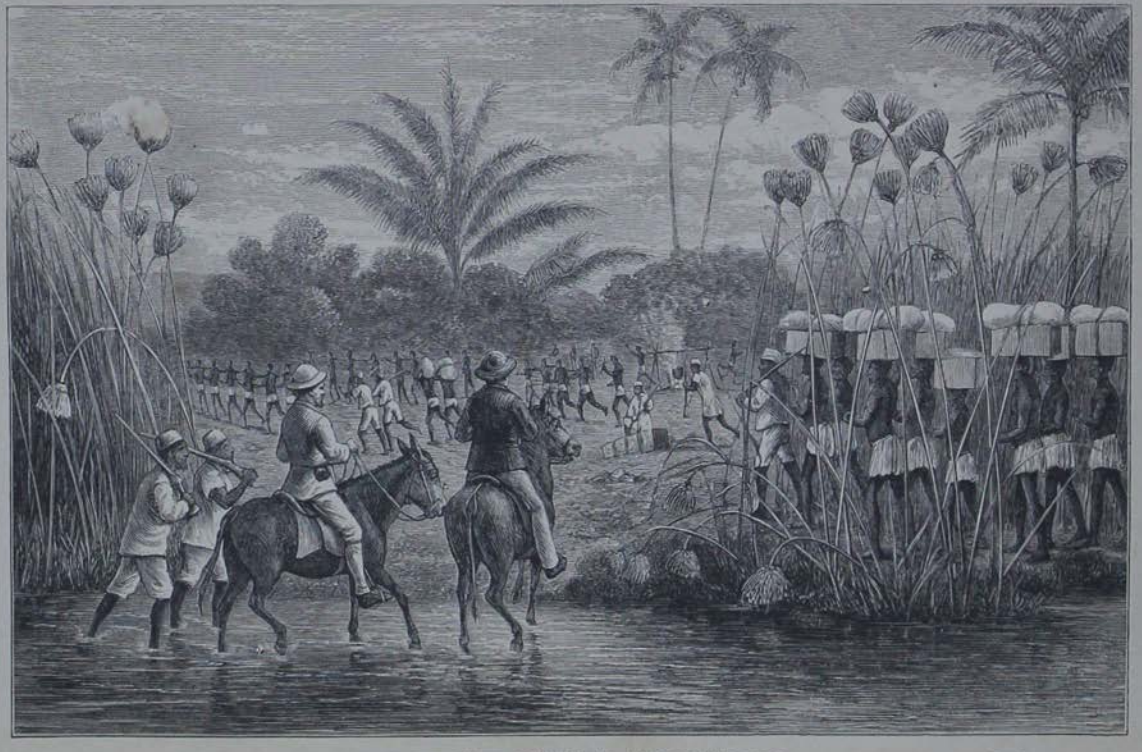
When we did get across, shouting and cries led us to a scene which I can only compare to a rout after an Indian skirmish. Arabs were driving gangs of slaves before them through the long grass into the bush, loose slaves and excited slave-drivers running in all directions, the stick plying furiously the while; water-jars, rice-bags, grain, papers, slave-irons, boxes, and all the baggage of the caravan lay littered about and thrown aside in the hurry of retreat. A long gang of children, whose chain was entangled amongst

the thorn-bushes, wailed piteously as they were hounded away.

This was the main body, and its discomfiture had been occasioned by the appearance of one of my servants, a boy about twelve years old, who had put a sun-helmet of mine on the top of his fez, and, so arrayed, broke through the high grass, heading the carriers who had taken the short cut. To the excited dread of the Arabs this was a subtle flank movement; they saw themselves separated from their advanced gangs by our arrival, and now the sight of a European hat coming from another quarter was too much for their nerves. Cries of "Wazungu" (white men) were set up, and were immediately followed by a stampede.

I was fortunately in time to find one of our men attacking the lid of what evidently was the strong box, and thrashed him soundly before the whole party and one of the Arabs, who, in charge of two gangs and completely bewildered, blundered right into our arms. To this man I explained that we had no business whatever with slave caravans, that the first division had passed in good order, that we had only sticks in our hands, and that it was entirely owing to their own fault that the main body had dispersed; moreover I showed him that all the scattered property remained untouched where it had been thrown down, and then moved all my party off, remaining myself to the last to see that no thieving took place.

Had we wished to do so, nothing would have been easier than to have taken away 200 slaves without any one to oppose our action. There were, I estimated, about 300 in all, in wretched condition. One gang of lads and women, chained together with iron neck-rings, was in a horrible state, their lower extremities coated with dry mud and their own excrement and torn with thorns, their bodies



ENCOUNTER WITH SLAVERS AT THE PAFUNI FORD.

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mere frameworks, and their skeleton limbs slightly stretched over with wrinkled parchment-like skin. One wretched woman had been flung against a tree for slipping her rope, and came screaming up to us for protection, with one eye half out and the side of her face and bosom streaming with blood. We washed her wounds, and that was the only piece of interference on our part with the caravan, although the temptation was a strong one to cast all adrift, and give them, at any rate, a chance of starving to death peaceably in the woods.

We afterwards learned at Kisiju that this caravan was 400 strong, and had come from the Nyassa direct to Kilwa, and there accepted an offer of 35 dollars a head all round for the slaves, made by an agent from Pemba, the money to be paid on delivery at either Saadani, Pangani, Wasseen, or Mombasa, the port to be named by the purchaser, who was to smuggle them across to the island at his own risk; so that these unfortunate people were now being driven on their second march of horrors.

Later in the day, when we crossed the Yegea creek, about one mile across, we could realise the terrible work it must have been to these wretched Miao when hunted through the tenacious mud of this extensive mangrove swamp, for we, fresh from a noon-day halt on the Yegea river, passed it with difficulty in an hour.

We now entered the Mangatani subdivision of the Kwalé district, and, as we descended into the valley, leaving the copal forest of Kiregesi to the right, sighted another caravan crossing the Mkunde. As soon as the Arabs saw us they drove the slaves off the road into the long grass, and made them squat down, chain-gang by chain-gang in double rows, then advanced with their guns in a threatening manner on

our carriers. I hurried down the hill with my rifle, which I had been carrying for some time previously in my hand, and on drawing nearer to the carriers called out to the Arabs that we had no business whatever with them, and wished to pass quietly on. The leading man's answer to this was to tuck his loose sleeves out of the way, blow up his match, and point his matchlock at me. My reply was to hold out my express and tap the breech, in order to let him see all the shooting would not be on his side. He then took his matchlock down, imitated my action, and deliberately covered me again, shaking off one of his companions who tried to stop him, and moving forward a few paces. I was now positive he would fire, but did not bring my rifle, even then, to my shoulder, which, indeed, would have been a useless exertion on my part if he had hit me, and if he had missed me I should, of course, have shot him at once.

However, at this critical moment one of the Akhida's soldiers ran in and stood in front of me, crying out, "Will you shoot Burghash's men, I am one; don't you see I am in charge of the Wazungu?" After a wordy wrangle the Arab lowered his matchlock very sulkily, and drew back with his companions to where the slaves were crouched in the grass, and we crossed our baggage over the river with some difficulty, the banks being steep and the water deep, a single tree felled, and lying across, forming a rude bridge for empty-handed travellers alone.

The leader of the caravan then came up and expressed his regret for what had happened, offering, if I wished it, to march the remainder of the slaves, who had been driven back from the ford behind a hill at the first alarm, past us and over the river, in order that I might count them; but this offer I declined, telling him I had no business

either with him, his men, or his slaves, and should disturb no one on the road if I was left alone. I added, as a warning remark, however, that if his party had fired a shot we could have killed his men one after the other; and we certainly could have done so, unless the Arabs had closed, when, with their superior numbers and swords, it might possibly have gone hard with us.

I have been thus circumstantial in relating the occurrences of this day's work, in order to show that I in no way have interfered with the ruling powers of the South road, the slave-caravan traders and drivers, whose version is that we dispersed one caravan, which lost 200 slaves and all its baggage, and failed in a second attempt, in consequence of the bold front they displayed.

The plain truth is, and there can be no disputing facts, that a brisker slave-trade has seldom been known than the one carried on from Kilwa *viâ* the Kisiju road by the scoundrels who hold it in their power, and who will continue to use it until put down by a strong hand; Burghash's orders being totally disregarded, except absolutely on the sea-coast villages and towns, and even there only respected when they do not run counter to local and private interests.

An hour later we reached Kisiju, after travelling through thousands of acres of "mohogo," this, the Kwalé district being the garden from which Kilwa is supplied with food for its slaves; large quantities of millet and rice are also exported to Zanzibar. Here we were received with some restraint by the acting Jemadar, Abd-el-Kader (a Balúch), and the notables of the town; these, indeed, allowed, on better acquaintance, that the caravan traders had consulted them the day previously as to the propriety of "stopping our advance," and Abd-el-Kader's answer to them was, that

"It was no question for him to decide, God alone knew the business we were employed on."

A square in the centre of Kisiju is set apart for the accommodation of the caravans, cooking places are built, huts for the wet weather, spare chains and rings in readiness, and an old Arab in charge, who receives a reward for apprehending any runaways, and gets everything in order for the arrivals from the south. Here, at present, every caravan halts on its way north,* and the inhabitants do a large stroke of business in buying half-dying children, fattening them up, and re-selling them at a profit, so that the place is full of walking skeletons.

It soon came to light that the strongest feelings of distrust had been aroused throughout the large district of Kwalé, in consequence of reports from Zanzibar that my real mission was to put a stop to caravan running. Not only had the Indian community been urged to resist the freeing of their slaves, but an alliance, both defensive and offensive, was proposed to them by the people of the Mrima. My first work, then, was to remove all suspicions as to my intentions by sending messengers on the road before me, talking with the various petty chiefs, and carefully explaining to the Indians resident around, through Vissonji Nersi of Bosa, who was of the greatest assistance, the resolve of the Government no longer to tolerate any connection whatever between its subjects and the slave-trade.

In this I have succeeded, for Indians in the many surrounding settlements of the district are now bringing in lists of slaves to be freed and cases to be tried, and I trust to be able to report that all difficulties are removed from

* The northerly continuation of this coast slave-route from Kilwa I crossed in 1878, about twenty miles inland from Bagamoyo.—ED.

the onward route by a little judicious delay and by visits paid to the various villages and towns, in order to gain the confidence of the natives, and show them that my actual work lies amongst our own subjects.

According to Abd-el-Kader, we must have passed 700 slaves on the 22nd: 350 in the first caravan; 150 in the second, which turned off the road for us and which we missed, but which Vissonji Nersi an hour later met; and 200 in the third, the one met at Mangatani.

On the 23rd 200 passed through Kisiju, a caravan of 300 turned off yesterday, hearing we were in the town, and slept in an adjoining village; making in all a total of 1200 slaves: to which must be added the caravan missed at Kingonga on the 21st (said to be a small one of 80), and one week's traffic on the Kisiju road represents a grand total of 1280 slaves marched up from Kilwa for sale at the northern ports and Pemba. A "ring" of landowners in the latter island, after the rise in cloves, sent down agents to Kilwa, who have bought largely, paying 30, 35, and 40 dollars for each slave delivered at a named port, the purchasers taking, as I before stated, the risk of the sea passage.

As long as such prices can be procured the trade will flourish, and I can see nothing to stop the inland route but the destruction of the trade, root-and-branch.

All my party are in good order and good spirits, and behaved well under trying circumstances, in which every one's temper was tested to the utmost. From Lieutenant Pullen I received great assistance when matters looked at their worse and a fight appeared imminent, and his coolness prevented any disorder whatever amongst our carriers, who were enabled by him to move away to the cover of the ford.

I leave to-day for Kitmangao, a purely Indian town on the coast, about ten miles off, where the principal copal trade is carried on, and thence I shall proceed through the various settlements to Kikunia.

Chole, January 6, 1874.

On the 26th, at low tide, we forded the Mgasi shoulder-deep near its embouchure, the stream being rapid and the river of considerable width, forming a broad lagoon at high water. Proceeding along the sea-beach, we passed the ruins of an old Portuguese building, the walls of which still hold together against the inroads of climate and the attacks of parasitical trees. Blocks of masonry strewed the sands, and a large stone water-trough, thickly incrusted with sea-shells, appeared to excite even our Arab guards, who indulged in long stories on the many remains in the district, none of which, however, appear to me of the very remote date which local tradition ascribes to them.

Three hours' march brought us to Kitmangao, situated, as are all these towns and villages, at the head of an indenting mangrove swamp, accessible to dhows of light burden at the spring tides. On one side of the swamp live the Khojas, nine houses in number; and on the other side reside the Battiahs, only half-a-dozen Waswahili being settled with them.

This is the principal copal-trading station in Kwalé. The tree grows up to the border of the creek, and digging operations commence from the outskirts of the village itself. Parties from the neighbouring tribes come to and fro to barter almost hourly, and a mutual trust is evidently established. The copal is brought in carefully-fastened matting-baskets, and the usual bartering takes place; but openly, and not at night-time, as at Tuliani and Mgogoni,

where the outlying tribes have lost all confidence in the *bona fides* of the Arab authorities.

Bows, arrows, and spears are, however, invariably carried: and the great object of the native copal digger is to become the possessor of a dangerous, rusty, flint-lock gun, such as are imported from Zanzibar, and can be retailed here at 2½ dollars apiece. It is noticeable in the Khoja houses that they are built with an upper loft and rough ladder for the storage of goods. "It was not prudent," one told me, "to show much to these people; they could be treacherous." However, both the Arabs and the Indians are only too prone to ascribe every bad motive to the native of the soil, forgetting that their own slave-trading propensities and rapacity have converted their neighbours into a suspicious race, whose worst actions are committed under a morbid dread of some new form of oppression of which they are destined to be the victims.

Cattle thrive here, and the Banyans appear quite at home in their settlement; they have built an enclosure and planted a garden round a covered and raised terrace, on which they meet for meals, which, with inner sheds, forms at once a fort and a pleasant lounge; and here we slept for the night. After freeing seven more slaves found out by my men, from this I proceeded to Sandazi, *viâ* Kivinja, and from here (where there are five houses of Banyans and one of Khojas) worked Makrora, Mji-Mema, and Kivinja, all copal stations, and all situated, as Kitmangao, on the indenting mangrove creeks or "khors," which are the peculiar feature of the south Mrima.

On this day's journey, (December 27th) we passed another caravan, one hundred in number, on the sea-beach. The slaves were driven down to the water's edge (it was about low tide), and the Arab guards ranged up in line before

them, getting ready their arms, when Baraka, my head man, went out unarmed, and explained that we only wanted to pass on unmolested. The leader threatened to shoot him if he did not go back; but my man, who was not to be frightened by threats, walked up to them and insisted on having his say, after which each party kept on its own way.

On the following day, the 28th, whilst engaged in writing papers for thirty-six slaves, the gangs of another caravan, ninety-six in number, filed along the road not one hundred yards from where I was sitting, as if in mockery of the work I was engaged upon. Here I received a letter from one Vissonji Bimji of Mji-Mema, a village only a few miles distant, stating that the villagers had stopped his slaves from coming, and I accordingly sent two of the Arab guard (I took seven soldiers from the Jemadar at Kisiju) to inquire into matters. The assertion proved untrue, and the man's slaves, seven in number, all elected to leave him: one, his own daughter, a pretty girl, by a slave woman, he is said to have ill-treated; and I believe it to be the case, for, although she would make no accusation of cruelty against her father, yet she begged to be protected against him. Vissonji I fined for his non-appearance, and forced him to give his daughter a dowry of 50 dollars, placing her under the care of Jairam of Kivinja and two Battiahs of Sandazi; a hulking scoundrel of a Swahili, to whom she had been evidently promised—or sold—by her father, appeared on the scene at the last and claiming her clothes off her back, supported in his claim by Vissonji. I only heard a few days later that this Battiah had walked to Kikunia to persuade his caste fellows there to send away their slaves to avoid release, and on their declining to do so, refused to eat, drink, or sleep in the village, but returned home, saying, if he was left alone

he would resist the Sircar. Had I known this I should have sent him to Zanzibar, although, as things at present stand, he has lost all his slaves, some money, and any influence he may have possessed in the district is utterly gone.

At Sandazi, in the centre of the village, stood the finest copal-tree I have yet seen, fully as large as a good average English oak. It is a source of revenue to the man whose huts it shades. Several large limbs had decayed and fallen, whilst in many places gum exuded in large masses from wounds and from the under sides of the limbs. All this district abounds in "diggings," and, as at Kitmangao, the fossil gum is found almost up to the road and as far as the hill range, which now rose towards the southward.

On the 29th we passed on our way another caravan of seventy-three slaves, which drew off into the grass, the leaders coming forward and saluting us; then a frightfully hot march through the Pemba mangrove-swamp, and two hours' further journeying brought us to the last village of Kwalé, Kikunia.

Kikunia consists of a number of scattered huts at the head of a khor entering the Simbarango mouth of the Rufiji, and is situated about twelve miles inland from the sea. There is a colony of eleven Banyan houses, and many of the Battiahs have taken to themselves women of the country. Forty slaves were released here and at Pemba. Water is three miles distant, and bad; cattle die, and the climate is unhealthy, but trade interests are paramount; copal is brought in abundantly, grain is raised extensively, a trade is done in wood and wax, and ivory finds its way down the Rufiji. So the settlement is carried on.

Here the coast fever found us out, and within twelve hours nine out of our party of twenty-one, including myself, were utterly prostrate under very violent and repeated attacks,

varied with ague. I, nevertheless, managed to complete my work, free the slaves, and arrange to place Jadhoo, the Customs Master, in charge of Sandazi, Kivinja, Makrora, Mji-Mema, and Kikunia, to report to Zanzibar. I had already given to Vissonji Nersi of Bosa the other division, Kisiju, Kitmangao, Kunderani, Zerare, and Nusseebjani, as his share of work in the Kwalé district. I then thought it useless to linger longer in an unhealthy coast village, with bad water and bad provisions, on the banks of a mangrove-swamp, so made up my mind to leave at once for Chole, do what business lay there, and allow the party to recruit.

On the 2nd of January we sailed in a dhow, placed at my disposal by a Battiah, and, after passing one trying night with fever in the swamp before reaching Simbarango, late on the 3rd landed on Chole Island. Here I remain a week, in order to thoroughly shake off my illness and recover a little strength, and then sail to Samanga, from which place I shall work back on the Rufiji. I trust Pullen, who has been severely shaken, it being his first experience in East African fevers, may be sufficiently well by that time to accompany me.

I must not omit that, whilst I was lying ill under a shed at Kikunia, on the 30th, a caravan of 400 slaves passed through the village; and on the next day a far larger one, of some 1100, filed past within sight of my bed, in long chain gangs, heavily laden with provisions for the road. The leader of the latter, one Mamji Hadji, conceived it his duty to call on me, accompanied by about eight of his men, armed with muskets. He was very communicative, saying, "he had been away two years, did not know exactly how many slaves he had, more than 1000 certainly; was obliged to march slowly, as some had

been a year and a half in the gangs; had taken seven days from Kilwa; thought it a good thing the sea route was closed, as he saved duty, and the land journey was cheaper; was bound to Pangani; yes, this was a big slave year certainly."

This man afterwards stated in the village that Lalji, the Customs Master at Pangani, originally advanced him all his goods for the slave hunt, and that he should sell under his orders; but I have, of course, no means of gauging the truth of this statement, which, however, is neither an impossible nor an improbable story.

On the 1st no slaves passed up from Kilwa; on the evening of the 2nd, the day I sailed, 200 were due, which slept on the Rufiji. All caravans are compelled, on account of the Rufiji Delta, to pass close to the village of Kikunia.

Island of Chole, January 13.

I discovered and freed at Chole 27 slaves held by 4 Banyans, 1 Khoja, and 1 Bhora: this brings up my total list of men freed to 278.

This island fully answered to the expectations I had been led to form at Kikunia. Cattle are plentiful, goats, and a few sheep, fish, and yams, sweet potatoes, and fruit are obtainable. The air at this season of the year is fresh and bracing, and, not the least of its recommendations after the mangrove swamps, mosquitoes are unknown.

The people of the Kwalé district use it uniformly as a sanatorium, and any one seriously attacked with fever or dysentery is sent here to recover, the clear sea breeze and good water working, as it has done in our cases, a favourable change.

In the Admiralty chart Chole is wrongly laid down. It is actually about one-fifth of the size indicated, and should be

cut off at the north-west corner of Captain Owen's Island, a passage dividing it from the neighbouring island called Jiwani. It is perfectly easy to walk round Chole in a couple of hours. The vegetation is luxuriant—mango and cocoanut-trees, oranges, baobabs, and jack-fruit, shade the paths; the population, however, is scanty, never having recovered from severe losses by cholera, when that disease was brought from Kilwa and Zanzibar some years ago. Produce is brought across from Mafia and Jiwani in canoes, but Mafia, although fertile, is considered unhealthy, many of the owners of land there preferring to reside at Chole.

The Indians here are principally engaged in grain speculation with the coast. Cowries are also exported, together with the fine mats for which Chole is famous, and produce from the Mafia plantations finds its way through the merchants' hands to Zanzibar and other markets. Only one Indian resides on Mafia who held no slaves.

To-morrow the spring tides serve to ascend the Samanga creek, and I leave for that place, working back on the Rufiji, and hoping, if all goes well, to reach Kilwa about the 24th.

The number of slaves marched up the coast from Kilwa, and actually passed on the road by me during thirty days, from 21st of December, 1873, to 20th of January, 1874, I estimate at over 3000.

On the 14th of January, as soon as the morning tide served, I left Chole for Samanga, and light fair winds brought us off the entrance of the creek about sundown, where the pilot clumsily ran on the bar, and the only course was to spend a night of the greatest discomfort on board, or to trust to one small leaky boat belonging to the dhow. However, in this latter craft I embarked with Lieutenant Pullen, with two of my men, and the owner, a Battiah. About half

an hour we stuck in sand and mud, with the sea breaking into the boat; another half-hour, in dead darkness, perched on our men's shoulders, and we reached the land, where a guide with a lantern was found, who, after an hour's walk through the mangrove creek, brought us to Samanga, wet through and tired out, and here we found a comfortable hut prepared; but the night journey earned another relapse of fever that clung to me persistently for three days.

Here I found 133 slaves, of whom 81 left their masters, and 51 elected to remain.

Previous to my arrival I learnt that an attempt on the part of the Banyans to send their slaves inland, to avoid the loss entailed by freedom, was successfully defeated by a combination on the part of the latter, who threatened to leave *en masse* if interfered with before my arrival.

Samanga-Fungu (on the sea-beach), Samanga, Kiajo, Marengu, and Furu form the Samanga group of villages, the four latter holding Indian subjects, and being all built near mangrove creeks, by which produce can be shipped at high tides in vessels drawing a light draught of water. They are well built, populous, and, for a wonder, clean; a large trade is daily carried on in barter for copal, a little ivory, wax, woods, and grain. There is, however, no authority exercised by Seyyid Burghash, and the only control is that established by common consent in each place for local convenience.

Proceeding towards Kiajo, Marengu, and Furu, the road from Samanga crosses the heads of numerous creeks and mangrove-swamps. At high tide the water in many places is breast-high, and at ebb the fetid exhalations from mud and ooze are particularly oppressive and trying under the hot sun overhead. In Marengu two slave-caravans had

halted, one of 200 and the other of 100 slaves; but nothing unpleasant occurred, the leaders as well as the Indians and the Jumbé (native chief) coming out to meet me and salute my arrival.

From Furu the path strikes into a forest country, and is choked up with long, cutting grass and brushwood. For a considerable distance no signs of cultivation were seen, owing probably to the scarcity of water. It was not until the sun was nearly down that we found a muddy pool and were able to eat our first meal. A few miles further a few scattered villages and clearings planted with mohogo and maize break the woodland, and a wide plain is seen extending from the lower hill-ranges to the west, until lost in the fringe of cultivation—mangoes and cocoa-trees—of the country towards the Delta. As one follows a beaten track through the low brushwood and stunted trees covering this plain, where some difficult nullahs and mud-holes obstruct the way, broad fields of maize and sesamum at last show the vicinity of Mohoro, on the river of the same name, which is marked on the charts as Pemba Utagiti, but does not belong to the Rufiji Delta. Here the Matumbwi Hills rise range beyond range, and the most distant were estimated by Lieutenant Pullen and myself to attain a height of not less than 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The river, about 120 yards wide, is still affected by the tide, and runs in a deep channel between escarped and high banks of red alluvial soil. Two ferries ply, and canoes are used generally, but dhows only ascend as far as the village at stated periods of the year to carry away the grain crop, the bar being dangerous, and hippopotami nearer the sea, so the natives say, in numbers large enough to be an actual hindrance to small craft! The village itself consists of widely-scattered huts, and three Indian settlers carry on a

lucrative barter for copal, simsim, and grain, with the tribes on the Rufiji. The fertility of the lands lying between the Mohoro and Rufiji is extraordinary. Maize, rice, millet, ground-nuts and peas are largely cultivated, and heavy crops are garnered every year, the periodical inundations bringing fresh life to the soil. Sheep, cattle, and goats are in sufficient numbers to be bought for export and shipped at either Murengu or Samanga. In fact, from the Mohoro to the Rufiji was a three hours' march through a land of plenty. High fields of waving Indian corn hide the Rufiji from view, and it was not until we had cleared them and passed through a belt of reeds and grass, that our men found themselves suddenly brought up on the river-bank. Shouts and screams from the reeds greeted the arrival of the party, which had fallen upon a caravan preparing to cross the ferry. The slaves were driven away towards the canoes, and their retreat covered by the Arabs, who did their best to show a bold front, but, as soon as they were convinced I had no intention of interfering, gladly moved off at a quick double, and were not long before they had placed the river between us.

I pitched the camp under a large fig-tree, and was busy getting breakfast under weigh, when the natives trooped down from the neighbouring villages, armed with muskets, spears, and bows and arrows, and several hundred men had squatted round us within a few minutes. On parleying with a man who appeared to be the leader, he commenced a long speech with a voluble eulogy on the great merits of the Rufiji tribes:—"Were not they known to be fierce?—were not the Arabs even afraid of them? Why had we come here to rob them of the money they made by the ferries, and interfere with the caravans? We had gone back from Kikunia as the white men went back from Fugulia (Dr. Kirk

and Captain Wharton). Now, why had we returned by another road and fought with a caravan on our arrival? We must go back or fight with them. The Arabs had warned them against us. We came to rob them of trade and ruin their people. What had I to reply to this?"

Further conversation elicited the fact that this orator was only a messenger, so I refused to answer him, and sent a message to say that my mouth was shut until the chief arrived. This produced the three head-men of the district, who soon ordered off the armed natives, and, after about three hours' negotiation, peace was ratified by an interchange of presents. Blue and white cotton and checkered turbans on the one side, and rice, vegetables, and Indian corn in tall conical baskets, on the other.

Five or six ferries ply near these villages (known as Mpenbeno), and make a good thing out of the caravans, as the ford is dangerous, and never used except on an emergency. Crocodiles, it is said, are legion, although none were seen. From Mpenbeno to Fugulia (reached from the sea *viâ* the Simbarango mouth by Dr. Kirk and Captain Wharton) is about ten miles, three hours' journey with the stream in a canoe, the river winding considerably. Here it is about 260 yards wide, with a current running about two knots an hour, and above tidal influence, and, from careful soundings taken by Lieutenant Pullen, averages 3½, 4, and 5 feet in depth from bank to bank, this being at the driest season of the year.

The scene was thoroughly African; broad flats bright with crops, and dotted over with villages shaded by clumps of baobab, tamarind, and fig-trees, spread away to the north-west to the lower hills, beyond which the Matumbwi range forms a noble background. To the north and north-east the hills and high lands behind Kikunia bound the land-

scape, whilst through the centre of the wide alluvial plain winds the river, bending westward until lost in the distant mountains. A steep green island, overgrown with brushwood, arose in the nearest reach, and here and there appeared a few sandbanks, mostly overgrown with rank grass and reeds. To the eastward, fields of maize stretched to the flat-wooded distance bordering on the Delta.

The natives of the Rufiji tribes are intensely black, by no means good-looking, and rather below the average stature; a skin or piece of blue cloth round the waist and iron armlets are worn by the men; a few of the women affect the blue "kisuto," but most are clad with aprons of dressed hide. Their ornaments are few; fetish necklaces with pieces of horn and bone and shells attached were seen, and many of the guns were adorned with brass-headed nails driven into the stocks; the spears and bows and arrows, neatly finished off with brass wire, displayed some taste, but the wants of the people are few, and limited to "kaniki," firearms, and powder. Near every village bark-hives are fixed on cross-branches about six feet from the ground, bees being very numerous, and the wax brought to Samanga for barter of good quality. The villages themselves are built with one long central street, and the wattled huts are constructed with a circular verandah-porch over the doorways, which gives them a regular and rather finished appearance. The country must be quiet, for I only saw two small villages furnished with a protecting thorn fence. The broad-tailed, dew-lapped sheep attain a large size; poultry is abundant, and fish are plentiful, heavy ones being speared from the sand islands in the river. Men, women, and children work together in the fields, and the race is evidently of an agricultural bent; they, however, bear the character of being thieves, litigious and quarrel-

some, and I should fancy are not to be trusted, but require careful handling. They sell but few slaves to the Arabs, who do not care to meddle with them; but the slave hunters are reported to be working round the lower Matumbwi Hills, where the country is in a dangerous state. Hippopotami are scarce, and game is driven away.

From Mpenbeno to Kikunia is seven hours' journey, the road crossing two rivers of no importance, the Nkora and Rohé. Canoes (which are simply hollowed logs) are used only to ferry across the Rufiji, in consequence of the strength of the current. "If we want to travel we go on foot," one of the chiefs said; "how can we get our canoes up against the stream?" A general report states coal to exist in surface-seams visible on the banks, five or six days' journey up the river, and specimens said to have been brought from this country were, I believe, given by the Sultan to Dr. Kirk and forwarded to Bombay. Should the coal prove of value and the report as to locality correct (which I see no reason to doubt), the Rufiji would rise rapidly in importance, and it would be important to test whether steam-launches could ascend the stream at other times of the year. During the dry season it is, I fear, like most other African rivers, a delusion and a snare; sand islands, rapid bends, and an average depth of from 4 to 5 feet only, are not promising signs; however, the natives agree that neither rocks nor rapids exist for about twenty days' journey, where, probably, from the descriptions given, the Matumbwi range is passed through a succession of mountain gorges. The country is said to be healthy, although during the inundations fever is common about Mohoro and Mpenbeno, from both of which places, however, the Matumbwi Hills would furnish a healthy change: even the distant sight of their clear blue peaks cheered one

up after the dismal, sweltering mangrove-creeks of the coast.

By a meridian altitude of Canopus Lieutenant Pullen placed Mpenbeno in latitude 8° 9′; but, the young moon not being visible, no lunar could be taken, and the longitude on the map is calculated by the line-of-march distances from Kikunia, Samanga, and Fugulia, and valuable cross-bearings, which were obtained off the Mtoti Hills, and the more prominent points of the Matumbwi range.

The morning we left the chiefs sent a deputation to beg us to bring them rain: "they had seen us talking with the stars; if we did that, we could open the clouds." As we were on the eve of departure, Baraka, my head man, told them "it was all right, they should have rain that day." The morning was bright and cloudless; but within an hour a heavy thunder-storm worked up from the hills, and down came the rain. Our fame as "medicine-men" travelled as far as Kilwa!

After our return march to Samanga, the subsequent journey overland to Kilwa was terribly hard work. Three miles from Samanga the mangrove-swamps are entered, cut up by black dismal-looking streams often breast-high. The Sekuani and the Kipelélé we had to swim; and beyond the latter—a considerable tidal stream—the path lay for a couple of miles through variations of hot sand, and black, warm, oozing mud; no fresh water being found until we reached the scattered plantations and villages called Matombiani. From this the road follows the sea-shore, until the creeks of the Mjinjera are crossed; on the river itself there is a ferry, and beyond them the outlying "Shambas" of Kilwa are reached.

Kilwa has been described so often of late, that there is no need to dwell on an unpleasant subject. Broad sand and

mud-flats face the sea; bad water and severe fevers fall to every one's lot; and the town itself, with its scattered stone houses, winding streets and thickly-peopled native huts, looks dry and feverish in the hot glare of a January sun; the green hills in the distance, and the broad, rippling sea, are the redeeming features of the scene. "Places of Skulls" mark the various roads on which the slave traffic is carried on; skeletons are strewn on the beach. The country behind is a desert for a week's journey; and at every step some new experience of the desolation of the slave-trade is apparent.

Captain Foot, of H.M.S. 'Daphne,' hearing I was ill, had already written to me from 'Chole, and on the 27th the vessel arrived in Kilwa harbour. On showing my instructions to Captain Foot, he at once offered to take me to the various ports of Mungao, the district south of Kilwa, stretching towards Cape Delgado, and to re-land me again at Kilwa. This offer I gladly accepted, as the ground had now been felt in the town (I had already registered seventy-seven slaves), neither did I foresee any future opportunity, and, as a further reason, I was again suffering severely from a third relapse of fever brought on by the Samanga journey, and this I trusted a few days' change and the sea air might remove.

Accordingly, on the 28th I sailed, and on the 29th visited Kiswara and released the slaves there; on the 30th I did the same at Mchinga, a small village where only two were found; but on the 31st of January, at Lindy, and on the 2nd of February, at Mkindani, I was too utterly prostrate even to move from my cot, without assistance. At these places I therefore sent ashore my men to collect all Indians and arrange the slaves and papers, a work which they carried out satisfactorily; and then Captain Foot, assisted

by Mr. H. Whalley and Lieutenant Nankivill, wrote out and registered the free papers, Captain Foot signing in my name.

I was now so seriously pulled down that Captain Foot and Dr. Burnett, surgeon of H.M.S. 'Daphne,' both endeavoured to persuade me to accompany them on their cruise to Mozambique, and return from that town by mail steamer to Zanzibar, but I conceived the interest of the important work at Kilwa to be quite paramount to any consideration of health. I therefore assured both Captain Foot and Dr. Burnett that I was sure the interest I had in my mission would carry me through, and at the same time gladly accepted the kind services of Mr. H. Whalley, who accompanied me ashore as a volunteer, and who already had assisted in writing free papers in Mungao, and taken a great interest in the objects of the mission.

Thanks to his assistance, I have up to this date now written papers for 624 slaves, of whom 214 leave and 410 remain with former masters, thus bringing the total of work accomplished up to date to 1285 slaves held by Indians under British control set free, and at perfect liberty under local rule and law to elect their own manner of earning their bread.

Kilwa, February 23.

There is no news of importance here. About a dozen Arabs have arrived by sea from Lamo, and are reported to have brought extensive slave orders. As slaves are already largely collected in the vicinity of Lamo, this shows plainly the determination to run dhows to the northward as soon as the monsoon changes, and on the success or non-success of these ventures will mainly depend the supply of capital for working the traffic during the ensuing season.

From all sources of information slaves have been marched up in caravans by the Kisiju road in undiminished numbers during the past month; that is, over 4000 have crossed the Rufiji since the 21st of January.

Zanzibar, March 18.

On the conclusion of business in Kilwa I chartered a dhow, and sailed from that port on the 1st of March, for the north.

Konduchi was reached, after a tedious voyage, with light baffling winds, on the 5th, where I discovered twenty slaves, held by two Battiahs and two Khojas, nineteen of whom remained with their masters, only one electing to leave.

Konduchi is the name given to a group of villages, scattered in cocoanut-tree groves, on the shores of a shallow bay, about twelve miles north of Dar-es-Salam, and on the direct road following the coast. The inhabitants are hard-working fishermen and cultivators; the locality is tolerably healthy. Cattle thrive, and are exported to Zanzibar. Maize and millet grow well, and, amicable relations being kept up with the Washenzi, copal is brought in large quantities from the interior. The slave caravans pass through the centre of the principal village, and unanimous evidence proved the immense number of slaves now travelling up from Kilwa.

Bagamoyo presents a more active and stirring scene than Kilwa. The ivory trade is carried on briskly, and a large caravan had arrived a few days previously, which had brought over a great many speculators from Zanzibar. Here, on the 8th of March, I registered seventy-four slaves.

Although I was well received by the Indian community, there was a great reluctance to produce the slaves; how-

ever, only one case of actual concealment occurred, and that a trifling one.

On the 13th, after a narrow escape of being wrecked on the bar of the river, from the tiller of the dhow breaking, Pangani was made. I was careful here to send ashore to the acting Wali, to inform him of my arrival, and explain the object of the visit, and was very civilly treated by him, as, indeed, by all the Arabs, of whom I found large numbers about the town, a sure evidence that slaves were in the neighbourhood, waiting for shipment to Pemba.

Here, as at Konduchi, and as at Bagamoyo, my reports from Kilwa as to the number of slaves brought up by the caravans were fully confirmed. Several successful runs have been made from the river, the dhows ostensibly loading goods from the town during the day. The slaves, at a favourable moment, are shipped by night, their irons knocked off, and a fair wind lands the cargo at Pemba in a few hours, no one in Pangani being wiser than anybody else until after the event.

Bueni, on the opposite bank of the river, a village built under a lofty escarped bluff, is the favourite resort of the caravan leaders, the coast road and ferry lying between it and the sea.

Should it ever be proposed to put a stop to this caravan route, I am convinced, from very careful inquiry and from my own observations, that any operations on the Rufiji, at Samanga, or even in the Kwalé district, would fail. The climate is malarious, fevers attack both white and black men virulently, and the inhabitants, to whom the traffic represents only an easy means of livelihood, would be as one man against its suppression; but such would not be the case here, for the Wasumbara have declared against the slave-trade, and would assist.

As the practical result of my journey, I registered as free 1408 slaves, held by Indians, British subjects. Of these 920 remained with their masters, and 488 began life again, working for pay, or in many instances uniting in small bodies and settling near the villages.

ZEBU BULL, BAGAMOYO.

CHAPTER III.

News from the interior—Arrival of Chumah, Dr. Livingstone's servant—Lieutenant Murphy arrives with the body—Attack by Arab slavers on Mr. Hartley—Visit to Natal in charge of freed slaves, captured by H.M.S. 'Daphne'—Inspection of slaves landed at Natal by H.M.S. 'Briton'—Depositions of slaves—Serious attack of dysentery—Appointed "Protector of Immigrants"—Capture by H.M.S. 'Thetis'—Return to Zanzibar—Mr. Heale's murder—Death of Mr. West—End of 1874—To Mozambique—Co-operation of H.M.S. 'Thetis' in Portuguese expedition to the Kivolane—Return to Zanzibar—The revolt and reduction of Mombasa—Description of Mombasa—Startling statistics of the slave-trade—Search for slave dhows in the Kivolane Delta—Lieutenant Ogle's log—Appointed Consul at Mozambique, April 1875—Passing visit to Johanna—Description of the island—Dr. Wilson's and Mr. Sunley's estates—The Sultan and his Court—Arrival at Mozambique—Sheikh Abderhaman—Expedition to the Moma river—Capture by the 'Thetis'—Horrible condition of captured slaves—News of "Livingstonia" party—Ascent of Mount Mesa—Lieutenant Gray's death.

THERE was sad news from the interior received at Zanzibar during my absence on the coast, as the following extract from Captain Prideaux's Reports to the Foreign Office show:

(Telegraphic.)

"*Aden, February* 23, 1874, 6.20 P.M.

"Chumah, Livingstone's servant, arrived here on 3rd of February, and returned next day with stores for Murphy, who was ten days' journey from Bagamoyo in charge of Livingstone's body and papers. Dillon also started from

Unyanyembe, but shot himself in a fit of delirium a few days afterwards. Cameron has proceeded alone to Ujiji."

"*Zanzibar, February* 10, 1874.

"A few days ago Chumah, Dr. Livingstone's servant, arrived at Zanzibar, with a note to my address from Lieutenant Murphy, from which I learnt that that officer was about ten days' journey from Bagamoyo, having left Unyanyembe in charge of the Doctor's body and papers.

"Lieutenant Cameron had proceeded alone to Ujiji, but when Lieutenant Murphy last heard of him he was said to be in difficulties, being opposed by the chiefs and harassed by his men's desertion. His stores also had to be renewed after leaving Unyanyembe. When Lieutenant Murphy last saw him, at that place, on the 5th of December, he was in good health and spirits, and seemed to have quite got over his fever.

"I sent back Chumah and his companions the day following their arrival, in charge of some stores of which Lieutenant Murphy stood in need, and I may expect to see that officer in about a week or ten days.

"From a note which I received from Jacob Wainwright, the Nassick boy who accompanied Doctor Livingstone, it appears that the Doctor died at Bisa (Lobisa?) on the 4th of May, 1873."

[After this, Consul Elton gives a detailed account of the arrival and identification of Dr. Livingstone's body; but as all these facts have already been published, I have thought right to omit them here.—ED.]

March 26th. It was just as well that I avoided, as much as possible, any interference with the slave caravans on my late journey. Had I been shot, or had I shot

an Arab at Kiregesi, the result would have been the same; in either case a serious hindrance and considerable delay would have been occasioned to her Majesty's Government in carrying out on the mainland of Zanzibar the provisions of Article IV. of the Treaty of the 5th of June last year.

That the Arabs were pretty determined not to brook interference from a weak party was evidenced by their attack, a month later, a little higher up the coast, upon poor Mr. Hartley, a missionary student belonging to the staff of the Universities' Mission. It was quite possible that this attack was made by men of the very same caravan with whom I so nearly came into collision on the 22nd of December.

Captain Prideaux thus recounts this unfortunate affair, which took place on the 28th of January: "Mr. Hartley was at Morongo, a village situated between Pangani and Tanga, and was shooting by himself in a retired spot, when a caravan of about forty slaves passed in charge of four Arabs. Mr. Hartley injudiciously went up to the caravan, and appears to have entered into conversation with the slaves, when the Arabs interfered, and an altercation ensued, which resulted in Mr. Hartley being most savagely attacked. It seems he was first shot down, and, while on the ground, was slashed about the head by the Arabs with their heavy swords, the brain being laid bare in two or three places. So far as I can gather at present, they desisted at the request of an Unyamwezi man who happened to pass by at the time; the villagers were also turning out to come to the rescue, I believe, but the evidence upon the subject is very scanty. Mr. Hartley was brought over to Zanzibar by his companion, a sub-deacon named Francis Mabruki (who was not present when the outrage occurred), and taken to the

mission house, where he is now lying in a most precarious state. His Highness Seyyid Burghash has sent over to Morongo to procure any evidence he can with respect to the Arabs, who I trust will be identified and duly punished. It is probable that they were passing with this caravan to Tanga, in the hope of exporting the slaves to the island of Pemba."

No trace has been discovered of the murderers up to the present time, nor does the Chief of Morongo own to any knowledge of them. Hartley lingered in great agony until the 15th of February, when he died of tetanus, brought on by the frightful wounds he received.

It is not by illegally interfering between the slave-owner and his slaves, even when one may happen to be the stronger party, or by giving way to the impulse every Englishman feels to release the slave *coûte que coûte*, that any permanent good can ever be effected in our efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade on this East African Coast. The Arab here submits readily to the law, when he knows it to be undoubtedly the law, even should that law deprive him of his slaves; but instigate his slaves to escape, meddle with them, deprive him of them illegally, and you arouse that bitter feeling of animosity prompted by a sense of injury and religious prejudices that may lead to the assassination of our officers and men, and seriously thwart British policy.

April 7th. I am to proceed to Natal in the R.M.S. 'Kaffir,' in charge of seventy-eight freed slaves, in order to report on the arrangements made on board the mail steamers for their transport, and on their reception and treatment in the colony, and at the same time I hope I shall be able to shake off the intense feeling of exhaustion and the con-

tinued debility that has supervened from the repeated attacks of malarious fever I contracted in the Rufiji Delta on my late coast journey. These slaves are a portion of 225 captured by H.M.S. 'Daphne,' Captain Foot, off the Madagascar coast, and were run from the Portuguese possessions, whence slave-trade with Madagascar has been actively carried on of late. After destroying the dhow, Captain Foot sailed to Mozambique, "where he hoped the agent of the Union Company would relieve him of his charge by keeping the slaves until the arrival of the mail steamer for despatch to Natal. The agent was, however, absent, and his 'locum tenens,' the Dutch Consul, refused to accept any responsibility in the matter."

"In consequence, Captain Foot was compelled to sail with the slaves (after picking up his boats on the north-west coast of Madagascar for Zanzibar."

The capture Captain Foot describes as follows:—

"On the 13th of March, 1874, at 3 P.M., whilst cruising off Boyanna Bay, on the north-west coast of Madagascar, a sail was seen from mast-head. Sail was made and speed increased to overhaul the chase, which in an hour's time was seen to be a dhow running in for the land. No attention being paid to three blank charges from a sixty-four pounder, the port six and a half ton gun, and bow chaser, a sixty-four pounder, were brought to bear, the shot at first being fired so as to fall ahead and astern; but still no colours were displayed. Orders were then given to fire at the dhow, and after some two or three shot dropping close alongside, and the 'Daphne' rapidly overhauling the chase, she lowered her sail. The 'Daphne' ran alongside at 6.15 P.M., and found her full of slaves. Lieutenant Henderson, with an armed boat's crew, took charge of the prize, sending forty of her crew, and also the Arab and Comoro slave dealers, as prisoners to the

'Daphne,' the blue-jackets serving out water and food immediately to the poor starving and emaciated slaves, of whom there were 225, many suffering severely from dysentery. Both vessels were anchored for the night, the dhow having run so close inshore that the 'Daphne's' boats were manned and armed ready to continue the chase, had water shoaled.

"The slaves were transferred in a short time to the 'Daphne,' where every care was taken of them, and on the 14th the 'Daphne' proceeded to Mozambique, to land them in care of Union Steam Ship Company's agent; but on arrival I found that no arrangement could be made for their being landed or in any way disposed of. After filling up with coal, the 'Daphne' left on the 19th at 8 A.M. to pick up boats left to guard the north-west coast of Madagascar, and to proceed to Zanzibar to land slaves.

"On the afternoon of the 19th she encountered a cyclone, passing through the vortex at 8.30 P.M., and getting clear at noon on the 20th. The sufferings of the poor slaves, notwithstanding everything humanity could suggest, were intense.

"After picking up boats, no delay was made in reaching Zanzibar, and on the 28th, 194 slaves were landed, 30 having died since leaving Mozambique. Several of the officers and crew were down with dysentery and fever, caused by effluvia."

The vessel was condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court; the young children were confided to the care of the English and French Missions, and the remainder placed under medical care and treatment.

On my arrival at Natal Colonel Lloyd requested me to accompany Mr. Warwick Brooks (the Superintendent of Education) and himself on the following morning, the 7th,

to inspect the freed slaves landed from H.M.S. 'Briton' on the 4th of August.

I found them lodged in commodious and well-ventilated barracks, with boarded floors and sufficient windows, which were constructed by Government in anticipation of the arrival of immigrants from St. Helena. This block of buildings,

SLAVE-GIRL.

faced by a similar one and flanked by outhouses, cook-houses, &c., encloses a large open square of sandy soil; a well of good water is within one hundred yards of the quarters; and the sea, in which the men and women bathe of their own accord daily, is distant across the line of rail only about 600 yards from the barracks.

Clothing had been furnished to all—a woollen blanket and a cotton blanket to each, besides dresses of the blue stuff called salempore to the women; soldiers' old coats and trousers to the men—tin plates, spoons, and mugs were also served out.

The rations consisted of mealie-meal porridge, rice, sweet potatoes, and half a pound of meat per head daily. Those suffering from extreme weakness received rations of wine.

At the date of my departure for Zanzibar, on the 15th, out of twelve who had been originally sent to the hospital, suffering from debility, low fever, skin disease, &c., the results of hardships, starvation, and filthy overcrowding, one death only was reported. It would be impossible to describe the state of emaciation in which they were when first landed, or the visible change which even on the second day a few spoonfuls of food had upon them, producing an almost intoxicating effect and an instant exhilaration of spirits hardly to be realised unless witnessed.

Efficient assistants belonging to the Indian Immigration Department were on the spot throughout the day. They were daily, often twice a day, visited by Colonel Lloyd and the district surgeon, and had also been inspected by the Bishop of Natal and Mr. Warwick Brooks (the Superintendent of Education), and I may say, without any qualification, having paid seven visits to them myself between the 7th and the 15th, they wanted for nothing, had been received with sympathy, were well looked after, clothed, and fed, and appeared to be rapidly regaining strength and heart.

On the 8th of August I again visited these freed slaves, in company with the Bishop of Natal, and in consequence of statements elicited from individuals by his lordship, I considered it my duty to suggest to Colonel (now Major-General) Lloyd the advisability of holding a formal court of

investigation as to the circumstances attending the original shipment of these unfortunate people.

The following deposition and memoranda were accordingly taken, which show clearly that the dhow was run from the notorious Kivolane-Umfusi Delta, within twelve miles of Mozambique, whence an extensive slave-trade has always been carried on with Madagascar, and whither, since the Treaty of the 5th of June 1873 has come into operation, and in consequence of the blockade of slave dhows preceding its signature, many Arabs have migrated from Zanzibar to carry on their nefarious traffic on a fresh "venue."

Deposition of Maria, female Makua, a liberated African, received from H.M.S. 'Briton.'

"I live in the Portuguese territory. I am one of the slaves brought by H.M.S. 'Briton.' About six months ago I went to catch crabs on the sea-side; as I was returning a Mussulman asked me where I was going. I told him 'home.' He seized me and put a collar round my neck. He took me to a house in a village and put me in the house. Slaves are put one by one into the house, so that it may not be known they are there. Umkuba Muntu is the Mussulman. He is black, and is set over us by the Portuguese; he takes the people as slaves and barters them. Umkuba Muntu did not actually catch me. The dhow comes, the men catch as many of us as they can, and they pay a royalty for each slave to Umkuba Muntu. Sometimes when a ship comes, Umkuba Muntu gives orders to his men to collect slaves. When the dhow that we left in sailed, there were still four dhows loading with slaves. The slaves are packed in the night, and they sail during the night. I, with these others (picking out some dozen of the freed

slaves), have been six months in one house imprisoned, waiting for a dhow. Mozambique is the nearest town to where Umkuba lives. All the slaves come from the country around the town of Mozambique. I come from close to Cabaceira. It is as far as the Bluffs (about half a mile) from my village at high tide by water. At low tide it is a little further. I know João Soares; he is dead, it is Pedro now. Choka I know, it is a farm of João Soares.

"Where the dhow came from is a large river, as large as the Jugda, called Umnapa; the next river to the south of Umnapa is Kivolane; the next is Umfusi. Dhows come to these rivers constantly for slaves. Umkuba Muntu governs the country under the Portuguese. Slave dhows go to an Arab country. They wear Arab gowns (points one out). This ship was going there. I was slave to Umsaji, Patron Moro. He did not sell me, I was kidnapped."

Memorandum of Information elicited from several freed Africans received from H.M.S. 'Briton,' and taken down before Colonel Lloyd, at Durban, Natal, August 9, 1873.

"We were ten days on board before we were captured. We saw no Portuguese whilst we were being collected. They were Arabs who collected us. We were packed closely in tiers one above the other. Those of us who died, died of starvation; they gave us hardly any food and but little water. Two boats came in sight and chased us all day, and next day, after six shots had been fired at us, the dhow hauled down her sail and surrendered. The boats took us and put us on board the steamer from the dhow. The steamer went to Majunga. Bukhein * is a long way from Mfimbiji; † thirty days' sail perhaps. Amongst the freed slaves are three

* Madagascar. † Mozambique.

taken in previous captures above Zanzibar, who have been serving some time on the 'Briton.' Nearly all these slaves belong to tribes scattered over 150 miles, who have squatted on the coast and been placed by the Portuguese under Umkuba Muntu. Umkuba Muntu is a grey-headed old man. He occasionally visits Mozambique to report himself at the town. The Portuguese come to see him at his place; it is three hours in a boat from the town. He wears a red fez and an Arab gown; he is very black; he pays tribute to the Portuguese. We do not know whether he has run many dhows, but people have been missed often of late. One large dhow left shortly before, full of slaves, and was not captured. Four are loading under Umkuba Muntu. All are pleased at being captured and brought to Natal. Some of the slaves have found relations here, and none of them would wish to be returned to Umkuba Muntu to run the risk of being stolen again."

I am completely knocked up with dysentery, which has taken an almost contagious form with the slaves, and, as on board the 'Daphne,' has passed from them to several of the white men on board the steamer.

Durban, Port Natal, May 23, 1874.

After three weeks serious illness, ten days of which time was passed in bed, I am, thank God! all right again, and have the consolation of being told by my attendant, Dr. Lyle, whose kindness to me has been very great, that in all probability I shall have no relapse of the fever, and that the violent attack of dysentery I have just passed through was an effort of nature to clear off all traces of the malarious miasma of the mangrove-swamps through which I travelled. However, I am terribly weak and useless for the moment.

July 15th. Dr. Lyle insists on my remaining some time longer in Natal to regain strength in a comparatively temperate climate, and as I do not want to be idle all the while, I am glad that the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir B. Pine, has asked me to act as Protector of Immigrants as a temporary and provisional arrangement. His Excellency's reason for so doing is, that a large number of Indian immigrants are arriving from Calcutta, and he writes as follows on the subject:—"I am naturally anxious that every arrangement should be made for the reception of these people, and by one who can speak their own language fluently. I have accordingly thought it proper to request Vice-Consul Elton (who, although unfit for the moment for Zanzibar, will be able, I trust, in this good climate, to manage this work) to act provisionally, and, as an emergency, in the office of Protector of Immigrants."

This appointment gives me a seat in both the Executive and Legislative Councils, and I trust I shall be able to do some good work during my stay, both in arranging for the voluntary emigration of Amatongas from Delagoa Bay to the British Colonies, and for the reception of freed slaves who may at any subsequent period be captured by our cruiser, two subjects certain to be mooted by the coast members who represent the planters' interests.

The export slave-trade from the Portuguese possessions, East Coast, is evidently increasing, and it is now proved that the dhows and slave-traders out of work, owing to our policy at Zanzibar, are actively operating in the Mozambique Channel. H.M.S. 'Thetis' seized a dhow with thirty-eight male and fifty-four female slaves on board, off the north-west coast of Madagascar, on the 16th of July last (1874).

In forwarding the copy of the Decree of Condemnation in

the Vice-Admiralty Court in this case, Captain Prideaux says:—

"It appears from Captain Ward's affidavit that the 'Thetis' was cruising in the vicinity of Makumba Island, out of sight of land, when a dhow was observed from the mast-head standing in towards the land. The steam-cutter, under Acting Sub-Lieutenant G. G. Phillips, was despatched in chase, and the ship followed as soon as steam could be got up. Soon after dark Mr. Phillips brought the dhow alongside, and reported that neither papers nor colours had been found on board of her, nor would any one acknowledge to being the captain. Shortly after the 'Thetis' anchored, and the dhow, with the steam-cutter in tow, was made fast astern, and her passengers and crew brought on board. Soon afterwards, having ascertained that the dhow was making a great deal of water, and that one slave (a child) was already dead, Captain Ward ordered every one to be removed to the 'Thetis.' . . . Some of the slaves were in a very emaciated condition, and one, besides the child mentioned above, died of exhaustion after being brought on board. All the crew and slaves were in great want of water, the stock on board having been entirely exhausted, although, according to the statement of the crew, the dhow had only been four days out of the Mozambique coast. The next morning (17th) the 'Thetis' got under weigh, with the dhow and steam-cutter in tow, intending to take the required measurement and to survey the dhow in the harbour of Majunga, about twenty miles distant; but not a quarter of an hour had elapsed when the dhow was observed to be settling down in the water. The ship was immediately stopped, and the steam-cutter had only time to take the man on board who had been sent to steer the dhow, and to cast off her own painter, when the dhow sank in deep

water so suddenly that it was necessary to cut the hawser with which she was being towed."

[After relating the captures of several other slave dhows by our cruisers, the journal proceeds:]—

Zanzibar, October 23.

I returned yesterday from Natal, I am glad to say quite ready to face the fevers of the East Coast again with a good heart. On my voyage up I was deputed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, Sir B. C. Pine, acting on a vote of the Legislative Council, to negotiate with the Governor-General of Mozambique on the questions of voluntary African emigration, and the reception of freed slaves in temporary depot, who may be captured by her Majesty's cruisers, and with regard to my work in the colony, to me no labour, but rather a source of pleasure and interesting occupation. I was well received by the Governor-General, General José Guedes e Menezes, who expressed his willingness to meet the wishes of the Natal Government to the best of his power. However, I was anxious to go through all previous correspondence on the questions at issue, and also to await further instructions from Lisbon, which are expected by the next mail, and in consequence I thought it best to continue my voyage to Zanzibar.

There is yet another murder to be chronicled in the records of 1874, which happened during my absence at Natal. It is that of Mr. Heale, an Englishman at Brava, but appears to have been an unpremeditated and reckless assassination, committed for the pleasure of shedding a man's blood by the bush Somalis, a savage, treacherous, and bigoted tribe, rather than the result of any action of ours in the suppression of the slave-trade.

December 26th. We have all passed through a sad time during the past few days. Yesterday, Christmas Day, the Reverend A. N. West, who was in charge of the Universities' Mission during the temporary absence of Bishop Steere on business in England, died of fever and exhaustion at the agency. His zeal and energy led to his overworking a constitution, already I fancy undermined by disease of the heart, and we have all for some time been anticipating a breakdown and a serious illness as his approaching fate. But none of us foresaw the suddenness of his death. He fainted whilst performing Divine Service at the Mission at Kingani a few days ago, and Dr. Robb and I brought him into Zanzibar in the 'Thetis' steam-launch, where the medical men thought he would be more comfortable, have less worry, and be treated with greater facility than at a distance from town. He, however, gradually sank, and on the night of the 24th, which I passed by his bedside, it was evident to me that the end was approaching. The bells for the midnight mass at the Catholic Mission, as they rang clear in the night air, seemed to arouse him slightly; but he was unable to converse with any one afterwards, and, notwithstanding every attention, gradually sank from sheer exhaustion on Christmas afternoon.

There were many of his friends, people who had learned to appreciate his single-heartedness, his toils and labours, his unaffected piety, and his genial companionship. He devoted his private fortune to the advancement of the Mission, of which he was a member, and if ever any one died a martyr to his philanthropic efforts in a malarious and tropical country, he did. It will indeed be difficult for the Mission to replace him.

Nearly all the officers of the squadron and the European inhabitants of Zanzibar attended his funeral, as well as

many hundreds of natives, Arabs, Khojas, Banyans, and Waswahili, whose respect and esteem he had earned; and who, to their credit and good taste it should be recorded, were not ashamed to assist at the last ceremonies of the interment of a really good Christian.

In many ways, nevertheless, the year 1874 ends well. We have heard that Cameron is intrepidly persevering westward, and has sailed round the south of Lake Tanganyika, discovering in the Lukuga River an outlet for its waters. He was to leave Ujiji in May, to cross the Lake and push on to Nyangwé. Dr. Livingstone's journals and map have been despatched home.

Mr. Holmwood has returned from a successful tour of inspection to the Benādir, or northern ports, and furnished most interesting information regarding the inland slave-trade; and the Earl of Derby approves of my being "sent to Mozambique, to discuss with the Governor-General of that colony the questions of voluntary emigration thence to Natal, and of the temporary reception of freed slaves, who may be landed at Mozambique by her Majesty's cruisers."

I do not think that the year has passed by without an important progress being made in the work we all have in hand upon the East African coast, although there have been gaps made in the ranks of workers.

On the 13th of January, I left Zanzibar in H.M.S. 'Thetis,' to discuss with the Governor-General of Mozambique the questions of voluntary emigration from Delagoa Bay to Natal, and of the temporary reception of slaves who may be landed at Mozambique by her Majesty's cruisers, and, after touching at Kilwa, Kisiwani, and Kiswara, I arrived off the town on the evening of the 20th of January, and at Captain Ward's request landed to fix an hour on the

following day to visit the Governor-General, Senhor Carvalho Menezes.

Whilst on shore I heard that the local authorities, a few days previously, had sent a gunboat to examine the Kivolane River, about twenty miles south, where it was supposed several slave dhows were loading for Madagascar, but that one of her boats which had been sent forward for the purpose of taking soundings had been attacked and repulsed by the Arabs and natives with the loss of one officer and three men killed. On this the gunboat returned to Mozambique for assistance, coal, and provisions, when the 'Sena' and the 'Tête' (both gunboats, originally built for the now abandoned expedition on the Zambezi against Bonga, drawing only 3 feet 6 inches, carrying each a rifled gun) and the schooner 'Inhamisenga,' with eighty soldiers on board, were despatched with orders to burn the dhows, seventeen in number, the villages, barracoons, &c., and release all slaves found. Reports were, however, current that this force had been defeated with serious loss, and that one, if not both, of the gunboats had been captured by the slave-traders.

Under these circumstances, on the occasion of our visit the next morning the Governor-General solicited Captain Ward's co-operation and assistance, and expressed his resolve to stamp out, as far as lay in his power, the slave-traffic now systematically carried on from various points on the coast of the province to Madagascar, principally during the months of December, January, and February, in order to supply the annual fairs, adding that he felt assured there was no necessity for his "pleading a common cause of humanity at length."

I ventured to suggest to his Excellency that the British cruisers were at all times ready to co-operate with him

heartily in searching the rivers and creeks that are notoriously the starting-points and ports of collection on the coast, but that, owing to obvious reasons, they had not, up to the present, interfered in any way with slaving operations within limits which might be regarded as territorial waters belonging to the Portuguese Government, and to this Captain Ward added that he believed her Britannic Majesty's Government anticipated a proffer of such assistance being accepted at Lisbon.

His Excellency replied that the question had been left by the Portuguese Government to his decision, whether, under certain circumstances, the services of Her Britannic Majesty's cruisers should be solicited and their co-operation requested. In the case of H.M.S. 'Thetis,' he would willingly give Captain Ward permission during his present cruise to root out and chastise any nests of slave-dealers he might discover on the coast of the Mozambique Province.

It was finally arranged that Senhor de Castilho, a Portuguese naval officer, together with two native pilots, should be on board H.M.S. 'Thetis' by 11 A.M., and that the vessel should proceed with all speed to the Kivolane for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the Portuguese force, and, if necessary, of affording material assistance.

Late in the afternoon, a little south of the Bajone Shoal and north of the Kivolane, the Portuguese gunboats were sighted steaming along the land in shoal water, where it was impossible for the 'Thetis' to venture, and it was not until after dark that the schooner 'Inhamisenga' was communicated with. From her we learnt that the Arabs had fled on the gunboats entering the river; that five large dhows ready equipped for the slave-trade had been burnt, together with other small craft and the villages forming the settlement.

Three bodies were recovered, and one white sailor found, who was still alive, although he had been left for dead, and had passed two days and nights exposed on the sand, with more than twenty wounds. The remaining dhows were supposed to have run their slaves, and effected an escape.

February 10th, 1875. I returned to Zanzibar this morning by the mail steamer, thinking I had all the news to myself, and ready to recount the successful operations of the Governor-General of Mozambique against the most notorious slave station frequented for the purchase of slaves to be exported to Madagascar, but I found that stirring events had taken place within Zanzibar territory during my brief absence.

[Captain Prideaux, at that time acting Political Agent in the absence of Dr. Kirk, having learnt that insurgents had occupied and partially burnt Mombasa, a town on the African coast north of Zanzibar, and within the dominion of the Seyyid, had visited the scene of disturbance in H.M.S. 'Nassau,' and, after a slight resistance, had compelled the rebel Akhidah to capitulate. His followers were embarked on dhows and sent back to their own country, and the Zanzibar colours were again hoisted in the fort.—ED.]

I visited Mombasa with Dr. Kirk in H.M.S. 'Daphne' at the time Sir Bartle Frere was there, in March last year, and made the following notes, which may, perhaps, be found interesting after late events.

"Within two hours of the Aden mails being landed, H.M.S. 'Daphne' steamed out of the harbour to join Sir Bartle Frere at Mombasa, with Kirk and me on board.

"Past the crowds of dhows and mtepes lying in the sandy bay by Mtoni and the numerous country residences belonging to the Sultan and other wealthy Arabs which are dotted

pleasantly along the green, well-wooded shores of Zanzibar —skirting the islands with their outlying fringes of coral reef, on which a stranded frigate of his Highness has been driven almost high and dry, and thrown on her beam-ends by last year's hurricane, which everywhere shattered cocoa-nut-palms, dried up clove plantations, and unroofed houses —out by the northern passage along the island of Pemba, feeling her way slowly all through the night, past the large commodious harbour of Waseen in the morning, skirting the well-wooded, park-like country of the Mrima stretching back to distant blue hill-lines, and the 'Daphne,' in a long rolling swell from seaward, came into view of Mombasa about midday on the 27th, where first the tall masts of the 'Briton,' and then the tapering spars of the 'Enchantress,' greeted the new arrival as the inner bay opened out.

"Historically, Mombasa is probably possessed of more interest than any town in Seyyid Burghash's dominions. Vasco de Gama narrowly escaped destruction on that reef where the waves are breaking near the point. Luckily he dropped anchor in the very nick of time, and discovered the treachery of his hosts by their jumping overboard and swimming for the shore; of which treachery ample proof was obtained from some few who remained, "by dropping hot fat upon their naked bodies," when they quickly confessed. Vasco, after hanging the faithless pilots at his yard-arms, sailed on to Melindi, and formed an alliance against Mombasa with the King there. From that date the troubles of the island commenced. Thrice every inhabitant has been massacred—once the Portuguese killed men, women, children, and every living animal. Again and again the town has been burnt, and again has it sprung to life. In the long run the Arabs prevailed over the Portuguese, but their independence

eventually gave way to Seyyid Majid, and, under a Governor from Zanzibar, the townspeople now dwell peaceably enough, exporting large quantities of *mtama** to their neighbours, trading with the interior, and dabbling in the slave-trade. The island, of coralline formation, is abrupt, and thickly wooded with baobabs, figs, and cocoanut-palms. A ruined Portuguese fort and some crumbling buttresses, overgrown with dense masses of climbers and half-hidden in tall waving grass, are the only remains of a work of some importance which at one time frowned over the narrow channel by which large vessels make the entrance of the harbour. You steer for a white pillar near the old battery, bear up round the point of the island, keeping close to the cliffs in deep water as clear as crystal, through which the coral rocks at the bottom are seen distinctly—then open out a landlocked lovely bay, green with luxuriant tropical vegetation, rejoicing in a good anchorage and snug shelter from the monsoons.

"As the 'Daphne' glides along under the battlements of the strange, time-stained fort curiously flanked by round towers, dotted with quaint sentry boxes and covered by an exterior work entered through a fine old archway, out rattles a five-gun salute for the Governor's brother, who is rowing off to visit the 'Enchantress,' and Arabs, Hindus, and slaves crowd down and group themselves on the ledges of the coral cliffs which staircase the front of the town, to greet the 'Wazungu.' A strange, rambling town it is,

ARAB TOMB, MOMBASA.

* A description of millet.

with its tall, white, coral-rag dwelling-houses, heavy sun-proof walls and green latticed windows. Roughly-shaped minarets, resembling huge bean-pods and devoid of any pretence to architectural grace, crown the mosques of the faithful; wattle and daub huts, thatched with broad leaves of the cocoanut-palm, narrow winding lanes, dilapidated fortifications, traces of old Portuguese masonry work, a passage hewn through the rock, recalling Malta to mind, are the chief features, backed by waving palms and hanging creepers. Picturesque groups of oriental costumes and gay colours lighten up the sketch, in contrast with a crowd of noisy black nymphs bathing "sans gêne et sans reproche" in the clear rippling water, obstructive slave boys, knots of long-gowned, blue-turbaned idlers, and the usual tag-rag and bob-tail of followers hanging about an East African coast town.

"Dr. Kirk returned yesterday (March 8) from England, and relieves Captain Prideaux from his charge of the Agency and Consulate-General. It appears there are doubts thrown upon the accuracy of Mr. Holmwood's figures respecting the inland slave-traffic along the coast. They do certainly appear large, and are rather startling at first, yet I feel convinced it can be proved that there are an enormous number of slaves continually upon the move in caravans, from Kilwa along the coast to the north. I am positive that the movement I reported in 1873-4, was not that of an ephemeral attempt to clear the Kilwa market. There was every appearance of permanence, and a certain amount of order in all the arrangements I then witnessed, tending to show that the establishment of a coast slave caravan-route was seriously intended to be energetically followed up as a substitute for the illegal and dangerous sea passage closed by our cruisers. Smug-

gling to the island of Pemba could readily be effected by watching for good opportunities, by collusion with the fishermen, and keeping on friendly terms with the fishing villages; and, above all, the gains were great, far greater than those made previously in the old halcyon days of slavery, when competition was keen in the market. Is it likely, is it possible, that the keen, greedy slave-trader would readily abandon this new line, where the zest of pleasure at defeated British policy was superadded to the prodigious profits? I think it is not at all likely, and Mr. Holmwood's figures, it is quite probable, are but little over the right mark. But we shall very soon be able to judge of their accuracy on the bases of fresh inquiries and data."

Captain Le Hunte Ward's account of his operations on the Umfusi Kivolane Delta are most interesting. "On Friday, January 22nd," he says, "the pinnace, first and second cutters, and whaler, belonging to H.M.S. 'Thetis,' left Mozambique Harbour under command of Lieutenant Walters, with Lieutenant Ogle and Sub-Lieutenants Maturin and Phillips, under his orders, to cruise for the suppression of the slave-trade within the territorial waters of Portugal, by special permission from the Governor-General of Mozambique."

After some days had been spent in an unsuccessful search, one of the creeks of the Umfusi Delta was ascended by the pinnace and boats.

"Here and there the creeks opened out into a broad lagoon, where the oars could be pulled. In one of these considerable excitement was caused by a large dhow-like sail being dimly observed gliding along the edge of the lagoon. In a moment tow-ropes were cast off, and a large

canoe was hemmed in on all sides by our boats. Some of her crew in the first moment of alarm jumped overboard, but apparently thought better of it afterwards; and finding that nobody was instantly killed, climbed in again over the bows. There were twelve persons in her, eight or nine being slaves, besides some bags of grain. The interpreter and native pilot thought she was taking both slaves and grain to some dhow that was lading in one of the creeks, and everybody in her appeared too much frightened to give any clear account of themselves, while the interpreters were too much excited by the hope of a capture to do much besides jabber and make a noise. However, as the boats were at this time close to the place where the native pilot informed them they must anchor and wait for another tide, the canoe was taken in tow and brought to the anchorage. Here each of her inmates was taken on board the pinnace separately, and underwent an examination, which finally resulted in allowing them to proceed on their way; the story of the slaves being that they all belonged to one master in Kivolane, by whom they had been sent to procure grain, with which they were now returning home.

"The next morning soon after daylight the boats were again under weigh, but the floods did not suffice to take them up to the dhow's place of concealment, and about 10 o'clock they anchored close to the principal mouth of the river, and not far from the ruins of the chief village of the district lately burnt by the Portuguese. Soon after anchoring three natives came down to the beach and were taken on board the pinnace; they confirmed previous reports about the dhows, and, having been promised a reward if they would find out their precise whereabouts, they were sent away with an understanding that they were to return before the return of the tide; this they did, reporting having found

both the dhows, and advised that the boats should start immediately as one was going to sail that very night.

"The way led through very shoal passages, and the tides being now neap there was barely water enough, so that the progress of the boats was retarded by frequent groundings, and it was quite dark before they reached the creek up which the dhows were. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to anchor the pinnace, and, distributing her crew amongst the other boats, to proceed at once with the two cutters and whaler; for the tide which suited to take our boats up would also suit for the dhow to put to sea, while the darkness would doubtless favour her escape almost as much as it hindered our advance. Time, therefore, was valuable, and now the boats, relieved of that which was at the same time their chief encumbrance and their chief strength, advanced quickly and cautiously, threading their way in single file through the narrow passages, seeing nothing except when a flash of lightning shed a momentary gleam upon the scene. It was a moment of intense excitement when the guide passed the word that they had reached the place; instantly a blue light was lit in each of the cutters, and the tall mast of the dhow towering above the trees and her hull half hidden in the mangrove bushes were at once disclosed to view. The order 'give way' was given, which resulted in the first cutter sticking fast on a bank, but fortunately near enough, had such assistance been required, to have done the best service possible by covering the other boats. A few seconds sufficed for the crews of these to reach the dhow, which was immediately discovered to be entirely deserted, though a noise in the bush gave warning that some of the dhow's people were close by. No colours or papers of any sort could be discovered on board her; she had two large water-tanks and one large cask all full of

water; in the centre of the hold was a compartment filled with a mixture of mud and sand; the mats were laid in readiness for the slaves, and the afterhold was full of cocoa-nuts, spare matting and rice bags, and the fire in her cooking apparatus was still alight. The boats next proceeded up the creek in search of the other dhow, but she had shifted her berth and the search had to be given up till daylight, the night's work concluding with towing the prize down to the anchorage off the principal mouth of the river.

"On the following day the natives reported that they had discovered the other dhow, but in so shallow a creek that it would be impossible, now that the neap-tides had fairly set in to reach her in the boats. An armed party was, therefore, marched overland to take possession of her. She was found to be in great confusion. Cocoa-nuts, chatties, and matting, which composed her cargo, presented the appearance of having been bundled on board for a temporary place of safety; in other respects she was similarly equipped to the other dhow, having large water-casks full of water and a wattling lining round her sides. No papers or colours could be discovered.

"As I believed the circumstantial evidence, namely, the place of capture, the desertion, the absence of colours or papers, and the equipment, together with the direct evidence of a slave woman who had escaped to our boats on the night of the first capture, and also that of the native guides, was so strong as to remove all doubt as to the characters of these dhows, and since it was now impossible to move either of them before next spring-tides, I ordered them both to be destroyed."

Lieutenant Ogle's (H.M.S. 'Thetis') journal chronicles graphically the hunt through the swamps after the con-

BURNING A SLAVE DHOW IN THE UMFUSI RIVER.

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ccaled slavers, and he has been good enough to allow me to use an extract from it, which I give "verbatim," with the abbreviations used:—

"*Kivolane, Umfusi* Δ, *Mozambique, January* 1875.

"26*th.* Lt. airs and calms all night until after 12, when light land breeze sprang up and at daylight found ourselves off 'Mfoussi. Lt. Walters went in to reconnoitre in gig to see if there was any passage. As he made no signal I followed, treble reefed main sail and set small jib to keep her on as even a keel as possible. Sailor at helm jammed the helm hard to Sd., when I said, Hard a-port; so she took in one on her broadside, but only heavy spray. We were about 1½ hours too late, as tide was running out like a mill-dam.

"27*th.* At high water, 7.15, weighed and proceeded to examine creeks. The whole of the coast as far as we can see from an eminence is one vast labyrinth of lagoons in which dhows might be lying, and one might pass close and not see them. In going up a creek saw a little village thro' a gap in mangroves and the inhabitants grouped round a large piece of 'Oswald's' sheeting, supposed to be a flag of peace. We ⚓d off here and the inhabts. got water and cocoa-nuts. Here we got a pilot who said he would take us up to where the dhows were burnt. So soon as the pinnace floated we started, and what with shoving and towing, pulling and poling, got along thro' channels no one but a black man would think of. At 8 sighted a small dhow, of which we took temporary possession.

"28*th.* 4.50, weighed and proceeded through the same wonderful passages, poling most of the time. 9.45 ⚓d about 2 miles from Fusinami. Here natives came off and

gave us information of 2 slave dhows up the creeks, so at 3 we weighed with the rising tide, and proceeded with cutters and gig to the place indicated. It was a tiresome journey, pulling, poling, and shoving, till at about 6 we shd out of sight of the creek and waited for high water. At 7 we weighd., rockets loaded and arms on, and pulled quietly up the creek. A tremendous thunderstorm came on, and the only guide in the pitchy darkness was the vivid lightning which flashed dazzlingly bright. At a bend of the river the order was 'Fire blue lights,' and immediately a cry of, 'There she is!' rose from the boats; and, as the men lay back to their work, the boats dashed up on a sand-bank which lay between us and our prize. We were soon off, and the next moment she was ours. Everything was quite ready on board to take in her human cargo. We went a little further up, but decided to tow her out of her shge, as the crew were lurking near, and even while we were up the creek made an effort to get her off. So we took her by the stern, and in the most awful storm I ever witnessed towed her in triumph to the creek from which we started, and allowed her to ground.

"29*th*. This morning a negro with a little white flag stole out of the bushes, and proved to be an old friend we met at Upper 'Mfoussi. He came with the information that he had discovered the second dhow, and I went in charge of an armed party with the Captain and Lt. Walters to overhaul her. We went thro' the mangrove swamps at low water, and a most beastly road it was—mud in some places up to the knees and nasty snags underneath—besides having to cross the creek 3 times. At the bend of the creek the native pointed round the corner, so with my men I ran up in time to see the crew 'skedaddling' in a hurry. I freshened them up with a shot, wh. made them

go *ventre à l'eau*. We overhauled her and found water chatties, &c.

"30*th*. 'Heads' having agreed to burn this dhow, I went with a party, and after taking a few useful articles from her, we fired her forward and aft, and she was soon all ablaze. We went up this time with the rising tide, and were up to our waists in water. In one place had to swim the creek on returning. I had orders to get the other dhow ready for firing, so built two fires aft and forward. We then cut her mast away, and at 11.30 fired her. She burnt beautifully, and the boats lay off and fired shot, case and 2 rockets at her. By nightfall she had burnt close to the ground.

"5*th*. Chief (who said he was 109 years of age) came to palaver. One of the men had found the third dhow, but the chief wanted a present for the information. Lt. Walters and an armed party proceeded with guide; returned at 12, having found the dhow hauled up a small creek, with the trees cut down behind her to bar ingress. At 2 P.M. we weighed with end of flood, and with much shoving, &c., got her down, and moored her at our old anchorage. A good-sized dhow, with a water-tank capable of holding 2½ tons of water in after hold.

"7*th*. Fired dhow in three places. She burnt nobly, and after about an hour burnt her cable thro'—and, the tide going out, she floated gaily down, but soon stuck—nearly head to wind, and by morning sixpence would have been a long price to have paid for her."

HER Majesty the Queen having been graciously pleased to appoint me her Consul for the Portuguese possessions on the East Coast of Africa, I relinquished my appointment as

First Assistant to the Political Agent and Vice-Consul at Zanzibar on the 24th of April, and on the 26th of April left in her Majesty's ship 'Thetis' for Mozambique *viâ* the island of Johanna.

Owing to the south-west monsoon Johanna was not reached before the 2nd instant, and on anchoring the Sultan was found to be absent on the south side of the island. His Highness, however, on hearing of the 'Thetis's' arrival, immediately returned to his town of Moussamoudo, and on the 6th an interview took place, at which, by request of both the Sultan and Captain Ward, I attended and gave my assistance as interpreter.

Sultan Abdallah professed his sincere adhesion to the policy pursued by her Majesty's Government in connection with the suppression of the slave-trade, and disclaimed any personal connection with, or knowledge of, the landing of any slaves at Johanna, and also explained the penalties to which his subjects were liable for such abuse of his flag; but, he added, "the population of my island has been greatly reduced, and many of my people have emigrated to Madagascar."

The island is (according to Findlay) next in size and height to Comoro, with a magnificent volcanic peak, rising nearly 9000 feet above the level of the sea, sheer from the ocean. This we sighted, the summit veiled in fleecy-white clouds that afforded a striking contrast to the dark-fissured and scorious lava with which the slopes are apparently covered.

Peak rises above peak, that of Johanna, 5177 feet in height, crowning all others, and overtopping them by a thousand feet. It is impossible to describe the wonderful fertility of the soil, the brilliant tropical foliage, the sparkling waterfalls looking like tiny threads of silver as they

leap down in the bright sunlight from point to point, relieved by the emerald-green background of the lofty hills. Cocoanut-trees, palms, gigantic tree-ferns—amongst which the magnificent "stag-horn" species is commonly seen—orchids in abundance, grey-coloured creepers, lovely flowers and fresh green sward, clear brawling brooks rushing over huge boulders, in many of which lurk fish that can be lured and captured with the fly, and, hard-by, the quaint old Arab town with its grey stone houses and narrow winding lanes overlooked by an ancient fort and battery, masses of huge cinders and volcanic remains, give variety to the component parts of a scene refreshing to eyes wearied with the monotonous mangrove-swamps and fever-stricken "khors" or creeks, where the slave-dealer loves to lurk on the East African coast whilst patiently awaiting a clear coast to run his venture across to Madagascar.

From our anchorage about a mile to the westward of the town, near a plantation of cocoa-nuts and a small village of native huts on the banks of a rapid and clear torrent dashing down from the hillside, after business was over, we made several excursions to various parts of the island. To the sugar plantation of Dr. Wilson, an American gentleman, on a magnificent river spanned by an ingenious stone bridge that has already been swept away and rebuilt three times by the persevering planter, and thence up an almost perpendicular mountain, and we found ourselves on a lofty plateau whence the town of Demoni was seen; but here torrents of tropical rain caught us about mid-day and drenched us through and through, and we slipped and skated through the red mud and over the volcanic boulders, wading breast-deep through a dangerous torrent that we had crossed as a rippling stream in the morning, over stepping-stones, until we gained a temporary refuge at the quaint old fishing station of Whani.

Another voyage of discovery was by water past Sadde Island—the place of refuge of the islanders in ancient days when Malagash invasions took place—inside the reefs and across the breakers towards Pomoni. However, we overran the harbour, night fell and we had to lie-to in an open boat in the rolling sea off South Point for the night. Dense pelting showers of rain fell and gusts of wind blew at intervals until daylight, neither improving our positions nor tending to our comfort, and we were right glad enough to sail back with a strong breeze and descry the chimneys of Mr. Sunley's sugar factory, where we met with a hearty reception after tearing through the passage between the reef during a squall, anchoring in the narrow harbour, and picking our way over the huge boulders strewn on the beach, past the mills, across a bridge spanning a brook not wanting in resemblance to a Devonshire trout-stream, up to a group of picturesque bamboo-built cottages which, shaded by a cluster of forest trees and graceful bamboos, are the private dwelling-houses of Mr. Sunley, the proprietor of the estate.

The Sultan speaks pretty fair English, as do many of his subjects, particularly the "General" who is also "Grand Interpreter." It seemed rather odd to have an old Mohammedan "kuayithi" (preacher) solemnly presented to one as "The Bishop," and to find out that all the distinguished personages of the Court were keenly interested in washing dirty linen and selling provisions to the ship, and not above begging for everything on board the 'Thetis' that happened to tickle their fancy. Still in the Sultan's palace his retainers were gorgeous in silks, gold, brightly-coloured turbans and fine sabres, making the Court held for the punishment of Moheddin in the Chair-room (I can hardly call it the Throne-room), with its pointed archways, narrow

windows and scarlet cloth and gold hangings very effective. Three slave girls who fanned us, one being told off to the Sultan, one to Captain Ward and one to myself, were really magnificently attired in satin and gauze raiments of many hues, and overladen with gold ornaments. The Sultan told

SLAVE-GIRL AT THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF JOHANNA.

us one had jewellery on worth £400, and I could readily believe it to be true.

It was with regret we left Johanna, the one lovely spot in these parts of the world that is only to be seen once never to be forgotten.

On the 15th of May we reached Mozambique. On the 16th I paid a formal visit to the Governor-General, Senhor José Vasco Guedes e Menezes, a general of cavalry, and in every way a most courteous and polished gentleman. He is, I believe, most anxious that the slave-trade should be thoroughly suppressed during his term of office, and in fact by the permission he granted the 'Thetis' in January last has already proved that he is in earnest in his desire for the overthrowal of the traffic.

On the 17th I landed under a salute from the 'Thetis,' and she sailed for a cruise in the Channel on the 18th. On the same day the 'Flying Fish' arrived, in command of Captain Crohan, with forty-two captured slaves on board, mostly children of tender age, and a few women, part of a cargo of slaves run from the Mozambique coast to Cape St. Andrew, Madagascar.

The circumstances of the capture were as follows. In the vicinity of Cape St. Andrew, off Madagascar, on the 15th of May, a dhow was seen at anchor near the shore by the boats of the 'Flying Fish.' On the boats approaching, the dhow's nakhoda at once weighed anchor and ran for the shore, beached his vessel and commenced to discharge slaves, assisted by the Sakalavas, and, before the arrival of the boats, succeeded in landing all the men and nearly all the grown women. Several shots were fired by the English at both slavers and Sakalavas; but it was computed about 220 slaves were successfully landed, whilst only between forty and fifty were rescued by our boats, and these were either children too young or women too weak to be thrown into the surf. The dhow was eventually burnt. The Sakalavas, dreading consequences, deserted their village, and the 'Flying Fish' with the captured people sailed to Mozambique.

Mozambique, June 11.

I have certain information that a full cargo of slaves was landed in Johanna, either during the last week in October or the first week in November last year.

It seems that a Comoro dhow ran from the mainland (probably from the Delgado district or Mungao) with a full cargo destined for Madagascar, but, putting in to Johanna on the way, sold the whole cargo within a day, without incurring the risk of a longer voyage. My informant cannot state that the Sultan himself purchased any of the slaves, but it is probable he had a hand in the matter.

On the 16th of June I paid a visit to Sheikh Abderhaman bin Seyd Ali of the Mosembé district, the successor of Sheikh Ali Heri, who at the close of last year was arrested by the Governor-General and sent a prisoner to Portugal. He received me at his town of Nakhooshah with about three hundred well-armed followers, and at an interview reiterated to me promises he had made to the Governor-General to prohibit the Madagascar slave-trade amongst his followers. I subsequently proceeded to the Meza Mountain in his territory, to which journey I shall allude again. Yesterday (July 13th) the Governor-General informed me the Sheikh had been murdered in consequence of political intrigues and the determined way in which he had set his face against slave-trade.

He was betrayed by his confidential doorkeeper Miravo, who opened the door to a band sent from Maziza's, the Makua Queen near Pao Mountain. One Mohammed Pagura and one Kabo then shot him in the back as he lay asleep, cut off his head, put it in a basket made of cocoanut-leaves, and, passing by the road at the foot of Table Mountain, took

it in triumph to Maziza's, where there were dances held, heavy drinking and rejoicing. The country is now plunged into civil war and in revolt against the Portuguese. The murder is, I regret to say (and as I think rather hastily), ascribed to the Sheikh's ready acquiescence with my wishes as to the slave-trade matters.

RAHIM BIN BIBULA, CHIEF OF JAJANI, MOMA RIVER.

Mozambique, August 16.

I sail for the Moma river this day in H.M.S. 'Thetis,' in accordance with a request from Captain Ward to accompany him upon a combined expedition for the suppression of the slave-trade, undertaken at the request of the Governor-General.

[The full account of this expedition to the Moma river I

have been obliged to omit. Details will be found in the official Blue-books. The illustration opposite, the portrait of an important chief visited by Consul Elton during this expedition, is given as affording a good specimen of the Makua native, of whom much is said later. The following description, moreover, by Captain Ward of the capture of a dhow taken on this cruise, may be interesting.—ED.]

'Thetis,' Zanzibar, September 17.

"On the 9th instant H.M.S. 'Thetis,' under my command, being under sail on passage from Mozambique to Cape St. Andrew, a dhow was observed from the masthead standing in the same direction as ourselves, but almost dead to windward of us. I ordered steam to be got up and furled sails, and at 5.30 P.M., after about three hours' steaming, we came up with her. She was boarded in the cutter by the Senior Lieutenant, who, finding that she was full of slaves, took her in tow, and brought her under the stern of the ship, where our boats were employed till near midnight in transferring her living cargo, and so much of her provisions and matting as were worth preserving, to the 'Thetis.'

"She had on board 250 slaves, and 53 Arabs and crew. The slaves were stowed on two decks, squatting side by side in such a position as neither to allow of their standing up nor lying down, nor of moving for the purpose of obeying the calls of nature; indeed, the stench in the hold showed plainly that these poor creatures were compelled to squat in their own excrement. They had been only three days from their last port, and, therefore might be expected to be in exceptionally good condition. Some of them were, however, much emaciated, and fifty-three of them were suffering from a most virulent and loathsome description of itch, which

gave us some trouble from the necessity which it entailed of isolating them as much as possible. Notwithstanding every care from the medical officers of the ship, three have died since they were received on board; and from the wretched state of the dhow's 'tween decks,' which appeared to me to be a pest-house, in which no human being could live for many hours, I can only conjecture that the majority of her cargo would have perished before reaching any port in Madagascar had we not fallen in with her, as her passage, judging from the winds we experienced, would have lasted some five or six days longer."

* *Mozambique, September* 15.

The Governor-General informs me that Mr. Young, of the Livingstonia Expedition, has arrived at Mazaro in a pinnace, where he left a depot of provisions, and, at his request, four large canoes, with crews, were furnished him by the Portuguese authorities, with which he returned to the Luabo to bring up coal and baggage, saying he would shortly be back with the steamer and three other members of his party. All were in good health.

Bishop Steere and his party have proceeded to Lindy, and from thence purpose pushing on to form a settlement on the eastern side of Nyassa. Thus two roads of communication will be driven into the country where the collection of slaves is mainly carried on.

On the 20th of November H.M.S. 'Nassau,' Lieutenant-Commanding Francis Gray, arrived from surveying the Querimba Islands north of Ibo, Mr. F. Holmwood (Assistant-Political Agent at Zanzibar) being on board.

When previously to the murder of Sheikh Abderhaman I visited Meza, the Table Mountain in the Mosembé district north of Mozambique, it was with the intention of finding

out the road, state of the country, &c., in order to pilot Lieutenant Gray there on his arrival, for the exact position and height of this important landmark to ships making for Mozambique has long been a matter of doubt even upon the Admiralty charts. An attempt, made later, to reach the Meza a second time, in company with Captain Ward, failed for want of time.

On the 'Nassau's' arrival we lost no time in making all necessary preparations for a start, and on the 23rd steamed up the Conducia river, formed a camp there, and anchored the boats (steam-cutter and pinnace). The surgeon, Dr. Clarke, and Lieutenant White were left in charge of both boats and tents; and Lieutenant Gray and Mr. Holmwood, under my guidance, pushed on through the Makua villages on the lower or eastern end of the Mosembé Plateau, and passed through the dense forest at the foot of the mountain, which was reached in the afternoon after a fatiguing march, leaving the lake and swamps of Mrésu on our left.

The mountain rises sheer from the green slopes of the forest; and though the ascent is slightly dangerous, owing to the broad and slippery masses of overlying granitic formation, and in some places almost perpendicular, one is well rewarded by the magnificent view. Vast undulating plains stretch away to the Moralo range and the Lomwé hills west towards the Nyassa, but all this country is deserted; every soul—man, woman, and child—has been swept away from the valley between the Nakooshah ridge and the Lomwé country by the infernal Madagascar slave-trade. In the forests at the foot of Meza, and near the lagoons of Mrésu which are full of hippopotami, lions and leopards abound. The latitude of Meza was fixed at 14° 42′ 45″ S., the longitude at 40° 39′ 30″ E., the height at 1095 feet. It is of protruding

igneous formation, and rises abruptly through a plateau of sandstone. The caves of the mountain are a remarkable feature, and will repay a visit; the sport in the neighbourhood at certain seasons is very good.

We slept in one of these caves, vaulted with curiously-flexured gneissose rock, and carpeted with fine sand, its mouth overshadowed by fine forest trees covered with hanging parasitical moss (picked by the natives and sold as "orchilla"), and overlooking the plains and distant mountains. Large fires were lit, and all dined comfortably and slept soundly after the violent physical exertion of so difficult an ascent under a tropical sun, each one taking it by turns to keep watch throughout the night. We had three blue-jackets in the party and two Consular servants besides ourselves; our carriers could not be induced to remain with us, after seeing the spoor of a lion, but threw down their loads and rushed home, promising to return the following morning; and it was perhaps as well they did so, for during the night we heard a lion breaking up what was probably a "klip-springer" antelope close by, and an animal, probably a leopard, galloped past the fire within a few yards of us, and went blundering and tumbling down the hill over the loose boulders and stones.

We returned safely on the 26th to Mozambique, after visiting Choka, on Conducia Bay, and Tree Island for the purpose of taking angles. All the party kept well, with the exception of Lieutenant Gray, who on Tree Island appeared to me to suffer severely from the sun, the heat being intense. On the 30th H.M.S. 'Nassau' sailed for Simon's Bay, Cape Town, with orders to survey St. Lucia Bay *en route*. She experienced very heavy weather. Several of the men were ailing; and as she got into a colder climate sickened with fever, the seeds of which they had brought from the mala-

rious swamps of the coast. Lieutenant Gray took matters to heart, and fretted himself with needless anxiety into an attack of fever, during an access of which he broke a blood-vessel, and, after lingering for a day in a state of insensibility, died—twelve days after our journey to the Meza. None of the rest of the party, curiously enough, suffered.

Regret at poor Gray's death is universal. He was beloved by officers and men, and by all who were thrown in contact with him. He originally belonged to the navigating branch of the service, but was made a lieutenant of the executive branch for courageous conduct in the suppression of piracy in the Malay Archipelago. His zeal and energy in the survey he was engaged upon on the East Coast of Africa were only equalled by his accuracy and technical knowledge, and her Majesty's service loses in him a thoroughly experienced and reliable officer. Had he lived but a week or so longer he would have received the 'Gazette' containing his promotion to the rank of Commander, which had been already published in London before his death. All wish he had received it, as latterly he appeared to his friends to labour under an apprehension that he had been forgotten or passed over by the Admiralty.

His death adds one more to the list of those stricken down in the slave-trade suppression by East African fever.

December 25th. There is still slaving going on in the Umfusi and Kivolane Delta. The Portuguese gunboat 'Sena' has just returned from searching for a slave dhow which I reported to the Governor-General as being secreted in the Sawa-Sawa branch, but without any success. Her Commander reports, however, that the people informed him that one had escaped with thirty slaves seven days previously,

bound for Madagascar, and that another was hidden away and awaiting a cargo in the Chandrapunta branch. The Chandrapunta branch was then examined, but nothing found. I fear this will have a bad effect. We have only H.M.S. 'Lynx' on the station, McKillop Pasha's descent on the Benadir having taken away all the other ships, and she is utterly unfitted for the work,—as slow as a top, and unable to catch a dhow even under steam.

BARK CANOE, MOZAMBIQUE.

CHAPTER IV.

A deadly season—Deaths of Senhor Soares and Mr. Dixon—Suspicions of poison—The causes of Mozambique fever—Is it due to the coral excavations?—Description of the quarries—Prophylactics against fever—Visit to Madagascar—Majunga—The guard of honour and the "shlute"—The interview with the "Governor"—Dress of the Hovas—The official dinner—Description of Majunga—Escape of a slave dhow—The Portuguese and French in Madagascar—Return to Mozambique—Portugal and her "Libertos," 1875—Comoro—Cape St. Andrew—The system of "free emigration"—The "frères Rosier"—Capture and destruction of slave dhow from Maravoni river—Depositions of the slavers—The "musimi"—Return to Mozambique—Proclamations of the Seyyid concerning conveyance of slaves by land—Visit to Goa island—Chicoma—Expedition to Ibo—The Soriza peaks—The Lurio—The chief Mazeze—Hippopotamus killed—Bay of "Pomba"—Lake of Kakavelo—Four days among the hippos.—A "bag" of seven—The dying charge of the "big bull"—Overland journey to Ibo, and return to Mozambique.

We had very heavy rains in December and January, and a journey I commenced with Commander Campbell of H.M.S. 'Lynx,' through the Mosembé district, which was still in a disturbed state, in order to see whether slave collecting was going on, had to be given up. The season was also a sickly one; between the downpours the heat of the sun was intolerable, and the exhalations from the sea-beach and the impurities of the island of Mozambique were miasmatic to a degree. The hospital was soon full of fever patients, almost everybody was attacked, and on the 31st of January, after fighting against several warning symptoms, I had to

give in to a severe access of fever. On the 29th, Captain Campbell, Mr. H. E. Dixon (Vice-Consul), and I dined with Senhor Pedro Soares on our way to Choka on Conducia Bay. Senhor Soares was taken ill the next day; I was taken ill the day after, and compelled to leave in H.M.S. 'Lynx' for change of air; Mr. Dixon was taken ill during my absence; and Captain Campbell suffered most severely from an eruption on the forehead and nervous debility and prostration. On the 4th of February we received the news of poor Gray's death, on the 5th Senhor Soares died suddenly, apparently of apoplexy, during the night, and on my return on the 20th from Majunga by the British India steamer 'Pachumba' I found Mr. Dixon ailing; on the 21st he seemed better, but early on the morning of the 22nd I found him dead in his bed in a room of Her Majesty's Consulate. Campbell never experienced any serious attack, neither on the other hand could he ever entirely regain his health and nerve in the climate, and subsequently had to invalid home and give up his command. From February to August I was never clear of illness, and during Admiral Macdonald's visit, in the latter month, was scarcely able to keep going; however, a lengthened journey along the coast north, through the Makua country and the Sorisa range, towards the end of the year, completely set me up again, and at the present moment (January 1877) I am enjoying better health than I have ever experienced before on the East Coast of Africa.

The natives and the lower class of people in Mozambique would have it, and still believe, that we were unfortunate enough to dine with Senhor Soares upon an evening when an attempt was made to poison him. If any such attempt was made it was, indeed, eminently successful; but I do not

for a moment credit it, although he was a man mixed up in political intrigues and intimate relations with the natives and the factions fighting in Mosembé, and in the Makua country, and many of the representatives of both parties were constantly visitors at his house on the mainland. It was pure accident that we did dine with him at all, for it was not until late in the afternoon of the 29th of January that we sailed, without previous arrangement, across the Bay to Cabaceira, with the intention of proceeding to Choka, a delightful country retreat, and remaining there until Monday. When passing his house we called there, were made to stop for dinner, and after dinner continued our walk to Choka, some four miles, by lantern-light.

These African fevers are rather puzzling. They attack the man who has continual in-door and desk-work, and who has to use his brains, with more severity, though not so frequently, as the traveller. I have encamped and spent days in a low marshy country, with short commons, working hard each day, except during the heat of the mid-day sun, with comparative impunity, and again without any predisposing causes I have had the sharpest attacks in Mozambique itself. I used to ascribe a great deal of the unhealthiness to defective sanitary arrangements (now greatly improved), and to the hot sun following upon the heavy rain. The deposits of filth on the sea-beach are most noxious, and there is a want of space to enable people to take sufficient exercise, for Mozambique Island, consisting entirely of coral formation, low and narrow (in places not 500 yards across), and one and a half mile in length, has a population of about 7000 people. The water also used by the convict and black population, collected in shallow wells, is brackish, brown-coloured, and as thick very often as porridge. But I now

suspect (after talking over the question with Dr. Powell R.N., of H.M.S. 'Thetis') that the fitful and violent fevers that every now and again prevail almost as an epidemic on the island at intervals, sometimes of one or two, sometimes of six or seven years standing, according to the records of the province, are directly due to the disturbance of the soil. Dr. Powell pointed out to me in evidence a passage in a medical work (the name of which I have forgotten, but which was written by Dr. Russell Reynolds, I think) respecting Hong-Kong, as probably a collateral case. There it appears that "the extensive excavations made into disintegrating granite for building purposes" produced "violent and fatal remittent fevers," and that on the suspension of all quarrying operations the percentage of fever attacks at once fell, until the island no longer was known by the name of "the white man's grave." Friedel states "that disintegrated granite contains only two per cent. of organic matter," but "becomes permeated by a fungus;" furthermore it has been proved that "hard rocks, granite, trap, and all weathered and decayed granite contain malarious poison that may remain undetected unless disturbed." True, that the island of Mozambique is composed neither of granite nor of trap, but the "hard coral rock" has been disturbed, keeping in view the relative size of the two islands, to a far greater extent than the disintegrating granite of Hong-Kong ever was, therefore the question arises, and it would be extremely interesting and of some importance to elicit an answer from competent authorities, "Are coral and coralline rock, and is the formation of a coral island, to be classed with the hard rocks, granite, trap, &c., which, when weathered and decayed, on being disturbed disseminate the elements of malarious fever?"

The coral of which Mozambique is composed, although

hard where exposed and honeycombed with deep apertures resembling small wells where the sea has wasted its fury with either monsoon upon the shores, yet is, when meddled with and quarried into, decidedly disintegrating. You may take a large block of newly-quarried and cut coral-rag and crumble it gradually away into coarse powder between your fingers, although after exposure it hardens in a very few days into a solid mass; there is also a damp clammy feel about the rag when first exposed. Some estimate may be formed of the extent to which the southern end of the island has been quarried by walking down the main-road that runs like a backbone through the middle of the island, itself in shape not unlike a fish. You appear when you have left the town behind you, and passed the mortuary chapel perched on the top of a block of amorphous coral rock, to be walking on a causeway; on both sides are excavations of some forty to sixty feet in depth, whence all the coral has been extracted, and these deserted quarries are now thickly peopled with natives, whose huts are very often built on the edge of yet deeper pits, where quantities of rain-water collect and stagnate during the wet season. Beyond these excavations are sand-hills on the one side, and the coral left at its natural level upon the other, but to the breadth of not more than fifty yards, so that if a big tidal wave was to sweep up (a possibility for which, fortunately, there is no precedent) the whole southern end of the island would be filled with sea-water, being a fair imitation, on a large scale, of the familiar piece of crockery used for holding tooth-brushes. And this quarrying still goes on, from day to day, and will continue to be carried on until it reaches the extreme west point of the little narrow islet. Whether it really does affect the general health is not a question within my competence to decide, although it is certainly an interesting

problem that calls for solution;* but in conclusion I may remark, as a curious fact, that sickness and mortality are far more prevalent amongst the negroes employed in this coral-rag quarrying than amongst those engaged in stacking and burning the same material in huge pyramidal stacks for making lime. The latter enjoy the normal health of the island—and a very different enjoyment that is; the former, so states my informant, who was formerly a large slave proprietor engaged in quarrying operations, certainly do not enjoy even that.

Everything in the shape of illness here is at once called "fever," but I believe the slight attacks, to which no one pays more attention than one would to a cold in the head in England, are not true fevers, but simply an effort of the system to clear out the malarious poison that ultimately would produce fever, and will invariably do so if the looseness with which such attacks are preceded is allowed to subside, as it always does if neglected, into costiveness. Yet there is nothing to fear from these periodic fevers, or indeed from the malarial and paludal fevers of the mangrove-swamps on the coast if you take them in time.† A strong dose of "podophyllin," followed by a second if necessary, and the free exhibition of quinine,‡ will generally

* The solution of this question will possibly bear more importance to British interests than might appear at first sight. Are not the Fiji Islands, our latest colony, of coral formation?—and is not fatal fever very prevalent there? It also might apply to the French colony of New Caledonia?

† Of a precisely similar aspect are the Madagascar fevers—"La fièvre qui sévit à Madagascar n'est rien autre chose que le résultat d'une intoxication paludéenne revêtant des formes ataxiques et une marche souvent rapide," &c.—'Connaissance de Madagascar,' Louis Lacaille, 1862.

‡ I would not delay the exhibition of quinine in a really acute attack until the aperients acted: although it is far better to await

bring a man through, and I believe that if he has a good constitution he will not be much the worse for repeated attacks, provided always he can get plenty of change of scene. The dejected appearance and worn-out looks of many Portuguese who suffer from continual attacks of fever arise, I am sure, from the fact that the Portuguese settler is indeed a settler with a vengeance—he never moves about the country, does little or no work, and rarely ventures beyond a stroll in the cool of the evening. That is the sort of man whom fever literally eats into. Face the sun and fatigue, get hard exercise, fight against the anæmic state that threatens you, the disinclination to work, and the extreme lassitude and craving for sleep; above all do not lose your temper, but always manage to have some occupation, and no healthy Englishman need be afraid of a sojourn on the East Coast. Argue that it is impossible to resist the enervating effects of the climate, say you cannot work, and give way to the depressing influences of the period following an attack, and you will find upon your shoulders a more grievous burden than the old man of the sea was to Sinbad the Sailor, a burden that may hang on you for the rest of your life.

I believe, however, in acclimatisation. The attacks of fever are gradually reduced in force, and the system, though keenly alive to all atmospheric changes, and possibly shaken, appears to take a second lease of strength, and to enjoy that immunity from attack often noticed on the coast in new-

their action even in the case of a rather stronger fever than is generally experienced; yet on the other hand the intermission (the "apyrexia") must be waited for, to administer it. Possibly, during the chilly, cold stage, its administration with a stimulant is allowable, but it certainly is not right to take it when the burning, febrile stage is on [*i.e.* before perspiration is induced.—ED.], for it then mounts at once to the brain, and I have seen it rapidly produce delirious symptoms of a most painful character.

comers, who frequently, if careful of their health and if given to an out-door life, escape for a year or two before the miasmatic influence takes effect. With the navy prophylactic precautions have succeeded wonderfully of late. When a man has been attacked with fever at Zanzibar he is, by advice of the doctors of H.M.S. 'London,' sent away boat-cruising for the suppression of the slave-trade, and it is undoubtedly the case that, notwithstanding the exposure and hard work, the boat cruisers invariably enjoy better health than the hands left on board the ship.

In the Moma and Kizungo expeditions a dram of sherry and quinine was served out to all alike, officers and men, twice daily—the first before daylight, on a fasting stomach, the second on turning in—and I was able to report to the Earl of Derby at the conclusion of the operations that, "All were well on board, and not a single case of fever has followed the boat expeditions into the rivers, which were of important utility in the suppression of the Madagascar slave-trade."

On the 10th of February I left Mozambique in H.M.S. 'Lynx,' Mr. Dixon remaining in charge of the Consulate, my object being to get a change of air and to cruise for a few days off the Angoxa and Moma rivers, where, we were informed, there were slave dhows ready for the run across. Thence we were to cross the Channel to Cape St. Andrew, and proceed to the Port of Majunga, whence I was to return to Mozambique on the 18th by the British Indian boat—a programme which was followed out.

MAJUNGA HUT.

We sailed at 8.30 A.M., and towards the afternoon I had another severe attack of fever and diarrhœa. Campbell also felt far from well, and we began to think we were both in for serious illness, although it never entered our heads to credit the native rumours of our having been poisoned. My own servants, however, free men from Zanzibar, who have been with me all the time I have been on the East Coast, up to this day, believe this to have been the case. On the 12th we sighted the Antonio river, a river which the natives report as navigable for boats for ten days' journey. If it is so, it is worthy of examination, as probably affording a short route to the Nyassa. On the 15th we passed Cape St. Andrew and the isolated island of Mokumba, abounding in caverns and bats, and anchored in Majunga harbour on the 16th.

The scenery was bright, fresh and green after the arid, coral prison-island of Mozambique, and the change alone made one forget one's ailments for a while. Over the bluff at the entrance of the harbour waved a gigantic white flag with an English inscription in immense black letters—

"RANOVALANA, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR."

On the hill behind the flag was a stockaded fort, half-hidden behind the trees, the residence of the Governor, to whom Campbell and I paid a visit in the afternoon. Travelling sedan chairs were sent down to the beach for us, and a guard of honour with a portion of a band headed by a solemn man played upon the violin, "God save the Queen," with many variations, as we took our seats. The road from the town led directly up the steep and abrupt hill, over rough boulders and rivulets of red mud (it had been raining hard for days previously), rather to the discomfiture of our

guard, and more particularly to that of the civilian in a black tail-coat and trousers and a cavalry sword, who apparently attended to keep "the godless soldiery" in order. When we reached the outer gate of the fort, a cleverly constructed work of some strength and importance, with a broad ditch and thick rampart, out thundered a salute which rather took us by surprise, and so completely enveloped us in smoke—the smoke hung, owing to the damp weather—that we saw nothing more for some minutes. When it cleared away we were close to the second gate, passing up a narrow way between neatly thatched and methodically built bamboo houses, from which hundreds of people were staring at us, many of them women, copper-coloured, with long, glossy black hair hanging down their backs—some few Makuas, evidently slaves from the mainland of Africa—and the remainder Hovas and Sakalavas. Past the second gate we entered a spacious courtyard, at the extremity of which was the Governor's house, and on one side a shed, whence some privileged ladies witnessed the scene. Before us the Governor, brilliant in a cocked hat of the last century and a Confederate frock coat with gilt buttons, appeared nervously waving a sword, and shouted to a company of soldiers to "Shlute Ranovalana, Queen o' Madgashkar," and she was accordingly "shluted." Then followed the order "Ri'-bout-fashe," and they went to the right-about; then "shlope-arum"—to which position they came with more or less precision directly from the present; and finally "Shlute-Queen-Ictoria," given as one word. Her Majesty was saluted, and then the Governor came forward, welcomed us to Madagascar, inquired after Queen Victoria's health with earnestness, informed us concerning the health of Queen Ranovalana, impressed us with his pleasure at seeing the British flag, deprecated the slave-

trade, and finally offered us Vermouth and syrups of various and danger-to-digestion-declaring labels. Finally we accepted an invitation to dine with his Excellency on the following day, and he accepted an invitation to lunch on board the 'Lynx,' and we departed, with the band playing, guns firing, and the same saluting of the reigning Queens that had attended our reception.

I confess I prefer the Hovas in white clothes and straw-hats, to seeing them adorned in left-off uniforms of every description and all dates within the last sixty years. There was a Confederate who had effected an alliance with the 'thwart-ship's-cocked-hat-age, a Frenchman who wore the British scarlet, a hybrid gunner, a 7th Hussar, a Guards' drummer-boy, and a black-coated and white-cravatted civil representative, who received us—to say nothing of the fiddler, who, happy man, rejoiced in a broad-leafed panama, a short white jacket, and a short "kikoi" (waist-cloth) around his middle, being naked as regards his nether limbs, and free from the curse of shoe-leather.

Our dinner the following day hardly requires a long description. I was very loth indeed togo to it, feeling far from well; but although it poured with rain, Campbell agreed with me it would be best not to behave to the Governor in any way that could possibly be be interpreted as a slight. Accordingly we landed in a squall sufficiently strong to quench even the ardour of the violinist, and reduce the sublimity of the players upon the brass instruments, lutes, psalteries and dulcimers to zero. In fact, it reduced the "shluting," as, before, to a hurried but indispensable ceremony, attended with much sheltering of fine clothes and lurking under cover, but it did not interfere with the feast. The table literally groaned beneath the viands; turkeys, geese, beef, goat, wild-fowl, fish, curries, rice, cakes and preserves were

served round and washed down with light claret and Vermouth. Governor No. 1 (there is always a Governor No. 2 to watch Governor No. 1, who returns the compliment probably, under the Hova administration) was a little put out towards the close of the dinner by the attentions of his aide-de-camp, who cleverly upset a boiling-hot cup of coffee into his lap, and thereby destroyed his equanimity momentarily; but no other *contretemps* occurred, and the banquet

BAOBAB-TREE, MAJUNGA.

concluded with "Elth-Qee-Nictoria," and "Elth-Queen-Ranovalana," followed by the First Governor proposing "Kapting-Lynx," "Consul-Fumbiji" (the native name for Mozambique), and "Shecont-Guvner." When "Shecont-Guvner" proposed the health of "Fusht-Guvner," we thought it time to retire, and it was just as well that we did so, for we were caught in a squall, and with the utmost difficulty got on board the 'Lynx' before the real fury of a gale of wind broke.

The town of Majunga is comparatively well and uniformly laid-out in streets at right angles. The Custom House and Guard House are of stone, and some well-constructed old Arab houses only require a little repair to be habitable. It is, however, always expected that the main portion of the dwellings, built of split bamboo-work and thatched with "makuti' (cocoanut-tree leaves) will be burned down once a year, and the inhabitants take their precautions accordingly. The gardens outside the town display a wonderful fertility of soil. Shark-fishing, in heavy, strong, outrigged canoes constructed for the purpose, is a fruitful source of industry and export, salted and sun-dried shark forming the staple of the food given to slaves both in Madagascar, at Zanzibar, and in the Comoro Islands. The duties amount to a tithe of about 5 per cent. *plus* what may be exacted for the local government should its members be in friendly collusion, which, however, is not often the case, as the government is of a purely dependental form, if I may be so permitted to term it—that is, a superior can be, and is often, disgraced on the representation of an inferior, and it appears to be a misfortune to get anywhere near the top of the tree. The purple ranges intervening between this and Antanarivo rise distinctly and clearly in the distance, it being possible to follow up the Majunga river for several days' journey, and thence to reach the capital in five days' march; but the Hovas are exceedingly jealous of any attempts to gain knowledge of this route: in some reaches far above our anchorage there are forty and fifty fathom soundings. With regard to slave-trade, I believe no slave dhows are ever now run to Majunga. The frequent visits of men-of-war and the bi-monthly calls of the British Indian Company's steamers guarantee this statement; but, notwithstanding engagements and treaties, adjoining ports are continually used, such as

Marambitzi, Villanoroso, Mosimbalava, &c., and the Hovas possibly have sufficient *de facto* right to purchase slaves from the inhabitants of these ports at a very low rate, although they plead only a *de jure* right without the power to enforce it, when called upon by our cruisers to exercise any influence in such places for the suppression of the slave-trade. On the 16th we picked up the large cruising launch attached to the 'Lynx,' and heard that Lieutenant Ainger, in charge of her, had pursued a Mozambique slave dhow into Villanoroso during a squall. The dhow, knowing the passage, crossed the bar; Lieutenant Ainger, knowing nothing about it and seeing a heavy break, could not properly risk the lives of his men at a venture, but contented himself with firing a rocket, and the slaves, it is to be presumed, were all run safely, as she was seen beached in smooth water with strings of people landing from her. Of this occurrence the Hova authorities observe "that it is quite news to them," from which conclusion I should beg to differ very materially.

That there are thousands of Makua slaves on the west coast of Madagascar, and that they are sold and bartered to the Hovas for service is a matter of notoriety to everybody who knows Mozambique and anything about the Sakalavas, whose principal trade consists in the purchasing of the slaves from the dhows and re-selling them to their neighbours. Yet I fancy slaves are treated fairly well in Madagascar, although Monsieur Albrand truly writes, "Si l'esclave à Madagascar n'est point soumis à un travail forcé et excessif il n'en est pas moins soumis à tous les caprices de son maitre, dont il est la propriété sans garantie aucune pour lui." The same gentleman does not say much in favour of the Hova morals, although they attentively observe Sunday as a day of rest and certain religious cere-

monies: "Le mariage, jamais consacré par aucune cérémonie civile ou religieuse, n'est qu'une association libre entre deux personnes qui se conviennent, et dont l'union cesse, comme elle s'est formée, sans le concours ou l'assentiment de qui que ce soit;" and he adds with apparent appreciation respecting the women, "les Malgaches n'ont jamais recours à aucune des violences inventées par la jalousie pour s'assurer de leur fidélité."

The Portuguese were the first to discover Madagascar, and ascribe the honour to their Admiral d'Acunha in 1506, although Fernand Suarez had preceded him in the discovery by some months. In 1509 they sent one Diego Lopes de Sigueira to search for gold and silver mines, but as usual lost all ground by taking up with the slave-trade. "Les opérations des Portugais se bornaient à l'exportation d'un petit nombre d'esclaves qu'ils achetaient des Arabes. Ils essayèrent d'évangéliser les indigènes, mais ils n'eurent aucun succès dans leurs tentatives, et furent massacrés par cause qu'ils voulaient convertir. Telles furent les seules et dernières relations que les Portugais eurent avec Madagascar." *

In 1664 Colbert created "La Compagnie Royale des Indes-Orientales," and permission was given to the French authorities in 'l'Ile Dauphine' to call Madagascar Eastern Gaul, and to use as seal the inscription "Ludovici XIV., Franciæ et Navarræ Regis, Sigillum ad usum Supremi Concilii Galliæ Orientalis." It is curious to observe that Article XIII. of the Regulations of the Company "défend très-expressément de vendre aucuns habitants originaires du pays comme esclaves, ni d'en faire trafic, sous peine de la vie, et enjoint à tous les Français qui en auront ou retiendront à leur service,

* 'Précis sur les Etablissements Français de Madagascar,' 1836.

de les traiter humainement sans les molester ni outrager, à peine de punition corporelle, s'il y échet"—yet in 1750, after Ratsimilaho (the bastard son of an English pirate by a Malagash woman) rose against the French, it is recorded that the latter "sans plus tenter d'établissements autres que de simples postes de traite pour le commerce des bœufs, du riz et des esclaves, ne cessèrent pas de fréquenter la côte depuis le Fort Dauphin jusqu'à la Baie d'Antongil," and in 1806 General de Caen issued various orders to the colonists in order to cover the expenses of supplying Tamatave with water by an aqueduct, and in view of the outlay, "avait imposé un droit de sortie sur les noirs de traite." Again in 1817–1818, M. Forestier recommends that at Tintingue it would be well "d'employer à la culture les naturels du pays en les traitant, soit comme esclaves, soit comme des engagés, qui après quatorze ans seront affranchis"—and, in point of fact, it is in evidence that French institutions have failed in taking any permanent root in the island of Madagascar entirely owing to their playing fast and loose with the question of slavery.

We have with Madagascar "The Additional Treaty of Tananarivo, October 11, 1820," regarding slave-trade abolition; "The additional Articles. Tamatave, May 31, 1823;" and "The Proclamation of Queen Ranovalana of October 2nd, 1874;" but perhaps it may be as well to remember the French dictum "Le Malgache ne connaît les négociations; il est toujours mu par l'intérêt présent."

I had a rough passage back from Majunga in the British India S.S. 'Pachumba,' and a sad time of it, after my arrival, with Mr. Dixon's death. On the 27th of Feb. the 'Lynx' returned, and sailed again on the 29th; and on the 3rd of

March I went to Zanzibar by the Union S.S. 'Kaffir,' knowing I could return at once to my station by H.M.S. 'Thetis,' and being anxious to see both Dr. Kirk and Captain Ward on slave-trade matters.

I should not however have omitted to write down that in a Supplementary Gazette of the 29th of January (1876) the Governor-General of Mozambique published the 'Carta de Lei,' of his Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal of April 29th, 1875, ordering the abolition one year after date of the servile condition of Libertos—a step in the right direction. No public feeling was evinced or demonstration made, as everybody knew beforehand that it had to be accepted, and had ample time to discuss and get wearied of discussing the merits and demerits of its construction and articles.

H.M.S. '*Thetis.*'

On the 16th of March we passed close under Comoro, great heavy masses of clouds as before overshadowing the peak; but as the sun got higher they packed into a ring around but below the extreme summit, and gave us a glimpse of the flat top and the deeply serrated edges of the distant crater. Perhaps the grandeur and immense height of the Comoro volcano is diminished by its isolation on the broad bosom of the ocean. It appeared to me, when the eye could only just discern the faint outline of Mohilla, that then the famous peak stood out in greater relief—one instantly drew a comparison, and the contrast enables one the better to form an estimate of the magnitude of the peak.

On the 18th we anchored off Cape St. Andrew, with the shore line of Madagascar just visible from the 'Thetis'' deck, to await the arrival of the 'Flying Fish,' which had

orders to rendezvous there and report fully on the slave-trade towards the south of Madagascar. She arrived on the 20th in the midst of a heavy rain squall. Captain Crohan had collected most useful information at Tullear and St. Augustine's Bay, both ports on the S.W. coast of the island.

Under the guise of "free emigration" we apparently have more "forced labour systems," that is to say, more slave-trade, in the Mozambique Channel than it was possible to have suspected.

The principal promoter of the system I am about to describe was one Rosier, the Captain, and I believe the owner, of the 'Etienne and Laurence,' a schooner under the French flag. Rosier was long ago an active promoter of the "émigration libre." The 'Etienne and Laurence' was formerly the 'Seibright,' an American vessel; was captured by the 'Alabama' and sold at Mozambique, whence she proceeded to Bourbon; was placed under the French flag and passed into the hands of Rosier. A little more than two years ago she shipped the last slave cargo that is supposed to have been procured from the Zambezi, at the mouth of the Quillimaine River. Latterly she has been employed upon this Tullear ramification of the slave-trade.

Tullear is in latitude 23° 23′ S., and St. Augustine's Bay is situated twelve miles to the south of it. M. Rosier's brother, who termed himself "Italian Vice-Consul," and I believe held this purely honorary position in reward for assistance given by him to an Italian merchant vessel in distress many years ago, settled at both places as a trader, adopting, whenever convenient, the alias of "Macullam." He purchased prisoners from the Sakalava chiefs, who are perpetually engaged in petty warfare, at from 20 $ to 30 $

apiece. From his head-quarters at Tullear these men were usually sent in irons to St. Augustine's Bay, to await the arrival of the confederate Rosier in his schooner. The 'Etienne and Laurence' was in the habit of making a legitimate voyage to the African coast, Mozambique, Quillimaine, &c., and then clearing for Bourbon, running across to Tullear to ship the natives collected by "Macullam," who were sent on board ostensibly as free passengers, furnished with papers purporting to be signed by the chief of the district, stating that they were his subjects and men proceeding to Bourbon in search of employment as field hands of their own free will. This was sufficient to satisfy the scruples of the Bourbon authorities, and for several years, in fact up to the time of the visit of Captain Crohan, the "frères Rosier" carried on a lucrative, and, as they asserted, a lawful carrying trade of Sakalava labourers, for the supply of the plantations in Bourbon. A year previously as many as 100 or 150 were shipped at one time; but latterly, the French Government being on the alert, orders were issued to ship in small numbers only. The 'Africa' was another schooner engaged in this traffic, but was lately seized by the Governor of Nossi Bé with some fifty slaves on board "flagrante delicto."

The Norwegian missionaries at Ranapasy and Morundava, near Tullear, and Captain Home, the agent for Messrs. Holmes and Company of Cape Town, who carried on a legitimate trade at St. Augustine's Bay with the Sakalavas in a schooner (since wrecked) called the 'E. S. Twisden,' fully substantiate the details of the "Rosier scheme;" and Captain Crohan writes, "I have every reason to believe that a slave-trade is carried on at Tullear and St. Augustine's Bay, and that the slaves are treated with great cruelty."

Thus for years an iniquitous carrying trade of forced labourers—that is of slaves—of men compelled to proceed to a foreign country without any knowledge of their ultimate destination, employment, or fate, without the shadow of a contract to protect them, with no agreement or even understanding of their position, has been apparently carried on with impunity and with very little concealment.

March 24th. We are cruising, as I suggested last year, out of sight of land, on the fair-way of the slaver's tracks from the Mozambique mainland to Madagascar. This forenoon we sighted a dhow, got up steam and chased her, the wind freshening all the time. At noon we were seventy miles east of Angola river, and at 12.30 we overhauled her and she lowered her sail. Lat. 16° 12′ S., long. 41° 16′ E. A boat was immediately lowered, and she was boarded by Lieutenant Lopez, who brought her round the bows to the starboard side, where she was made fast, and her living cargo discharged rapidly on the 'Thetis'' deck. She proved to be the *batela* (i.e. *dhow* of the common Zanzibar type) 'Kunguru,' and had sailed from the Maravoni river in the Kizungo district, twenty-five miles S.W. of the Moma river, two days previously. The slaves, ninety-three in number, were purchased in the vicinity and destined for the Madagascar market—and the dhow was so leaky and unseaworthy that, after being stripped, a heavy charge of powder was placed in her stern cabin and tamped down with the stones used for ballast, and a fuse lighted. A flash, a flame, masses of wood and cordage flying sky high, and the 'Kunguru' reeled and sank beneath the waters of the Mozambique Channel, never more to be employed in the transport of slaves from the African mainland to the island of Madagascar.

Exclusive of the ninety-three Makua slaves, there were on board thirty-one people—the acting Captain, nineteen passengers, and eleven sailors.

Fifteen out of the nineteen passengers confess to being owners of slaves, three of them (Ali, Saleh, and Hamed) holding, according to their own statement, thirty-one slaves as their "quota." And in the evidence collected of the various dhows run across the Mozambique Channel with success, it

BLOWING-UP SLAVE DHOW, FROM MARAVONI RIVER.

is found that the very same dhow (the 'Kunguru') landed 110 slaves at Mozambique below Majunga, and she was therefore now engaged upon her second venture at the very least.

I do not think any one on board of her was sorry to be picked up, for it was an open question whether she would have reached Madagascar. The water literally poured in between her beams, and the slaves on the lower deck were

up to their waists in it, crowded and packed in a solid mass. The wind was strong, and the sea rising with every promise of bad weather, and it was with difficulty the slaves were transferred on board the 'Thetis.' They were all in pretty fair condition, though suffering from cramp; however, after being well washed down and greased all over, and given clean cloths and blankets, there was a wonderful change apparent in their appearance. They are all located on the poop, and the slave-dealers, under a sentry, on the port side of the deck. I talked to several of the latter, who appeared to take matters very easily. One man, an Arab, openly told me he was delighted at his capture, as he fully expected the dhow would have foundered.

March 25th. Captain Ward and I have been holding a court all day for the examination of the slavers, passengers, &c., and have elicited some interesting information that will be of importance in our efforts to stop this export trade of slaves from the Portuguese possessions to Madagascar.

Saleh, a Comoro man, states he was a trader. The dhow loaded in the Musi branch of the Maravoni river, in the district of Kizungo. Hosheo is the chief there, a Makua. He and his brother Hamis have twenty-one slaves on board for sale at Mayinterano, or wherever the dhow happened to fetch. He paid 2½ dollars per slave as passage money.

Humadi-bin-Sa'id confirms Saleh's evidence. He was in charge of seven slaves on account of a Kizungo man.

Siaka, of Kivolane, asserted he was a Portuguese subject and a tailor, he had one slave on board. They started from

the Maravoni. Yes, it was the river with the red cliffs at the entrance, and full of hippopotami.

Hummadi-bin-Saleh came from the Yusi river (Owen's Kizungo). It was the next river south of Maravoni. He was a Mualim, and taught boys to read the Koran. He was paid for his teaching with slaves, and he gained his living alternately by teaching and slave-trading. He had six slaves for sale on board and one boy, who was bound to him under an agreement to become also a reader of the Koran. This man complained that he had been deprived of his Koran, which he religiously wore round his neck, enclosed in the cover called "bahasha," and it was returned to him.

Ali, of Comoro, was buying on commission. Received 2 dollars a slave for himself. Had ten on board.

Hummadi Sheikh came from the Iredini river (south branch of Moma river). Had three slaves on board. Was under Sultan Moussa. Slave cargoes were often run from the neighbourhood.

Suri had been sent to collect debts at Angoxa, and went round by Maravoni in a dhow. He was afraid to go by land to Angoxa. He had four slaves on board, on commission sale. The price the Marambitzi people gave for slaves on the mainland of Africa never came to more than four pieces of "kaniki" (dark-blue calico), in value 1 dollar per piece.

Gharibu, of Kionga-Mungao, near Rovuma. "I am an idler, I hang upon other people. I have one slave, a woman, a Suria. I have given her 11 dollars; those are as her wages."

Abid was an Arab of Muscat. He was left behind at Maravoni by a dhow bound for Mozambique, and married a Makua woman, and lived with the Makuas for a year.

Sultan Moussa lived at Mgugula, and he wished to go there, but the Makuas threatened to kill him if he tried to escape. He then got away in the 'Kunguru.'

Ibrahim, also an Arab of Muscat. Lost his dhow two years ago on the coast, and settled at Shangani, near Moussa's, between Moma and Angoxa. Bought four slaves and tilled the ground, but was badly treated by the Makuas. He ran away, and with him his four slaves, to Maravoni.

Abdullah of Comoro was a reader. He was six months at Maravoni, trading. Has five slaves and one Suria. Slaves are to be obtained at from 4 dollars to 6 dollars a head at Maravoni.

Hamis was a Suri Arab. He had failed in everything and wherever he went—at Zanzibar and at Madagascar. Having 20 dollars left, he had invested in slaves. His wife was waiting for him in Madagascar, and he was going to Muscat. His uncle had died there, and he thought had left him money. He had only two slaves on board, and those were not good ones.

These foregoing statements very fairly show the class of men employed in this Madagascar traffic—a set of lazy, good-for-nothing, heartless ruffians, the scourings and dregs of the maritime population of Muscat and the Persian Gulf, the Comoros and the wharves of Zanzibar.

March 27th. The "musimi" are blowing with a vengeance. We shall not be able to fetch Mozambique, and the rain is pouring in torrents. Everything has been done to make the poor slaves comfortable; and Captain Ward, who is

* "'Musimi,' the northerly winds which blow in December, January and February. The 'musimi' are sometimes reckoned to extend to June."—BISHOP STEERE.

kindness itself, has given up his own deck-cabin, which has been cleared out, for the use of the women and small children.

March 28th. Arrived at Mozambique at 4 A.M.; heavy sea and strong wind. Saluted Fort St. Sebastian with twenty-one guns. I landed at five under a salute, and took with me a despatch from Captain Ward to the Governor-General.

March 29th. The Governor-General has agreed to take over the prisoners, and Captain Ward, Lieutenants Ogle, Lopez, and I attended to give evidence before the "Juiz de Direito."

The prisoners protested stoutly against being made over to the Portuguese authorities, and appealed to Captain Ward to send them to Zanzibar, and rather let them be punished by the Seyyid Burghash. The marines had to be called up to make them get into the boats. They are now confined in the jail in the centre of the town, and appear to excite considerable curiosity, as many of them are well known at Mozambique as Kivolane-Umfusi traders.

The Union S. S. Company have not as yet effected much by touching as they do "off," not "at," the ports of Quillimaine and Inhambane. Quillimaine has not yet been communicated with, although the service has been established for eight months.

[Since 1877 the Natal and Zanzibar mail steamers of the Union Company have received permission to cross the Quillimaine bar, and the mails have been delivered with tolerable regularity.—ED.]

April 20th. At daylight this morning I sailed over to the island of Goa to see the new lighthouse, in one of Mr. Hoehn's

boats. Its construction is wonderfully solid and very creditable to the Portuguese, the work being carefully finished throughout. The coral formation of the island is interesting, and the caverns worn by the action of the ocean waves exceedingly curious. In the cool shade of one of them we breakfasted upon a carpet of fine hard sand, with the sea rippling up to our feet. However, the rising tide dislodged us, and we had to clamber out of a water-worn hole in the rock to the level of the coralline terrace, by which the island is protected upon the side facing the Indian Ocean. At high spring-tides the water forced into these caves is ejected in columns from the honeycombed apertures on the terrace high into the air, and drifted away in clouds of spray by the wind, "geyser-fashion." Many sheltered grottos opening upon the sea are to be found, and in one place a perfect coral-bridge spans a little sandy nook. A species of rock-snake is common on the island. We killed three basking in the sun; but I do not believe them to be venomous. The roads on the island are good and the boat anchorage safe, and anywhere out of such an excessively hot climate it would be a charming spot for a picnic party. We sailed back after our inspection and breakfast, and reached the town again at noon.

Chicoma, April 24.

I hired a boat and sailed over here to-day, with Senhor d'Avila of the Portuguese Royal Navy, an officer who served for five years in our navy, and who speaks English to perfection. We were all day getting across, the wind being foul, and it was 6 P.M. when we anchored in the bay. I sent on a messenger to the acting Sheikh of Mosembé, Hummadi bin Abdullah, at Shambala, to tell him to send us carriers, and that we wished to shoot upon the lakes between his

place and Chicoma. The scene from the deck is a curious one. It is a very low tide, and we are high and dry. Around us there are hundreds of torches, flitting from place to place and flashing in the darkness—women and children wandering in search of cowries, for which they dig in the sand close to low-water mark. As they all in turn take up snatches of an exceedingly dismal dirge, there does not seem much chance of our getting any rest to-night.

During the 25th and 26th we shot the Lakes of Kima Tatu, Ngoma Kulu, and Mkokoto, all lying within a radius of eight miles, and bagged a number of duck, teal, one or two large herons, and six brace of "hatadah"—a species of ibis akin to *Ibis religiosa*, but differing in colour, being black with a glossy skin of purple and green, whilst *I. religiosa* is pure white, with delicate tracings of rose-colour. I saw a flock of the latter on Mkokoto, but they were very wild, and it was impossible to get within shot of them.

May 9th. Dr. Kirk has forwarded me printed copies in English, Arabic, and Kiswahili, of two proclamations recently made by Seyyid Burghash relative to the conveyance of slaves by land. They show a great move in an onward direction, and leave nothing to be desired, except that the Sultan should have the power as well as the good intention of enforcing them. His order and prestige will make them law for a time, I have no doubt, and then evasion will be tried. But evasion should be attended with prompt punishment "pour encourager les autres," and this I fear he will be powerless to administer without British aid and assistance.

I have fixed Arabic copies on the Consulate door. Many people have been here to-day to read them, and several Arabs called upon me to know whether it could be true that

Seyyid Burghash had himself, and without pressure, issued such sweeping edicts in the interests of slave-trade suppression.. Curiously enough they appear to fail to connect the exodus of the Egyptians from the Benādir ports, under the pressure of Dr. Kirk's action, as having possibly induced the Seyyid to forestall what he must have known to be the aim of British policy with regard to the slave caravan route on the coast. The Governor-General has ordered translations of the proclamations to be inserted in the next issue of the Mozambique Government 'Boletim' for public information, in order to give them every publicity.

May 10th. We made a start this morning in the dhow 'Provence,' belonging to the Maison Régis, which I have chartered for a voyage "not to exceed two months," to visit Ibo and any intervening ports, I engaging to ship a competent pilot. My party consists of Mr. Oates (of Meanwoodside, Leeds), Senhor d'Avila, and myself, four servants, the captain, the pilot, and ten sailors, eight of the latter bound to act as carriers in case of need. We have two tents, six guns, and a light camp equipage. The dhow has a decent and airy cabin, and is clean and in good order, Monsieur Legré (the manager of the houses of Régis aîné, of Marseilles, on the East Coast) having very kindly expressly fitted her out for our journey. Very little is known of the ports we propose to visit, or even of the anchorages, and nothing of the minerals, the produce, the forms of rule adopted by the natives, or the devices by which the slave-trade has been carried on. We have laid in cloth, wine, small flasks of gunpowder for presents to chiefs, a few rupees, and much copper coin for incidental expenses, and are fortunate enough to have the S.W. monsoon, a fair wind, blowing steadily in our favour. We anchored at Chicoma

this afternoon, sent an English sheep as a present to Hummadi bin Abdullah, and await our pilot to-morrow, then we push on up the coast.

After visiting the Mosembé and Tugulu districts, and touching at Mwamba Koma, we passed Semukhu river (off the point I killed a huge porpoise, with a 450 Henry express, not, I fancy, a feat often accomplished), and anchored in the Lurio river. As we ran rapidly northwards, we enjoyed a panoramic view of the extraordinary range of craggy peaks, known by the natives as the Soriza range, which rises to the height of 800 and 1000 feet above the sea-level, between lats. 13° 45′ and 13° 55′ S., and is the most prominent feature of the whole East Coast seaboard, being simply magnificent, with its changing colours, flashing white pinnacles, and never-ending variety of form and position. Owen justly compares these peaks to the ruins of some giant city; "they assume," he continues, "every variety of form of sugar-loaf, cone, round, and square-topped pillars, in some cases appearing to overhang their bases."

The Lurio, although rising far in the interior, at its mouth spreads like many African rivers over a vast extent of sand, into a shallow and unnavigable lagoon, and it is not far (as I afterwards proved) before rapids and waterfalls are reached within the hill ranges. There is, however, a good deal of trade carried on by a settlement of Banyans, and the chief Mazeze reaps a considerable revenue from ivory, wax, calumba-root, and india-rubber, which pay toll to him before reaching the hands of the Indians. This chief we visited and presented with a small pocket revolver. He received us in a big barn, cleared out for the occasion, belonging to the traders, and was rather late in descending

from his stronghold on the hill, built upon a clearing in the dense forest. He is a fine old man, in a good state of preservation, decently dressed as an Arab, with a faded gold scarf thrown over his shoulder, and bearing the Makua knife of office in his hand. He was very nervous about the behaviour of the dogs (we had three, a retriever, a pointer, and a boarhound puppy), who took a fancy, or a dislike, to his pink umbrella, and eventually had to be ignominiously expelled from the reception chamber; but the revolver delighted him, and I had to shoot twelve rounds with it to satisfy him it would not burst. Then, as a compliment, he sent us with about 100 followers to a large pool in the river, where there was a school of hippopotami, and I was lucky enough to kill one dead at my first shot. The excitement was so great that it was no good trying for a second, so we began a long sultry walk through sand and mud back to our dhow.

On the 18th of May we got under weigh at 10.30 A.M., with a fair wind, but were caught in a rain squall, which died away to a flat calm, and we rolled frightfully off the dangerous Xanga reef at anchor, to the detriment of dinner and good temper. Msuri and Kibaraka, two of the servants, were painfully sea-sick; and the cook, Baraka, terribly sulky, being insulted at a suggestion from me that his bad temper arose from a similar cause to that of his brethren's indisposition. I was determined to get out of it as soon as possible, so sat up until the land-breeze rose at 11 P.M., made the nakhoda get up his anchor and set sail, and at 2.30 A.M. we rounded Mannhané Point. I then roused D'Avila, and he piloted us into the Bay of Pomba (Mwambi), where we anchored at 5.30 A.M. on the 19th. This is the finest harbour on the coast north from Delagoa Bay,

well sheltered by highlands, the people friendly and the country fertile, presenting every advantage for the establishment of a flourishing colony. Yet an attempt made by the Portuguese in 1857 to establish a colony here proved a complete failure, and nothing remains on record of the attempt but the ruins of a half-finished road and fort near Muguete.

A caravan of 600 slaves were marched down from the Lake Nyassa to Xanga (Mrebwi) in 1875, and were sold in small lots to the principal men residing on the coast line between Ibo and Mosembé. They were destined for export to Madagascar, but no dhow was found willing to venture the sea-passage in the face of the known "surveillance" of the British cruisers in the Mozambique Channel, and the concerted action of the Portuguese local government with us against the slaving ports south. These slaves were captured by a Makua raid, at the instigation of Arab and Mugoje agents. Were Mwambi Bay (it is absurd to call it Pomba Bay, for no one knows it by that name) occupied, there would not be such events to chronicle.

From Mwambi past Arimba, another deserted Portuguese fort, surrounded by extensive cocoa-nut plantations, we sailed through the narrow strait between the island of Fumbo and the mainland, and on the 22nd of May anchored in Montepes Bay, more properly called Imalanyimbo ("Nyimbo," the songs —"imala," are finished; the end to the singing), so termed by the carriers from the Nyassa, who, when they reach Fonga or Kionga, the settlement on the river falling into the bay, are usually discharged; and the party being broken up, the nightly chants, sung in chorus, to beguile the weary path, perforce cease.

Here we found a considerable settlement of Arabs and

Mujoges, governed by Sheikh Abdullah of Kissanga and Jongo. Under his guidance we visited the Lake of Kakavelo, encamping between it and the Lake of Dhubbai, beyond which to the westward lies the large Lake of Biribesi, or Bilibesi. A fourth lake, Mwadulo, we left a little to the south.

Kakavelo is a fine sheet of water, four miles long by two and a half broad, bordered by highlands and well wooded, with grassy slopes, except to the south-west, where rice fields are cultivated on the flats. Here there is a large number of hippopotami, which at night wander from lake to lake and do great damage to the crops. Indeed, round Dhubbai their rapacity and ravages, coupled with a drought, had led to a famine, some of the sufferings from which we temporarily alleviated by killing seven hippopotami during our few days' stay in the neighbourhood. Not an ounce of flesh from these huge animals was wasted. Hundreds of Makuas, each one carrying three drying-sticks, men, women, and children, led by their chiefs, flocked down to cure the meat by suspending it from cross poles, exposed to the sun by day, and large fires kept up by watchers at night. From a distance the southern shore of the lake resembled a vast drying ground. After a fashion they showed us gratitude; carriers and boats and guides were forthcoming, and had we wanted to go to the Nyassa itself we should have had a host of volunteers. There were wild fowl of every description upon the lake and in its vicinity—geese, ducks, grebes, cormorant, ibises, cranes and storks, herons, numerous waders, partridges, quail and bush pheasants. Crocodiles were both numerous and large, and the natives credit them with audacity and voracity. No slave-trade is carried on about here; and the cultivation of the country, the freedom of movement from tribe to tribe, and the confidence shown by the Makuas,

are corroborative evidence of the assertions made by the Arabs and Mujoges upon this point.

Here I am tempted sorely to give the reader an abridged sketch of our shooting, as written down in the evenings over our camp-fire.

May 27th. Up early. Off in canoes, Avila and Oates in one, Baraka and I in another. Hippopotamus plentiful.

I got three shots at a bull—the first I believe fatal, and the other two finishers only—as fast as I could fire; with the third he turned over and sank. Then I had a great hunt after a smaller one, and got him into the reeds and killed him with the second shot; he was not found, however, owing to the dense masses of aquatic plants and lilies barring the western end of the lake. Eleven o'clock.—Picked up two dead ones, towed one ashore, and left the canoes to tow the others, came back to the camp, bathed in the brook near the camp, and breakfasted. Our guides are: 1, Zacharia Othmani, an old man, and lazy; 2, Abderhaman bin Djabir, a young man, and a great babbler—both willing, but neither of them long-journey men at a pinch, I should judge. In the evening Oates and I started again and shot at several hippos.; but there was a heavy ripple and breeze on the water. The canoes are frightfully crazy and crank, simply hollowed trees, easily caught by the wind and liable to be overturned by the slightest overbalance.

* * * * *

May 28th. Hippos. very shy. Shot a goose, crocodile, and some handsome waders for Oates's collection of birds. Found another dead hippo., and hit two more. At breakfast (1 P.M.) found an immense assemblage of Makuas and strangers from far and near. The Makuas were armed with axes, spears, and three sticks for cutting up and drying

hippo. meat, which is done in the sun and by fires at night. Regular drying-clothes-ground appearance at south of lake. Bought two goats for men—eight rupees.

* * * * *

May 28th. No boats in the morning. Shot a goose, three ducks, and some big wood-pigeons. . . . In evening nine ducks and teal.

* * * * *

Great talk with little grey-headed old Makua, who has spent his life travelling hence to Nyassa and back again. The Maviti are plundering again, and taking prisoners near the lake, but I am convinced no slave gangs pass through here. Quiet day; we all wanted a rest.

May 29th. Persuaded the boatmen by offers of food, &c., to sleep in camp, and so get an early morning's start. Oates and D'Avila in one canoe, and I in another, left camp before daylight, and were rewarded at dawn by cutting off a rather big hippo., who had been up all night, returning and splashing through the weeds and lilies. I got the first shot, and found my bullet afterwards through lower part of elbow; missed with the other. Oates had the honour of the day, for as I fired a second time, he fired first one, then his second barrel, and the second barrel fetched him full on the head near ear, and knocked him over in comparatively shallow water, where I gave him perhaps an unnecessary *coup de grâce.* It was very fine to see him tearing through the reeds: his pace was astonishing.

* * * * *

May 30th. We were to march back at 10 A.M., and I was determined to try once more; so I was up before daylight and off with the canoe, two boatmen, and Baraka to the lake. Began by missing three apparently easy shots, but

THE LAST CHARGE OF "BIG BULL," KAKAVELO LAKE.

To face page 183.

the boat was very unsteady; at the fourth shot I caught *the* big bull of the lake fairly, near his eye, I fancy. He was about seventy yards off, and turned over, then blew, then hogged his back, reared up, and fell backwards, rolling completely round in the water. We watched his struggles until I saw the ripple of his wake coming fast and straight for the canoe. I shouted out to back, but we were not quite quick enough to prevent his getting under the bottom of the crazy log. Luckily he only hit us with the broad of his back, throwing his head high out of the water on the left side of the bow. The canoe gave a long rock and shipped water—indeed, was nearly over—but I shot him with my smooth bore in the back of the head, without putting my gun up to my shoulder, and he sank; not even done then, for he charged again on the right bow, and just missed us; he then got my second barrel at three yards in the face, after which he gave in, and broad ringing circles marked the spot where he died. It was really a very exciting fight, and lasted fully five minutes; after this I ate my frugal breakfast in the boat, landed on the north side, and hit off D'Avila, Oates, and our line of march. We reached the dhow at 2 P.M.

Having utterly failed on the 31st and early on the 1st to get the dhow afloat, and the fact being that we must get to Ibo by the 2nd of June or break word with Captain Gilbert of the Union Company's S.S. 'Natal,' who has promised to call there for our party on his voyage down from Zanzibar, we determined to start by land. Msuri went on shore and arranged for carriers; the things were all packed up, and, with seventeen loads and seventeen carriers, the servants and ourselves carrying the guns and light kit, we left the dhow at 10.30 A.M., and reached the town of Kissanga at

1 P.M., passing through a well-wooded district dotted with prosperous hamlets and villages; cattle and goats plentiful; signs of peace and confidence. Matters are very different in the vicinity of Mozambique: there a Makua runs away on a stranger's approach; here you meet men cutting wood, tending cattle and carrying produce, who greet you cheerily on your way. There can certainly be no slave collecting in this neighbourhood. Kissanga is above the average of the East Coast mainland towns, and thickly peopled with Arabs, Mujoge and natives. The main street is broad and the plan of the place good. Most of the houses are built in the Arab style, with broad "barazas" or stone benches before the doors; whilst others are neatly constructed after the manner of Madagascar, with split bamboo work, wood, and thatch. The ruins of a few large stone mansions constructed during the last century by Portuguese settlers testify an ancient occupation, long since discontinued. An active market is held in the season, attended by the Banyans from Ibo for the sale of produce from the interior; boat-building is a lucrative business to the inhabitants, and craft ply daily within the outer reef to the adjacent Kerimba (or Querimba) Islands and Ibo with cocoa-nuts, india-rubber, ebony, and oil-seeds. There is no epidemic disease amongst the numerous herds of fine cattle, and the settlement is decidedly thriving.

Abdullah bin Ali, the Sheikh, insisted upon our being seated in front of his house, fed us all with cocoa-nuts knocked freshly off the trees hard by, presented all the notables to us, and then saw us clear of his town upon our road, which henceforth lay through dense and muddy mangrove-swamps until we reached an arm of the sea. This we crossed waist-deep; then two more sea-passages, one up to our necks, in company with some two hundred Makuas

carrying india-rubber, and we gained the island of Ibo. It was sunset when we arrived at the town, and dark when the Maison Régis was reached; but here we were hospitably received, soon changed our wet clothes and found a good dinner waiting—and this, followed by a long night's rest in a cool and comfortable house apart from the factory and overlooking the sea, was indeed a luxury after our long and tiring trudge through alternate mud and slush and sea, stumbling over the trap-like intricacies of the weird, winding mangrove-roots projecting upon the paths.

We had the 2nd and 3rd of June to rest ourselves and see Ibo, and on the 4th the 'Natal' was signalled. She anchored outside the reef at a long distance from shore, so we sailed out in a cutter with Monsieur Ernest Fabre, who accompanied our party to Mozambique. There we arrived safely on the following day, the 5th, finding H.M.S. 'Lynx' at anchor in the harbour, and on the 6th Oates left to travel in Zulu and Swazi-land, where he had wonderfully good sport, I believe.

SHIELD, SPEAR, AND AXE.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to the Tugulu flats—The Governor-General of Mozambique and the Madagascar slave-trade—Visit to Mayinteram—Seizure of dhow by the Seyyid—Expedition to the Makua country—Maruha, chief of Tugulu—Namoti and the river Nkomburi—Loguno Peak, and Mwendazi—The Sultan Mpata Mne and his son Namaruha—An awkward political situation—An African abdication—Across the Mkubwa and Chahunde to the river Lurio—Death of the "woman-watcher" crocodile—Geology of the region—The port of Umkufi—Xanga Mrebwi and Xanga Mororo—Boat voyage to Kissanga—Arrival of Mr. Manning—Ibo—From Ibo to Kirimakoma, Namadai, and Dhubbai—Biribesi Lake—Its crocodiles and hippopotami—Sport on the Lake—A disappointing *fiasco* among the behemoths—Eley's brass cartridges—Once more at Kakavelo—A bag of three hippopotami—A fight for the spoil—Four wounded hippos. found dead—Return to Ibo.

July 31*st*, 1876. I RETURNED yesterday from a lengthened visit to the outlying flats of the Tugulu district abutting upon Mosembé, of late the principal cover drawn by the Arabs and Mujoges for the collection of Makua slaves for export from the Umfusi-Kivolane district to Madagascar. As I have already hinted, I had been hindered in my previous attempts to visit this part of the country; now it was for want of carriers; on another occasion the chief could not guarantee my personal safety; and on a third I was met by a flat refusal. However, on my sending a messenger to remind Hummadi bin Abdullah of the promise he made me at the Lakes that on my return I should judge for myself whether he had stopped slave collecting or not within his

district, he expressed his willingness to provide me with guides and porters.

I was prevented by other work from starting before the 21st of July, but on that day sailed to Chicoma, thence marched five miles to Shambala, Hummadi bin Abdullah's residence, where I encamped for the night, and on the next morning, being furnished with two guides and fourteen carriers, crossed the Mosembé Plateau, and halted upon its extreme limits above the valley of the Conducia river and the flats of Mosembé, at the villages of Molo, the head-quarters where the dealers formerly organised their bands for forays upon the spreading lowlands, which stretch away thence, towards the foot of the Mesa, far away, until bounded by the blue hill range upon the horizon fencing in the Tugulu country proper.

Perhaps these flats might be regarded as debatable land. The Mujoges of Mosembé and their slaves dare not live upon them permanently, although, tempted by the fertility of the rich alluvial soil, they occasionally venture down, plant, and run the risk of being attacked by the Makuas, and of never reaping where they have sown. Yet they claim the ownership, and contest with the Hakim of Tugulu the right of cultivation. But the Hakim in the long run has the best of it. To avoid famine he is compelled to send down strong parties of Makuas to plant millet and maize upon the flats, and they persistently build villages, fish the rivers, and till the ground, until some day they are caught unawares by stronger parties of Mujoges, their villages burnt, themselves shot down or driven away, and their lads, women, and children taken captives and sold, to be sent as slaves to Madagascar. Nevertheless, as soon as the Mujoge slave-hunt is over, back come more Makuas, who retaliate on outlying villages, such as Molo, and rebuild their huts and

begin to plant anew. Latterly, however, the Makuas have had the worst of it, and are almost driven out of the flats; but as the Madagascar slave-trade by sea draws to a close, so will they regain heart and strength, descend again on the flats, and very likely some fine day drive the Mosembé people into the sea.

The head-man at Molo, an ancient and garrulous negro, had been actively engaged in the slave-trade, so he told me under the soothing influences of a pipe, for the last sixty years; and as captain of a dhow had run cargoes from most of the Madagascar ports, all the Comoro Islands, and also from Kilwa Kivinji to Zanzibar, Lamú and Brava. But he said, "the Madagascar slave export trade has been dead for the last five months." No cargoes had been shipped north of Mozambique for more than ten months, and only three during five months from the Umfusi-Kivolane Delta. He admitted that the Tugulu flats were destroyed, but thought that the people were regaining confidence and returning to them from the Makua side, now that slave-hunting was stopped—a fact that he appeared to sincerely lament, although he must long since have been physically unfitted from joining actively in such a laborious pursuit.

From Molo, the lagoon of Mrésu was the next point made; there I encamped, fairly within the Makua flats of Tugulu, and thence I explored the country. Village after village was passed, burned and plundered. All cultivation was stopped, and broad clearings, choked up with grass and weeds, alone marked the site of the old millet fields. The fishing weirs on the rivers and the raised houses for goats, poultry, and the storage of grain, were tumbling into pieces, and the only inhabitants we found were a few half-starved Makuas living on roots and by trapping, whom we surprised

lurking in the woods—where the paths were so overgrown as scarcely to be discernible. In the words of my guide, "the country had been spoilt,"* and a broad, rich, and once densely populated belt of land, some sixty miles by twenty miles, converted into a perfect wilderness.

The nearer we approached the Tugulu range the more confidence was shown—and we found a few indefatigable Makuas busily prepared in reoccupying and rebuilding their outlying hamlets. It was not long before they found out our camps, and ventured to follow our tracks and reconstruct their fishing weirs on the upper waters of the Conducia river, rising in the water-parting of the Tugulu hills.

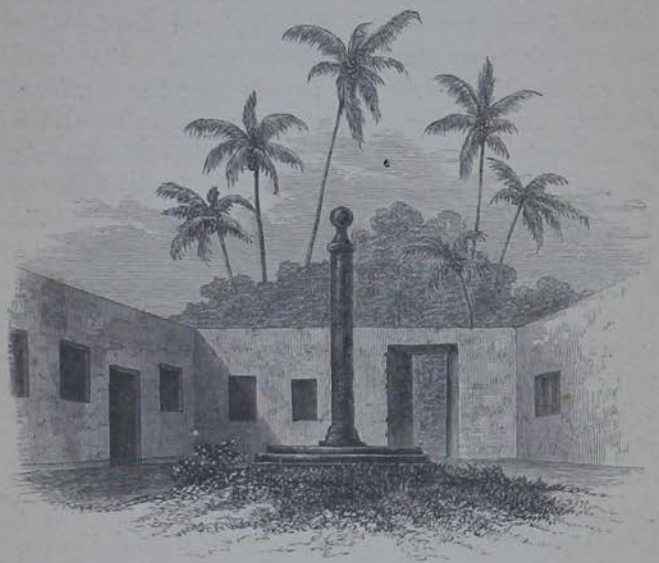
My party all suffered to some extent from the miasmatic exhalations of the swampy lowlands of the flats, and I had a slight attack of ague followed by fever at Shambala on my road home; but I return convinced that a great change has taken place in the policy of the present Mosembé people, tending to the stoppage of the collection of slaves for export to Madagascar, for in the district at this time last year active Makua hunting was being carried on, to my certain knowledge.

In working for the suppression of the slave-trade, I believe one should never leave a stone unturned or throw a chance away; the more you wander on the coast and become known to the dealers, the better chance you have of influencing them for good and of collecting information. As a rule, paid informers are rarely to be trusted. I never receive their information without testing it, and never act upon one individual man's statement until it is corroborated by another unconnected with him.

* "Inchi imcharibika!"

August 1*st*. Yesterday afternoon H.M.S. 'Thetis' came in to harbour, and this morning the Aden Mail arrived from Zanzibar in the R.M.S. 'Natal.'

I accompanied Captain Ward to-day to call upon the Governor-General, and it is satisfactory that the senior naval officer felt justified in congratulating General José



PUBLIC WHIPPING-POST, MOZAMBIQUE.

Guedes upon the diminution of the Madagascar export slave-trade during the past year, and since the last expedition to the Moma. The number of captures has been greatly reduced, and although some few months ago the dealers were notoriously known to be actively employed all along the Portuguese Coast, there is now a remarkable degree of slackness in their operations, and Captain Ward begged to

acknowledge the effect which his Excellency's policy and co-operation had beyond a doubt exercised in the work of suppression.

August 12th. I left Mozambique for Mayinteram in H.M.S. 'Thetis' on the 5th instant, in order to call upon the chief of the latter place to desist in giving support to the slave-traders. The Antonio river dhows, and the last slave dhow captured by the Portuguese, and now beached near the pier, were all fitted out thence, and recently the boats of H.M.S. 'Lynx' were ordered out of the river, consequently Captain Ward determined upon paying the place a visit, and begged me to accompany him. This I was glad to do, as it afforded me an occasion of spreading the news of the Convention with the Moussa Kwantu, and of the proposed occupation by the Portuguese of the mainland ports whence the traffic can the most easily be checked. We anchored about three miles off the entrance of the river on the evening of the 9th, and picked up the 'Louise,' a large launch attached to H.M.S. 'Flying Fish,' lying off the entrance of the river, outside the bar.

The next day, the 10th, we were up at 5 A.M., and breakfasted at 5.40. At 6.30 we left the ship, the pinnace, two cutters, and galley (with Captain Ward and myself on board) in tow of the steam-cutter, and on nearing the bar cast off and rowed in upon a course taken by two dhows coming out, which we passed. The tide was high on the bar; there was only a heavy roll, but no break. Just inside it the 'Louise' had previously anchored by arrangement, and the whole force, a respectable one, of about 150 sailors and marines, with two guns and two rocket-tubes, proceeded up the river, running parallel to the sea behind a strip of land covered with sand-dunes, to the anchorage in

front of the town. A number of armed men had watched our arrival and followed us up the river over the sand-hills on the right bank until opposite to where the flotilla came to an anchor and there they grouped together, at a respectable distance from the water's edge and put forward one Abdullah (formerly employed as an interpreter to H.M.S. 'Highflyer') as spokesman. Captain Ward and I landed, accompanied only by the ship's interpreter and the coxswain of the galley, and on stating our wishes to confer with the chief, were eventually guided through heavy sandy streets to the large shed open upon three sides under which the "baraza" is held. Here we found Khalil-bin-Salavi, the chief, surrounded by a large company of councillors, Sakalava soldiers fairly well armed with muskets and spears, and the principal inhabitants of the town. Chairs were placed for us, and Khalil received us with a great deal of unaffected and natural dignity. He is a tall, well-built man, and was simply robed in a silken lamba, wearing no ornaments excepting heavy, brightly burnished steel armlets, from his manner evidently used to command, and by no means ignorant, as we discovered later on, of the art of fence and argument.

Abdullah sat on the ground before our three chairs, and acted as interpreter, but not as a very faithful one, for I had to correct him several times when he toned down Captain Ward's statements to suit the Sakalava audience, and finally I took upon myself the performance of his duties.

The interview ended amicably, and we went to inspect the town. It is larger than Majunga, with well-built bamboo houses, all run up within the last twelve months, to replace the destruction caused by a great fire, which almost totally destroyed the town. Behind the coast-line, with its sandy

dunes and scattered casuarinas, a high range of hills rises, the intervening ground being thickly wooded, green and undulating. The Sakalava inhabitants are fine, stalwart copper-coloured men, although many of them showed traces of African blood, probably ascribable to the cohabitation of their ancestors with the Mozambique slaves, yet as a race they are incomparably superior in appearance to any tribe I have yet seen on the mainland of the Continent, not even excepting the Zulus. Fetish is apparently all they believe in; the heads of tortoises and oxen we found carefully placed upon platforms, in some cases decorated with flags, with offerings laid before them.

"LAKAFIARI" CANOE, MADAGASCAR.

Their spears are exceedingly well finished, of graceful form and well-balanced; their dress, the striped silk and cotton lamba of the country, is gracefully draped round their bodies, and their canoes, the "lakafiari," are very nearly perfection. These dash through the surf in all weathers, thanks to their heavy outriggers and the clever management of the fishermen who man them. There are some 4000 inhabitants in the town on the river, and the German and French flags are prominent over the branch establishments of Messrs. Oswald and Messrs. Roux-Frassinet of Zanzibar, which are reported to carry on a good business. There were thirteen dhows at anchor in the harbour, two under the British flag, three under the French, and the rest Sakalava.

After steaming down to inspect the bar at low water, we anchored within it, ready for an early start, and by 7.25 A.M. on the following day we were all safely alongside the 'Thetis,' the 'Louise' being left to watch the neighbouring coast until the arrival of H.M.S. 'Flying Fish.'

August 14th. We arrived at Mozambique this afternoon, after being caught in a sharp squall in the early morning off Cape Mogincale, where we boarded a Portuguese schooner bound from Ibo to Madagascar to buy grain. I hear that the Sultan of Zanzibar himself has recently effected the capture of a dhow in the Zanzibar harbour, clandestinely embarking slaves for transport north. The seizure was accomplished at night by a party of the Seyyid's soldiers and under his express oral instructions. Indeed it is even said he personally served out the arms to the capturers, laid the entire plan, and seized the vessel before any one else had the slightest suspicion of the character of the unlawful trade she was carrying on.

SLAVE IRONS.

From the summit of the Mesa Mountain, looking across the broad Tugulu flats to the south-west, and west of the Mosembé district, the distant ranges of the Tugulu hills are descried—the framework, as it were, of an immense expanse of high table-land, stretching away towards Lake Nyassa and the setting sun.

This table-land is entirely inhabited by Makuas, and is generally, and rather vaguely, termed by the Arabs and

Mujoges Makuani.* For years past Makuani has furnished the main supply of slaves and "libres engagés" for the Portuguese, French, and Madagascar markets. Fighting is constantly going on, dissensions being actively promoted by the unscrupulous dwellers on the coast, anxious to purchase the prisoners taken by the successful side, and utterly careless as to who is the winner. So long as the Makuas held together they were formidable enemies to the Portuguese; but the breaking-up of the tribe into fragments, and faction-fighting amongst the chiefs for the supreme power, eventually placed them at the mercy of any Arab intriguer who chose to instigate hostilities in order to secure a slave cargo.

The Tugulu flats, the nearest slave preserve to Mozambique, I had already visited, as well as the Mosembé country, and various bays, rivers, and settlements north towards Ibo, and these lesser journeys paved the way for my last expedition during 1876, which occupied October, November, and part of December, and comprised a walk through Makuani, and an inspection extending as far north as Toughy Bay and Cape Delgado, the boundary between Portuguese and Zanzibar territory, one complete section of the two sections into which I divide the coast whence slaves are exported from the Portuguese possessions to Madagascar, viz:—

I. From the Zambezi to Mozambique. II. From Mozambique to Delgado. Of these a part of Section II. remained to be done.

Starting therefore from Mozambique on foot with twenty-one carriers, eight "askari" (soldiers), armed with Snider rifles (supplied me by Admiral Macdonald from H.M.S. 'Undaunted'), and four men from the Consulate carrying my

* ["Makuani" is the locative case of Makua, meaning the "country of the Makua."—ED.]

own guns, my line lay *viâ* Chivita, Umkulukovu, and Nakugu, in the first instance, so far as Tugulu, the principal town of the strongest chief now remaining amongst the Makuas. This country, known as Tugulu, had never been travelled through previously by a European, and the difficulties at the outset were in procuring carriers and guides. The only guides I could lay my hands on were one Kabo, a half-caste Mujoge, and his friend Bin Hummadi, the latter a useless chatterer and mischief-maker, and the former, as I soon discovered, a really dangerous scoundrel, who commenced operations by intriguing against my further progress from the instant we crossed the Umkulukovu river, and was probably sent with me to represent the interests of the slave-dealers! I, however, defeated his intrigues with the Chief of Tugulu, owing to the *espionnage* kept up by my own men, and at last had it out with him, disarmed the pair of of them and a third man who had joined the clique, on the 9th of October, when encamped at Okuso, and discharged them forthwith, placing my own man Msuri in head charge of the party, *vice* Kabo, for whose services I had no longer need; matters then went smoothly enough for the future, although my ex-guide succeeded in causing me some delay and expense by decoying away five of my carriers when he took his departure to return to Mozambique.

It will be too tedious to inflict on you my entire daily journal, so I shall condense as much as possible, occasionally giving an extract or two from it that may appear of interest.

The country between Mozambique and Tugulu is hilly, sandy, and scantily watered, the road circling round the distant Meza, and gradually rising beyond the flats, being bounded on the left towards the south-east by the Makuas under the chieftainess Maziza, and open to their forays, against which the numerous strings of natives carrying in

produce and provisions to Mussooril for sale and barter take the precaution of throwing out scouts and establishing nightly patrols round their bivouacs.

Maruha, better known and always addressed by his followers, when in the presence, as the Hakim (it is considered an insult by Makua etiquette to address a great chief

MID-DAY HALT.

by his family name), the chief of Tugulu, is a dark, emaciated man, of a highly nervous temperament; of middle height and aristocratic appearance, garbed in a half-Arab attire; given to drinking very freely in private, but by no means deficient in intelligence, tact, and treacherous statecraft; with a restless manner and a watchful eye; Mephistophelean as to his scanty beard and moustache; watchful, suspicious, avaricious,

and yet withal, after a fashion, hospitable and generous—a man whose moods and manners are as changeable as his temper, and requiring to be handled with a certain amount of care and caution. His chief qualification and recommendation to his people is the reputation he enjoys as a wizard and spiritualist, and I had the honour of being invited to a special *séance* given by him in the inner ring of his private yard, where, after sundry wavings of the arms, mutterings, and by-play, he gradually assembled around him fully three- or fourscore white-necked ravens, that hovered round him, swooped down to his feet, and perched upon the musala, or oval praying-mat upon which he was seated, to be fed from his hand with crumbled rice-bread. All the time he kept up a muttered conversation, occasionally responded to by a caw, whilst his head-men and the audience stood aloof and looked on with half awe-stricken admiration at the performance.

However, mischance would have it that a large retriever I had with me, rejoicing in the name of Captain, rushed in and spoilt the entertainment; yet, after his capture and ignominious expulsion from the scene, the ravens were soon enticed back, and it was most interesting to see the perfect confidence they evinced. Of course they live here in peace in the vicinity of the town, being looked upon as Maruha's especial familiar spirits.

Maruha's brother, Siringia, governs the district of Nakuga, and a relative, Pirira, the Erawozi; so that although Maziza may rob his couriers, the Hakim, strong in a triple alliance, has nothing to fear from her in his own country. He has recently concluded a convention of peace with the Mosembé people, putting an end to the kidnapping of the inhabitants of the flats as slaves by either side, and arranging a division of the land; yet it is still with fear and trembling that the

Makuas venture down to till the soil. The sudden cessation of the demand for slaves he could not account for, and asked me for information. This gave me the opening I wanted, and the opportunity of explaining to him the movements against the slave-trade going on at Zanzibar and Mozambique, the operations recently carried into effect against the dealers, &c.; and it is undoubtedly a point gained when you can instil such information into the mind of a native chief, until recently actively engaged in the traffic, and an advance to create in the mind of a savage a craving for more knowledge of the outside world.

The Makua huts are quadrangular, and thatched with "makuti" (cocoanut-leaf), constructed with poles and a pent-roof, and generally surrounded by a small garden in which vegetables are grown. The women wear brass ornaments, earrings, bracelets, armlets, and anklets, and the blue calico called "kaniki" wound round the body under the armpits and flowing to the knee, the "kisuto" of the female slaves of Zanzibar. The men occasionally boast a ragged "kanzu," but for the most part are contented with a loin cloth of "merikani" (white calico) or "kaniki;" and the small children run about stark naked until they reach the age of seven or eight years. The arms of the country are spears, a heavy knife used for clearing a path through the thorns and underwoods when travelling, and flint muskets, and are carried apparently by all able-bodied men. Millet, Indian corn, and manioc (mohogo), are the staple food, and fish abound in every stream and pool. Earthen cooking-pots they manufacture, and cook in them over a fire built within three large stones serving as a fire-place. In the hill and forest districts of Okuso, Maridi, and Nangiri, through which I travelled from Tugulu to reach the neutral ground of Namoti upon the Nkomburi river, flowing into Mwendazi

Bay, narrow, tortuous ways, and thorny paths choked up with brambles and undergrowth, lead one to the villages and water, the broader paths almost invariably terminating in a *cul-de-sac*. The fear of slave-dealers' raids—their tracks are marked by many a burned and desolated settlement—has engendered a suspicious uneasiness among the villagers for so many years, that it has now become an innate feature of the Makua character, is marked upon their faces, and colours every action of their lives at the present day. No communication with a stranger or with an adjoining tribe is allowed without express permission from a "baraza" of chiefs. The Lomwé country, lying between Makuani and the Lake Nyassa, Mosembé, and Mwendazi, may not be visited under pain of capital punishment, without the headman of the subdivision of the tribe to which the intending traveller belongs referring for leave to higher authority. Tracks of land are purposely laid waste and desolated upon the frontiers, where armed scouts, generally old elephant hunters, continually wander, their duty being to report at the earliest moment any approach of strangers, who are invariably treated as enemies. My chief troubles were caused by this suspicious uneasiness. It was most difficult in the first instance to convince anybody that I had not some sinister motive in visiting the country, still more troublesome to avoid delays, and a work of diplomacy to procure a guide to replace the scoundrel Kabo. Nor were all annoyances over when the guide was forthcoming, as the following extracts from my diary will show:—

October 19th. At last it appears settled the guide is to put in an appearance to-day, so I have given orders to pack up and have everything ready for an early start, as they say the march is to last from daylight to 3 P.M. before water is

reached at the place of our destination with the variable and ever-changing name. It is impossible to credit any statement as to direction, distance, or nomenclature made by the Makuas in general, or even by the Hakim's accredited men. Everybody but myself were asleep in the camp before the guide eventually arrived, and I had really begun to think he would not come at all, and had seriously told Msuri that, notwithstanding, I should take the path to the N.E. which I discovered yesterday, and find my own way to the Bay of Mwendazi (Memba on chart), or go north until I struck the Lurio river. Chilly night; rain hanging about, but it will not rain.

October 20th. Up in the dark. Down tents, dressed, drank a cup of hot cocoa, lit a pipe, and saw all the carriers off the ground a clear three-quarters of an hour before sunrise, not a bad proof of the trim my camp-followers are now in. My path to the N.E. was the right one, and we followed it for miles through thick woodlands and over hill and dale, crossing the spurs of the mountains a little more northerly, until again at N.E. we entered by far the finest forest I have yet seen in Africa; immense trees, but with underwood very dense and a difficult path. Our advanced party never made a single halt, and within a few minutes of noon reached a large pond called "Nangiri," our destination. On it were some gigantic storks, but I could not get a shot, and only picked up a guinea-fowl on the march; but the pond was swarming with fish. Our Makuas went into the water and made a huge roll of straw, mud, and sticks, which they rolled across the pond until a large number of fish were driven into shallow water, then everybody entered into the sport with spears and sticks, and there was quite a mud-lark, resulting in some 300 fish being bagged. The

guide now wants to run. The river (the Nkomburi), he says, is only two hours distant, and then two hours' more journeying will take us to Mwendazi. I will not let him go, but he is very uneasy, and looks as if he was meditating a bolt. If he takes us on to the river and his statements are true, I shall halt there Sunday, and go on to the bay on Monday morning.

October 21*st.* A similarly early start to yesterday. Struck Nkomburi R. at 9 A.M. below a remarkable hill, with bare granite to eastward and precipitous, rising high above undulating hills which are covered with dense forest. This is the Peak of Makubinja, and should be a prominent landmark from seaward, I fancy. River 50 to 70 yards broad. Here the Tugulu district is finished with, and we are in the Namoti district, the desolated belt intervening between the Makuas and the natives around Mwendazi. The guide swears nothing will induce him to go another yard, that the punishment for leaving Tugulu without express permission is death; accordingly I told off Bwana Ali to choose a companion and advance to Mwendazi after breakfast; but it appeared, when an investigation of the distance took place, that we were a tremendously long day's march (if not two) from the coast, and that the path led through the heavy sand and over the huge boulders of the river bed. At last the old guide admitted it really was six hours' hard marching before the sea was reached, so my projects for a halt to-morrow are upset, for I can no longer trust any of the Makua distances. It will be best to move on without delay, at any rate part of the distance, until I am satisfied that we are within easy reach of the bay. Capital halting-place; my men cut down branches of trees, and shaded my tent with them from the heat of the day. In the afternoon explored

down river, and found an elephant had wandered through the forest at the foot of Makubinja some days previously, and subsequently travelled up stream towards the north.

October 22*nd*. Fine morning. Struck tents very early in dark and got away down the river. Sand very deep, so I walked without boots. The guide has left his lame companion (a splendid walker; in every country a lame guide, when you happen upon one, always is) and his henchman hidden in a cave on Makubinja, and, sorely loth, consents to pilot us to the Peak of Loguno (Nrogi is the native name of it) marked on the chart, whence our path is a straight one. River rocky in places, immense boulders and large pools swarming with very decent-sized and decent-looking fish. We saw many guinea-fowl, the common species and the "kororo" or crested variety, ibises, heron, and the large blue pigeon. Several times we turned out of the river to take short cuts through the forest to avoid the sinuosities of its course, and at four and a half hours reached a point opposite the magnificent Peak of Loguno on the left bank, whence the river extends in one long reach to a low distant range, behind which the guide declared the first outlying village of the Mwendazi people would be found, and said that we had nothing now to do but to follow the river down to the sea. Of course one knew that from the beginning, but I was very suspicious, and induced him with great difficulty to come on one and a half hour further. The sand was heavy and hot, and the sun fierce, and I therefore called a halt after midday under the shade of an immense fig-tree, breakfasted, and sent two men on, who returned shortly to say the sea could be seen from the ridge. I now let the guide go, with a lecture on mendacity and good payment for his services; but he was in such evident fear of meeting any one from Memba

Bay that it was cruel to delay him long, and he started off at a trot through the sand to pick up his friend at Makubinja, whom he expected to reach about nightfall, and then intended to push on to the pool at Nangiri. Heavy walking! At four o'clock a deputation arrived from the village on the Nkomburi. We are two hours from the sea, and five or six from Mwendazi yet! Had a delicious bathe in a pool in the evening, and knocked over a bush buck with my small Henry crossing the river. Sketched Loguno and our camp. Dined sumptuously on fish and game, and slept before a huge log-fire to keep the mosquitoes off. They are very bad here, and come up to the description of them in Moufflet's 'Theatrum,' 1634, an extract from which I noticed in one of the 'Fields' lately—"Crudeles et venenati, triplices caligas immo ocreas item perforantes."

October 23*rd*. The morning star was shining brightly when Msuri was on the move. Struck camp, and ploughed away through heavy sand to a turning south-east into forest at foot of ridge. Through the forest, where Captain turned up a fine antelope and chased him finely, and we came on a group of villages upon the Nkomburi facing the sea. Crossed the river waist-deep near mouth. The entrance on right bank is sheltered by a well-wooded bluff, resembling that at the entrance to the Port of Natal. Tide coming in, but no water coming down the river at this season. We next halted at a dirty little village upon a mangrove-swamp, and, as it proved not to be Mwendazi, pushed on for two hours more, and crossed the river of that name. The guide, a volunteer, then took us to a Banyan trading-station upon a creek of the Mkubwa river, where there was no fresh water, and we had, after four hours' wandering, to retrace our steps for nearly a couple of miles and encamp on

the Mwendazi river, under a grove of trees in a flourishing plantation belonging to a most hospitable old lady of about eighty years of age, this time the Sultan's son being our guide. The immense crowd following us was a great bore (over 200 people), and their curiosity was

MAKUA WOMEN: "A PEEP AT THE WHITE MAN."

great. Had it not been for the chief's son I should have had no peace; and I was sadly in want of a bath, breakfast, and rest, for a few days ago I contused the sole of my foot against a stump, and for the last two days the pain I have suffered in walking has been intense, and my marches have

indeed been against the collar. Two chiefs called in the evening, and I hear there are half-a-dozen more with them, the three Banyan traders, and a host of followers. The Banyans were delighted to find I knew their language. My levée went off very successfully, and I afterwards dispersed the crowd round the camp by feigning to charge out of my tent with a thick stick. This produced universal hilarity, and we came to a convention that I was to be left alone when bathing and eating, all I bargained for.

During these journeyings through Makuani we should have fared badly had I not brought rice from Mozambique for the carriers to fall back upon, as but little game is left. All I saw were two harris-buck (the sable antelope), two zebras, and a few smaller antelopes; but one of Hakim's men killed an eland on the Okuso. Traces of two elephants were seen, but of old date; hunting them is no longer an industry, and it is now several years since it has been discontinued. Formerly every pool and water-hole had its especial watchers lying in ambush during the dry season, but, after an immense slaughter, the remnants of the vast herds which wandered about the Nkomburi hills deserted the country completely, and moved away westward towards the Lomwé and the Nyassa. Ivory therefore failing, the collection of india-rubber from the creeper (*Landolphia sp.?*) and of bees-wax, occupy the villagers, who also raise excellent rice, millet, and manioc, but not in sufficient quantities, labour being scarce and insufficient for the proper maintenance of the tribe, owing to its heavy losses for the export slave-trade; hence the anxiety to peaceably occupy the rich alluvial flats of Tugulu. Coffee grows wild upon the mountains; and in the Maridi I saw indications of gold, which will one day be certainly found within the Soriza range.

On these flats there had been recent collections of slaves made by the Mosembé people, but I am convinced there had been none for several months previously to my visit made upon the highlands of the Tugulu Plateau, neither do I think Maruha has of late years sold any of his people for export. In outlying villages, too, collection is at an end, for the Hakim is now thoroughly alive to the want of able-bodied men and women to till the soil, and so ward off a probable famine from his tribe, by which he fears it may possibly be left in so enfeebled a state as to fall an easy prey to his neighbours. He readily promised to prohibit all sales by sub-chiefs under his orders and to discontinue his transactions with the Umfusi-Kivolane traders, who, I warned him, were virtually bankrupts and could not avoid deceiving him in matters of commerce, and advised him that he had far better commence an active development of lawful trade with Mozambique.

October 24th. . . . Received another Sultan this morning, and the chief of the Mwamba Koma district, who invited me to cross the Nkomburi and visit his country, which, I remembered, was reported to us as dangerous last June. There is now but a scanty supply of game there, he tells me, and elephants are now more commonly seen in Regent Street than in the forest lands spreading from Mwamba Koma Point over the slopes of the lower hills, above which arise the fantastic peaks characteristic of this part of the coast. Everybody seems to carry a gun; the game is pursued indiscriminately at all seasons of the year, and in a very short time must be exterminated. Waterfowl and fish, rice, millet, Indian corn, mohogo (manioc), fruit, and poultry are plentiful in the bay; whilst timber, india-rubber, grain, rice, coffee, and matting bags are exported by the

Banyans on the Mkubwa Creek. One of these merchants, a British protected subject from Cutch, has traded here for fourteen years, during which time he has revisited India twice, and is undoubtedly possessed of a great deal of local influence. They have two schooners in the small "khor" surrounded by mangroves off the Mkubwa river, a considerable amount of grain on hand, and a large number of slaves occupied in cleaning and bagging it for the market. Apparently no slave export has been carried on here since the war between Tugulu and Mwendazi and the desolation of Namoti. Our hostess called this morning when I was at breakfast. She is exceedingly old and decrepit, and walks with difficulty, leaning on a staff, and followed by her women slaves. She brought me a present of cajú apples, bananas, and fowls; so in return I presented her with a long Malacca cane I had in camp, with which she was delighted. This old lady owns a most extensive plantation, and is even now clearing more ground, and full of plans for improvement. Her house, built of stone and neatly thatched, with rows of cajú and mango-trees fronting it, is a model of cleanliness. The old Sultan Mpata Mno is her nephew, and everybody treats her with the greatest respect. Mpata Mno arrived in camp soon after her departure home. He is an annoying old chatterbox, with a cunning, yet vacant expression on his face; of Makua extraction, but with tolerably regular features, deep-sunken eyes, and a sparse beard, and apes Arab attire, his head being tied up in a striped silken handkerchief from Omān. His conversation was decidedly silly; and as he perseveringly chewed "tambuu," and yet more perseveringly spat all over the place, I was very glad to see his back turned. His son Namaruha is a sensible man. I called upon him in the afternoon, after making an expedition to the beach by a path

through the forest, whence I had a fine view of the entire bay, of the Mwamba Koma range, and Nrogi (Loguno) Peak. Namaruha's house is the envy of the neighbourhood, and is looked upon as a work of high art; the architect, a Banyan from Cutch, has constructed it upon an old Indian model, and painted the porch gorgeously with mythical beasts, lotuses, and intricate patterns, looked upon by the natives with mingled apprehension and admiration. I wrote, by a dhow leaving last night, to Mozambique for mails and provisions, so I intend to halt here for a few days, get my foot into order, and explore the neighbourhood. Captain came back this afternoon half-dead with heat and fatigue. Nothing but incapacity to run another yard will stop him from perpetually hunting the troops of baboons which inhabit the woods fringing the bay, and come down in broad daylight to steal the old lady's fruit. Shot two and a half couple of fine curlew close to the camp near sundown, flying down the river towards the sand-flats; they are in great quantities, with sandpipers and redshanks.

October 25*th*. Up at daybreak and explored the mouth of the Mwendazi towards the Nkomburi. Shot three couple of curlew, and then halted for breakfast on a creek in a small bend of the coast-line, whence we could see the entire bay from point to point, and mark the rivers and the headlands. On the creek there was a group of fishing villages, and the distinguished personages flocked down to see the white man, and brought presents of fish and fruit. After breakfast I walked on to the Nkomburi, and thence we struck inland with a guide to visit a large lake surrounded by hills, composed mainly of quartz and granite. Its banks are well wooded and green, but the rocks and the edges of the lake are thickly encrusted with a

deposit of salt. At one end of the lake the water is perfectly salt, whilst at the other it is fresh enough to drink, owing to the action, so the natives said, of a spring. Some immense storks were perched upon the trees, and flocks of ducks, ibises, and many divers were seen, as well as the tracks of a single hippopotamus who had been wandering through the forest during the night.

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October 29th. Started from camp before dawn, and crossed both the Mwendazi and Nkomburi to a point beyond the right bank of the latter river, in the Mwamba Koma district, apparently covered with huge boulders; and I also visited several of the villages, where I was well received. On the point here was originally a peak (or, as the Dutchmen in South Africa would say, a "kopje") called Nungarara, resembling many others of a similar character dotted about the bay, but it has been gradually undermined and brought down by the combined action of the sea and the rains, aided by the hand of time. Here I found some fine specimens of porphyritic and of quartz rock, and of a granite abounding in talc and mica. Some of the specimens of talc in talc-schist were very fine. Climbing over the *débris* I found a spacious cave, sheltered by blocks of gneiss curiously traversed and flexured by intrusions of granite, where I breakfasted sumptuously on a crayfish and a rockfish, which I bought for a few beads from a passing fisherman, after a delicious bath in the rollers lazily breaking (it was a calm day) on the sandy beach hard by.

October 30th. Close, dull morning, thunder in the air, and looks threatening. The old lady made an early call before 6 A.M., and found me in bed, for yesterday was a long day, and it was 9 P.M. before I reached camp, and 10 before I had

bathed and sat down to dinner. However, I had to turn out, and she presented to me the old Sultan's grandson, Namaruha's son, the hope of the country, a very bright boy of nine or ten years of age, deficient neither in dress, nor appearance, nor deportment. After his visit I started for the Banyan colony on the creek of the Mkubwa. It consists of several well-built and whitewashed houses, a flagstaff, upon which a red flag with a white star and crescent is flown upon great occasions, and a gun, fired each day at sun-down. There is a ferry over the river, and beyond it towards C. Tapamandu (Umlulu) the native villages are prosperous and the country well cultivated Although of the rivers falling into the bay the Nkomburi and Mwendazi are useless as harbours, the Mkubwa, which Namaruha assures me is navigable for a considerable distance, is entered by the largest dhows with ease, through a passage in the reef, that doubtless would also be available for larger vessels. I see no reason why a flourishing trade should not some day be carried on here; the exports are of excellent quality, the climate is good, and the natives, though of Makua origin, are not the Makua savages of Makuani, but an improved race, influenced by their proximity to the seaboard, inter-marriage with foreigners, less work and plenty of food, causes that have toned down the hard and almost brutal outlines of the suspicious and unfortunate dweller in the woods and on the highlands, whose life is spent in constant dread of the slave-dealer's raids.

I had been sitting for some time at the Banyans, talking with Namaruha (Sultan fils) about the minerals, the produce, and the roads north from Mwendazi towards the Lurio river, and arranged for the ferry boat and guides to leave on the 1st of November, when the master of the house interrupted our conversation to inform me in a loud tone that

Namaruha, not the old man, was the real Sultan, and in a day or two would have all the government in his hands. He had not finished speaking, when behind his back, round the corner and through the door, Mpata Mno himself appeared upon the scene, with his bent back somewhat straightened for the occasion, shaking with rage and flourishing his red cotton umbrella of Hindu manufacture, the grotesque caricature of the Prime Minister in Offenbach's 'Grande Duchesse,' and burst upon the Banyan with a ludicrous assertion of his rights, privileges and dignity. He could hardly speak for wrath, and fairly spluttered out his words. "Tell him!—tell the white man—the Englishman—I am the big man!—I am Mno!—I am the Sultan!—I am the father, he is the son!—I give him the power; he is nobody yet!"

The situation was awkward; the Banyan looked the fool, and Namaruha, without saying a word, slipped out of the opposite door, whilst I endeavoured to pacify the old man by listening to his nonsense; however, as soon as I could, I left to cross the river in a canoe, but was soon overtaken on my road by a young Banyan and Namaruha, and the former confidentially informed me that "it was no good the old man talking, this one (pointing to the son) would be Sultan in a few days," Sultan fils nodding his head in mysterious acquiescence to his words. I went on my way to Umlulu in consequence of this episode, feeling uncommonly like a conspirator, and wondering whether I should witness a *coup d'état* before leaving the neighbourhood. The path by the beach was tedious and tiring, sand and mud, deep pools full of sea-urchins of wondrous beauty and wondrous annoyance to my naked feet, but at last Umlulu (Tapamandu of Owen's Charts) was reached, and here we found a large village of fishermen, exceedingly civil people, and cooked

our breakfast in a cave by the shore. We were clear of the Point of Mwamba Koma, and the wind set in strongly with the rising tide from the south in puffs, soon followed by thunder, lightning and rain. Our walk back overland was through quite a downpour, and it was long after dark when we reached camp, drenched to the skin.

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October 31*st.* The distinguished personages have been calling upon me. Sultan père is delicious. I always expect music to suddenly strike up a "can-can" when he puts in an appearance, and see him dance into the tent with his "gamp" flourishing and the tails of his gown tucked up! Sultan fils plays his part as the subtle conspirator with great skill. The lesser Sultans try to keep in with a play up to both, but evidently have a weakness and a leaning for No. II. I had six or seven here to-day, petty chieftains of subdivisions of the tribe over which No. I. rules; but, nevertheless, jealously and uniformly themselves assuming the title of Sultans. Before dawn Namaruha arrived, but luckily I saw him afar off, and had time to prepare to receive him with dignity. He is going to marry the daughters of Sultan III. or IV., I forget which it is. What difficulties and complications there must be about precedence! There should be a good opening in the neighbourhood for an Ulster King-of-Arms!

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November 1*st.* My departure is deferred until to-morrow. Sultan I.'s brother turned up before daylight to tell me that the surrender of power by Mpata Mno to Namaruha and the latter's installation was to take place in the afternoon, and that he was specially sent to beg me to attend at the ceremony. So after all I am going to witness an East African abdication, even though I miss the anticipated excitement of a *coup d'état.*

At 3 P.M. I picked up Sultan No. I. at the old lady's house on the hill, bringing with me six of my askari with Sniders to honour the occasion, and I had a long hot walk in company with the potentate about to retire into private life down to the Mkubwa river. He showed even less dignity than ever, was obviously peevish and in a bad temper, and scolded like an old woman all the way, wielding his "gamp" most vigorously. On the banks of the river an immense crowd was collected, and we awaited the arrival of Namaruha, who, as soon as he was descried approaching in a boat, was greeted with loud cheering and a general discharge of guns, which were discharged, loaded, re-discharged and re-loaded, as far as their owners could effect the process. Namaruha, who is a tall man, was veiled in the folds of a red shawl reaching to his feet, and immediately on his arrival was mobbed by the crowd, headed by Sultan I., and hoisted upon the shoulders of the Chief Councillor, who carried him off pick-a-back in triumph, with the old idiot leading the way with his umbrella spread (moving to a "can-can" tune that evidently was running all the while in his brain), the lesser Sultans bolstering him up, into a deep, muddy mangrove-swamp, where I thought it just as well not to follow, and retraced my footsteps with my followers. My man Baraka suggested "they were going to put him in the mud and leave him there," but he was happily mistaken; they had only taken a short cut, and eventually, as we saw on our return, deposited Namaruha in the porch of his own house, in front of which drums, dancing, singing, the firing of guns, the shrill squeaking of the "zomari," and the clashing of the "matoazi" and the "upato," made the night hideous and rest impossible in our camp.

I cannot do justice to this scene of East African abdication; the intense earnestness of the councillors, the

strange antics of Mpato, no longer entitled to affix the royal designation of Mno to his name, the strange solemnity throughout of all the actors, superadded to the grotesqueness of the ceremony, are beyond my powers of description.

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During my stay at Mwendazi I learnt from Namaruha and the Banyans that a large dhow had lately touched at the bay from Madagascar to purchase slaves, but was ordered by the former to sail the day following after her arrival, all having the punishment of Kivolane Umfusi before their eyes, and not wishing to run the chance of seeing the settlement on the Mkubwa burnt by a Portuguese gunboat.

In old times the Mwendazi people never sold any of their own tribe, but warred upon Makuani, through Namoti, to procure slaves. The evil effects of these raids are still experienced, for the Tugulu people narrowly watch for and avail themselves of any chance of inflicting reprisals; however, Namaruha declares his intention of negotiating with the Hakim for peace, "now that the Madagascar trade was shut up." He will find the negotiations difficult with so suspicious and badly treated a tribe as the Tugulu Makuas, yet possibly the schooling I gave Maruha regarding outside events may induce him to listen to the Mwendazi representations with some belief in their good faith. I hope so.

November 2nd. I slept pretty well until 3 A.M. this morning, when the infernal din of the ngoma (drum) effectually roused me up, and as Baraka came to make up the fire in my tent-door (not required by the climate most assuredly, but to keep away the mosquitoes) I suggested an early march, woke everybody up, and we were off by 4, led by our

two guides, whom I had taken the precaution to keep in the camp over-night. It was tedious work crossing the Mkubwa river in the dark, in an immense outrigger canoe belonging to the Banyans, which, however, took us all, thirty-one people, across in a single trip. After floundering about in mud and slush, we gained the main path and had a long trudge over the hills to Merengi, apparently an open bay and good anchorage, with an insignificant river of the same name falling into it. About noon we reached Semukhu and Sangone, crossed the range to the north, and, utterly tired and worn-out, at last reached a waterhole near the Mkoto Creek at 2.30 P.M.,—nine hours and a half continuous walk, less one hour for the crossing of the Mkubwa, and a good thirty miles of ground covered. Here we found a delightful spot for a camp under an immense tree in a clearing in the thicket made by former travellers.

I visited, as we passed, several of the upper villages of the Semukhu. Here, as I learned before in June last, the inhabitants ascribed their immunity from slave-dealers' visits to an attack they made upon a slave-dhow that anchored in the river years ago, when they slaughtered all on board. There is apparently no innate treachery in their character, as I was previously induced to believe, nor did I find any difficulty or experience the slightest danger in passing through their district, whilst their neatly-built and carefully thatched houses, well-cultivated gardens and palisaded settlements, show plainly that they labour under no dread of interference—a happy contrast to the wearisome deceit, distrust, and suspicion of the hunted dwellers in Makuani.

November 3rd. Everybody sorry this morning to leave such a comfortable camp, but all of us the better for a good rest

without mosquitoes to annoy us; however, we have too much work before us to linger in woodland "lust-huisen." I had a zoological dream during the night, having fallen asleep over a 'Field' whilst reading a list of the latest acquisitions made by the Gardens in Regent's Park—somewhat to the effect that the Sulphury Tyrant Birds were tremendously down on the Festive Tanagers for paying too much attention to the Shining Parakeet and the White-backed Pigeon! It was a regular jumble of names and ideas, and I woke up to find I had overslept myself, and that the birds were twittering, calling and chirping in the bush, at the rising sun and the advent of broad daylight.

We turned down the Mkato Creek and then followed the sea-shore, climbing over a steep bluff jutting into the water on our road, with difficulty, and then halted on the Kunumba river for breakfast; after which we pressed on until we passed the Five Points and sighted Almeida Bay, still on the sandy shore. It was sundown before we bivouacked for the night on the scrub by the beach, near some dwarf palm-bushes marking the first water after the Kunumba is passed; 6½ hours' fast walking and 26 good miles.

November 4th. Another long day. An hour and a half's walking brought us to the Chahunde river, a tidal creek, with the water running out like a sluice upon a bad bar, just after the turn of the tide. Here we had to wait until the ford was passable, and found it a difficult and dangerous one. Had any one lost his footing nothing could have saved him from being swept out to sea by current and tide; fortunately, everybody crossed safely. I preferred walking up the creek for some distance and swimming it, but the force of the falling tide was tremendous, and when I landed on an island in the middle, I took the precaution of walking

up to its farthest extremity before I took water again, and therefore landed well above where the carriers crossed. Three hours later we met a chief of the Sheikh of Lurio in Almeida Bay, with a large party of followers engaged in choosing a site for the great man's house, who is going to change his residence from the Lurio river. They were superintending a haul of fishing baskets—immense baskets made of split bamboos with a narrow entrance upon one side, sunk at low water, and allowed to remain a tide. As it turned out a successful haul, I bought enough fish for all hands, and we halted at a little village on the path towards the Lurio during the heat of the day. Thence we went north to the Lurio; but the sun was setting when we sighted Mazeze's house upon the hill over the river, and it was pitch dark, with a strong southerly wind blowing and bringing up ominous masses of dark clouds, before we stopped our march, being unable to find our way further. The best thing was to bivouac in the bed of the river; and this we did—picking out a large sandbank covered with low bushes and long rushes, to keep off the wind. However when the moon rose, it died away, the clouds cleared off, and I stretched myself out under a thorny bush, after a capital dinner of cold guinea-fowl and four or five cups of coffee, very contentedly.

After a day's rest, which we all required, I followed up the Mgaruma river and thence struck obliquely to the upper waters of Lurio. The Lurio we found very low, but swarming with fish, of which we caught a large number: the crocodiles, too, were in plenty, and the women of the villages near the camp came down to draw water in parties of eight or ten, one half of them throwing stones into the water, whilst the others filled their huge earthen pots. On Sunday evening (November 5) I was arranging with the

guide, who, by leave of Mazeze, was to accompany us on our morrow's travels, when I was called out by one of the men to see an enormous brute which was lying in wait at the place we got our water from, but in the indistinct light of the after-glow I fancy I missed him with my rifle. However, on my return seven days later, when I strolled down to the women's "ghât," I saw what I thought to be a big log, or a collection of floating brushwood and reeds, beneath the shade of a tree covered with the beautiful hanging nests of the weaver birds, who, it struck me, were chattering more than usual, and neglecting the plaiting-up of their delicate houses; however, I had my bath, one plunge and out again, and whilst I was dressing, on looking round I suddenly saw my log disappear, and then recognised the fact that it must have been my friend of Guy Fawkes Day. Accordingly I lay in wait for him on the bank, and within half an hour he rose again in shallow water and gave me an easy shot at about thirty yards. The Henry bullet completely smashed in his skull, and he lay with half his immense body on the shoal perfectly motionless for some minutes; but, whilst I was debating how the body could be got ashore, he gave one convulsive lash with his tail, the muscles of the body quivered, and over he went into deep water and sank. The only satisfaction about the matter was that the "ghât" was rid of the chief woman-watcher, to whose score a couple of deaths were ascribed by the villagers.

Important and thickly-populated villages lie on the Lurio and near the path leading to the Mgaruma river, the clearings are extensive, the cultivation is good, and the people industrious and peaceful. Large fields of tobacco were seen, and the export from this district to the Mozambique and other coast districts is considerable. From Mga-

ruma our way lay along the spurs of the higher mountain range, across a high pass, whence we again sighted the Lurio, winding through the valley like a blue thread upon the yellow sand far beneath us, and disappearing amidst the dark gorges of the hills crowned by groups of distant conical peaks. At Mtegari the scenery was wild, intensely African and picturesque. My first camp was pitched upon the green hill-side, under wide-spreading fig-trees overlooking a broad and deep pool, bordered by basaltic and columnar rocks, formed by a long reach of the river. Thence I advanced three days further, taking with me only three carriers and the lightest of "impedimenta." Here the course of the river is narrowed and confined between steep escarped walls of basalt and granite, and comes rushing down in foaming rapids and cascades from basin to basin, where seething pools are formed, frequented by hippopotami. On every side spring the sugar-loaf-shaped peaks of Soriza, and here and there huge masses of amorphous porphyritic granite overtop the thickly-wooded slopes of the lower and undulating range of hills bordering the landscape.

The remarkable peaks dotted over the country from Fernando Veloso Bay (Mazazima) to Pomba Bay (Mwambi), known as the Soriza range, so marked a feature on the horizon from the ocean, appear to partake of one common character. Having visited Makubinja, Nrogi, Nungarara, and several here on the higher part of the Lurio, I have uniformly found them to be composed of amorphous rocks of disrupting and overlying granite of a crystalline aspect, into the composition of which crystals of quartz, mica, and talc largely enter. Talc is also found plentifully in glittering scales in the sandy beds of all rivers and streams in the neighbourhood of the range, whilst mica-schists enter

largely into the characteristic composition of many of the river banks.*

About Mwendazi and at Nungarara, as I have already chronicled, where the gneiss is curiously traversed by granitic seams, many porphyritic rocks exist; and the crystalline character of the friable fragments to be found lying amongst the *débris* is very noticeable, both here and at Salt Lake, where quartz rock in profusion is the characteristic of the protrusions on the hill-sides surrounding the lake.

The tracing of slate casings so eagerly sought for by the prospector in connection with quartz reefs were not observed, but it is probable that amongst such metamorphic strata careful search would lead to the discovery of indications of the presence of the precious metal.

No difficulties would be met with by a properly and carefully conducted prospecting party in the Soriza range, for the Makuas on the higher range I found to be a very tractable people, hard-working and independent, but confident in their own resources, and by no means unfriendly in their manners towards strangers.

The people on the Lurio have no direct trade with Nyassa, but send parties beyond the Soriza range ("rekamma sana"—very far off indeed) to barter for ivory with the Lomwé, who meet the Makuas on their border at certain seasons for the purposes of trading.

November 13th. It poured with rain last night, and gusts of wind accompanied with driving rain varied the monotony of a continuous downfall until close upon noon. Saturday we returned to our first camp on the Lurio near the town,

* Especially into those of the Maridi river and high up the Nkomburi.

and yesterday we sighted the Union Company's R.M.S. 'Natal' steaming up the coast; so I decided to push on for Ibo, where she will call for me on her return voyage from Zanzibar.

At one o'clock we marched across the bed of the Lurio, here, perhaps, a couple of miles broad, through heavy sand, and, after wading the main stream, nowhere here more than waist-deep, gained the left bank, and started for Ibo without any guides, I refusing to pay 6$ for one, and the chief having failed to fulfil his promise to send me a man. At 3.30 we crossed the Mgaruma near the sea, and kept on steadily without a halt until we reached the Liwebwé river at 8 P.M., where we halted a quarter of an hour to rest, and I made a meal of cold hippopotamus flesh and biscuit. Then we pushed on afresh, and reached Umkufi; and here we had some delay in the dark, finding the town, getting water, and rousing the people, and it was near midnight when we got the coffee-pot under weigh, and fully 1.30 before I got rid of the notables of the place and lay down in my clothes—I was too tired to undress—upon a "kitanda" * in a native hut.

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At Umkufi I discovered one Hamis bin Sheela of Angoxa, who had travelled considerably, had visited Aden, Mecca, Muscat, and Bombay, and who knew Dr. Kirk. He told me a great deal about the Nyassa, and the road leading thither *viâ* Angoxa. He has travelled it three times, and describes it as easily managed n twenty-eight days, and passing through a country abounding in game. It was in his hut I passed the night, and he received me with great kindness.

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The Port of Umkufi is well sheltered by reefs, and

* "Kitanda," a native bedstead.

apparently there is a deep passage. The creek is quite impassable, except by the ferry boat kept at the village. The principal trade in these parts is, however, carried on from Xanga Mrebwi. It appears there are two Xangas, one of which we reached on the 14th in the district of a chief by name Mororo, and near the Livubulu stream, known as Xanga Mororo, or Xanga Livubulu; and the other, twelve miles further north, under the chief of Mrebwi, and known as Xanga Mrebwi. About a year ago a trading craft called the 'Sicandaria' was wrecked on Xanga Reef, which runs parallel to the shore for many miles, leaving between it and the sandy beach a calm lagoon. She was plundered by the chief of Mrebwi (Fungwa Ambwebi) and his people, and in retaliation the Portuguese local government threatened to seize any of the Xanga craft which might for the future put into Ibo. In equity the threat should only have applied to Xanga Mrebwi, for Livubulu was not concerned in the wrecking, nor could their boats have rendered the 'Sicandaria' any assistance, being at such a distance from the scene of the disaster; but nobody knew the distinction between the two settlements, which are rival trading stations.

This threat caused me a considerable amount of negotiation at Livubulu, where I wished to hire a boat to sail directly to Ibo, and so avoid the long march round Mwambi (Pomba) Bay, which I had already visited in June. They asked me 15 $ at first, and I declined to give such a sum; but whilst we breakfasted under some shady trees behind the sand-dunes near their neat and prosperous village, the head-man appeared upon the scene, and on his fully explaining the fears the owner entertained as to the seizure of his craft at Ibo, I thought them very natural, and agreed to go only to Kissanga instead of Ibo, and let the boat return at once, and we finally chartered her for 20 rupees.

It was too late to start by the afternoon's tide, so I rested under the trees, or tried to do so, for there was no escaping the talkativeness of the villagers and their inquisitiveness. There is abundance of food here of every description, and rather too much cajú spirit to please me, for I have one or two carriers that invariably get drunk whenever an opportunity presents itself. At midnight I was called, and sent all the baggage down to the boat, and when following myself, unluckily mounted on the shoulders of a drunken carrier to get from the beach to where the boat was lying some 20 yards out, and was uncommonly fortunate to have escaped being thrown over his head into the sea. There was no rest, peace, or comfort to be got on board; 26 of us, 11 crew, and the nakhoda, 38 men in all, crammed into a crazy old canoe, with, as I anticipated, several of the Makuas more than half-seas-over. We lay at anchor until 2 A.M. (15th of November), when the tide rose in the lagoon sufficiently to permit of our slipping down to Xanga Mrebwi, with a light southerly air. Here I had to put in a strong protest against the Nakhoda's anchoring "to rest a little and let the sun get higher!" and made him get his anchor up again, when, in the grey of dawn, we sailed through the passage between the reef opposite the town without difficulty. Xanga Mrebwi is a considerable settlement, with extensive clearings and large cultivated fields round it; the bar carries plenty of water for large ships, and its trade is flourishing. Frightfully hot the sun was; hardly any breeze and every discomfort; however towards 11 o'clock the wind freshened, and we ran rapidly up the coast, past Mwambi, into Arimba, through the Fumbo Passage and up to Kissanga, which was reached at 3 P.M. Here I found my old friend, Mahommed bin Abdullah, the Sheikh of the district, who lent me a house and gave me a

goat, milk and fruit; in return for which I had to sit down for some hours and relate my travels to an audience of the notables.

Nothing could induce the Captain to go on to Ibo, and he returned forthwith to Xanga Livubulu.

At Kissanga I learned from the Sheikh that Mr. Vice-Consul Manning (who was appointed by Lord Derby in succession to poor Mr. Dixon) had arrived at Ibo some days previously, and had gone down the coast so far as Mwambi to endeavour to meet me, with my mails and provisions, but failing to hear of my party, had only the day before my arrival passed through Kissanga on his way back, and that at Ibo he must be at the present moment. I therefore wrote to him to bring me down a boat to cross over to the island, and arranged with Mohammed Abdullah that after the arrival of the mail steamer, should she bring me no news to interfere with my present plans, he should guide me to Biribesi Lake and the first pass beyond it, on the Nyassa road that I might compare its practicability with that *viâ* the Lurio.

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November 16th. I was rather surprised this afternoon to be the first man on the beach to greet the arrival of a number of ex-prisoners, the crew of a dhow captured by the 'Thetis' last March, with ninety-four slaves on board, and handed over for trial to the Portuguese local government at Mozambique.

On questioning them they informed me that they had been released by the judge without a trial. On what grounds it is difficult to imagine, as they all prove to be residents within Portuguese territory and in the vicinity of Ibo! After their release they hired two boats from Cabaceira

Pequenha, from some friends there, and sailed up to Kissanga. They seemed as astonished to see me as I was to see them, but their behaviour was quite respectful, and afterwards in the town it was reported to me that they acknowledged the justice of the treatment they received at our hands.

In the evening Mr. Manning arrived, and I learned from him that he had started in the 'Marie Louise,' a small cutter belonging to Messrs. Fabre et Fils, for Mwendazi, to meet me there, but encountering head-winds had to put into Kisimajulo harbour, where a man told him I had started from the bay (which was not the case), and he therefore returned to Mozambique.

The next day we sailed across to Ibo and wrote letters, and on the 19th the Union Company's steamship 'Natal' called, in accordance with my previous agreement with Captain Travers. By her Mr. Manning returned to Mozambique, with twenty-one time-expired carriers, the greater part of my remaining journey being by sea, and on the 20th I started afresh.

On the 20th-21st of November I visited the Kirimakoma R. (Cramacoma of Owen's Charts), formerly the principal port for the shipment of slaves for America, Brazils, and Cuba, and more recently a port of shipment for Madagascar.

Here M. Grattet (now a fugitive from justice, then manager of M. Régis' aîné branch firm at Ibo) has built on low land, surrounded by mud and mangrove-swamps, a house and offices that could have served for no other purpose but as a slave-trading station, and hence he endeavoured to resuscitate export to Madagascar. The circumstances of this affair have already been touched upon; suffice it to remark then, *en passant*, upon the circumstantial manner in

which the Arabs and Mujoges, and many of the Portuguese in Ibo, recount the entire detail of the arrangements made and of the contracts effected for the supply of slaves from near Mosalo to the north. There can be but little doubt that there was a carefully laid plan of action arranged by the would-be slave-traders connected with this transaction.

We slept further up the river, at a nicely situated country residence belonging to Senhor Gonzaques of Ibo on the night of the 20th, and returned to Ibo on the 21st. The largest slavers, it is said, were able to enter this river, which does not, however, extend far into the country.

November 21st. I lost no time at Ibo, for although we did not get back there from Kirimakoma until past 10 A.M., and I had to call on the Governor and prepare my baggage, &c., I made a fresh start at 4 P.M. in a boat with all my followers, and reached Kissanga at 8.30 P.M. There was a nasty sea breaking on the beach; nevertheless we got all the kit ashore in a little cockle-shell of a boat which I borrowed from Captain Travers, and had in tow, and soon sat comfortably down to a pretty fair dinner in an Arab house—having already arranged with Sheikh Abdullah to accompany me to Biribesi on the morrow.

As we passed Kionga my former guide, Zacharia Othmani, came out to meet me, evidently in a sulky humour because he was not again employed; but I had a lively recollection in my mind of the obstacles he threw in the way of our further advance last June from Kakavelo, to suit his own laziness, when Senhor d'Avila and Mr. Oates were with me; besides, his influence over the natives is not to be compared for an instant with that exercised by the Sheikh. He is growing stout and unwieldy, is evidently lazier than ever, and his manners contrast unfavourably with Abdullah's, so

that I was not altogether sorry when, in reply to my asking him whether he would accompany us to Biribesi, he grumbled out a grievance about not having been asked to come before, and thus gave me a good excuse for bidding him good-bye ("kua-heri"), and passing on.

The country is in a very peaceful state, notwithstanding sundry threatenings of a Maviti irruption from the westward. On the 22nd the intense heat of the mid-day sun compelled us to halt in a grove of cajú trees, here called "mabibu," where we rested upon some piles of timber that were being trimmed into cross-pieces for the roofing of a new house hard by. The proprietor regaled us with "madafu,"* fruit, and fresh milk, a most grateful repast; but I notice this halt the more particularly as the extended cultivation of the plantation, the cattle, the fruit, the well-to-do appearance of the labourers, and the generosity of the Mujoge owner, who fed all my carriers and followers as well as myself, are clear evidences of the well-being of the Sheikh's district, and of the people being otherwise and more profitably employed than in slave dealing.

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Namadai is a charming spot. It is the name of a settlement of villages perched upon the top of a high and fertile ridge to the south-east of Kissanga, whence the ocean can be just descried and, afar off, the faint outlines of the last peaks of the Sorisa range and the hills near Biribesi. Here we halted, and nowhere during my present journey have I anywhere seen such fine fruit-trees or such carefully cultivated lands.

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* *Dafu*, pl. *Madafu:* full-grown nut before the nutty part is formed. In this stage the shell is perfectly full of the milk or juice ("maji"); the nuts are often gathered for drinking.—BISHOP STEERE.

On the 23rd three hours' march brought us to the Dhubbai villages and lake. The road was interesting; from Namadai there was a steep descent into the lower country, where broad rice flats are passed and many prosperous villages. Half-way across this flat the Sheikh showed me the boundary line where the Portuguese and his own jurisdiction ceased, and beyond which the Chief of Biribesi is regarded as paramount. A long trudge through forest-land thence brought us to Dhubbai, where a Makua messenger was lying in wait for our arrival, and departed at a trot to inform the chief of our being on the road. The villages are situated in an extensive forest-clearing at the head of the lake, the waters of which are completely choked up with the vegetation of the *Pistia*.

From Dhubbai to Biribesi numerous villages are passed, and they increase in number, in size, and population until the chief's town is reached, on the outskirts of the forest surrounding the lake. The Makuas here file their teeth and tattoo their faces, wear skin aprons, carry flint guns, and in many respects differ from the Tugulu people. Their larger towns are laid rudely out in streets, and each hut is surrounded by a fenced-in garden, giving them a more uniform appearance than the straggling settlements usually met with. "Captain" excites the greatest curiosity, and as he has a habit of galloping up to strangers to inspect them, creates at first a certain amount of fear; the carriers have christened him "the calf," and I question whether so large a dog has ever been seen at Biribesi before. The Sheikh, who is very thoughtful and arranges matters capitally, declined to call upon the chief until we had pitched our camp and settled down; so we struck at once into the forest, and half an hour's walk under the grateful shade of tall

tamarinds, leafy fig-trees, and flat-crowned acacias brought us within sight of the lake, a lovely sheet of water about six miles long by one and a half miles in breadth, set within a magnificently wooded and undulating country, flanked by the hill ranges through which the path to the Nyassa winds over high passes to the healthy interior plateau land. We pitched our camp in a lovely spot under large trees, on high ground, and above a little harbour cut by fishermen in the rushes.

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November 25th. I have been very busy collecting Nyassa information, and have already circumnavigated the lake, and from its south-west extremity pushed along the Nyassa path for a short distance.

* * * * *

Upon the lake there are three islands, two of large size and well wooded nearly opposite our camp, and the third a mass of granitic rock, with a single tree and a few rushes growing upon it, where the other morning I came upon two hippopotami and five crocodiles. The crocodiles were extended flat and motionless upon the shelving stones; whilst one hippopotamus stood "regardant" upon the ridge and watched the other, who yawned cavernously and clashed his jaws together, half got out of the water and then dropped himself off his perch, dived, came up and blew, splashing about famously, until the whole scene was viewed through a mist of white foam. As my canoe slipped silently on, his companion took a regular header, and one by one the crocodiles slipped noiselessly and slimily into the lake. When I landed on the island I found it almost impossible to stay there more than a few moments, so powerful was the effluvium exhaled from the excrement of these reptiles, with which the rocks were literally covered.

At either extremity of the lake there are large shallow bays, sheltered by rushes and bordered by dense masses of the lettuce-shaped *Pistia*, water lilies, and other aquatic plants: these are the "habitat" of two distinct families of hippopotami, which seldom venture out upon the broad open water unless forced to do so by an attack. During my stay in the neighbourhood, although the weather has been bad, and to-day (26th November) the water is covered with patches of floating grass, masses of detached *Pistia* and rushes, in floating islets, driven before the rain squalls and a continued gale from the N.E., I have still managed to account for two, some wild-fowl and one *Ibis religiosa*, a fine specimen. Yesterday I had a great disappointment. I started in a canoe before daylight, and punted and paddled right up to the southern corner of the lake, found the herd of hippopotami that live there, and got right amongst them. My first shot was a misfire at the largest bull at about 15 yards, the second a misfire, and the third the same! All shooting was then over; the boatmen had no confidence, and would not go near the scattered herd, but backed out as fast as they could, and I, utterly disgusted with the *fiasco*, wet through to the skin—it poured torrents of rain—and in the worst of bad tempers, landed in one of the bays to take shelter under a tree. Had the animals been really "wicked," or had they ever been shot at previously, it would have fared badly with the dug-out canoe, a good mile from shore and in the middle of the crowd; but fortunately they had always lived in security on the lake, and did not know what to make of us. I was shooting with a 450· Henry, but with Eley's brass-turned cartridges, and I have not yet fired a package out of some thirty, taken from a case of 2000 I received lately, without one or more misfires. I have frequently had three miss fire

out of one package and in one case four. In the old days when there was such trouble taken to make the brown-paper-cased express cartridges, one never by any chance had a misfire, although rain and damp had to be carefully guarded against; now with this carelessly made rubbish, not only is the shooting less accurate, but one is exposed to the chance of helplessly facing a big beast's charge. If I had shot with such cartridges on Kakavelo last June I should not be in the flesh to-day.

* * * * *

November 27th–30th. My return from Biribesi I effected by another route, and halted for a day at the Kakavelo Lake. Its aspect was totally changed. All the far end towards the S.W., where we encamped and canoed last June, has dried up into a marsh, literally covered with myriads of wild-fowl, gigantic storks, ibises, and herons. On the northern extremity an active fishery had been established, and dozens of canoes were employed in thrashing the water with sticks to drive the fish into long seine nets. More than a thousand, the Sheikh told me, were taken daily; they are gutted and salted on the banks immediately, and then sold to the Dhubbai and outlying Biribesi people, who are short of food, at famine prices. On the 28th I bagged two hippopotami, and another in the early morning of the 29th, and their meat was cut up into strips and carried away by a party of the Biribesi Makuas, who followed us thus far and rejoiced in their good fortune, although they came to blows and even drew their knives on each other when quarrelling over the division of the spoil. Had it not been for a little active interference on my part with the butt-end of a rifle, one or more of them would certainly have been wounded or possibly killed; but I soon established order, my right as slayer of the game to do so

being fully acknowledged by everybody, headed by the Sheikh.

Two dead hippopotami were found by the Makuas at Biribesi after I left, floating in an island of "grass-tangle" (as Dr. Schweinfurth has the word), and were landed and eaten by them, and two others were found dead in the bush between Kakavelo and Dhubbai, after Mr. Oates and I shot the former lake in June last. They were hard hit and were trying to escape from one lake to the other, but died on the road, and proved a godsend to the starving villagers.

On the afternoon of the 29th we went on to Maridi, dined there and rested until midnight, when we made a night march through to Kissanga, to avoid the hot sand and sun. From Kissanga Ibo was reached early on the morning of 1st December 1876.

DEAD HIPPOPOTAMI, KAKAVELO LAKE.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES

IN

EAST AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

PART II.

PART II.

PREFACE.

"It is with some diffidence that I decide upon publishing notes from this journal of a voyage upon Lake Nyassa, and a journey on foot from the N. end of the Lake, across the water-parting of the Nyassa and Rufiji systems, by Konde, Usango, Mgongora's, and Usagara, to Zanzibar; for the ground traversed in my journeyings does not extend even to the borders of 'that rocky island in a sandy ocean which the Turks call Habash, and its princes Ethiopia.' Nevertheless, knowing that I have broken entirely new ground, I believe I have some experiences of interest to relate, and therefore I invoke those kindly powers to my assistance who 'enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing; who kindly show him where he is to begin it and where he is to end it, what he is to put into it, and what he is to leave out, how much of it he is to cast into a shade, and whereabouts he is to throw his light.' In doubting reliance upon the efficacy of this invocation, the following pages are submitted to the public, as representing a faithful record of African travel."

Such was the rough draft for a Preface to this last journal, written, I believe, while we were in Merere's stockade.

Poor fellow! he little thought how much the aid of these kindly powers would be needed by one who, after sharing with him the hardships of that perilous time, and after laying him in his lonely grave, has undertaken a task more difficult than that of African travel—the task of securing him his due credit by the publication of those notes and jottings, which he fully hoped to have himself combined into a continuous whole. I have thought it best to copy out his words, just as they stand—making few alterations, omitting but little, and giving short explanations, within brackets, when they seemed requisite. Perhaps I have at times preserved what may be deemed trivial or uninteresting details, but this, I think, is unavoidable, and will be forgiven for the sake of the vivid colouring that no after-eloquence, nothing but the very words written on the spot, can ensure. As I have purposely omitted certain half-developed schemes respecting the policy that Consul Elton considered advisable for England to adopt with reference to Nyassa, but which he might possibly have modified considerably in an official Report, I shall here give in his own words what, from many conversations on the subject, I believe to be a decision from which he would never have swerved—and it is a verdict given by one who, perhaps more than any other man, had opportunities of studying both sides of the question. "It is my deliberate belief," he says, "that, in order to diminish the heavy expenses attendant on the suppression of the slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa, and to arrive at any ultimate and permanent suppression, it is necessary that some definite policy should be adopted by the British Government with regard to the Nyassa and its neighbourhood." And

again: "I believe an immensity of good might be effected by a commissioner, whose aim should be to detach the chiefs from the Arab slave-trade influences, and attach them to a policy of legitimate commerce and progress."

H. B. COTTERILL.

10, *North Manor Place, Edinburgh.*

CHAPTER I.

First six months of 1877 occupied in visit to Zanzibar and in preparing for journey to Lake Nyassa—From Mozambique to Quillimaine —Start up the river for Nyassa—Meeting with Dr. Macklin of the "Blantyre" Mission — Miramboni and Mugurumbe —"Machilla" journey to Mazaro—The Zambezi—Senhor Ramão's opium fields— Voyage to Shupanga—Mrs. Livingstone's grave—Sport at Shupanga —The Landeens—Wild cattle on Chimara island—The river Shiré —Swimming cattle across at Ferrão's—Mount Morumbala, and the hot springs—Mount Pinda—The "Nyanja Pangono," or Morumbala marsh—Hippopotamus hunters—Eland, rhinoceros and waterbuck near Tinama—Bishop Mackenzie's grave at Maro—The Makalolo —Chipitula's village—Exciting encounter with elephants: three slain—Makalolo chiefs Mazoe and Maziko—Arrival at Ramakukan's, below the cataracts.

[AFTER returning to his post from the trip to Makua land, described in the last chapter, Captain Elton completed and despatched to England the MSS. and sketches which form Part I. of this volume. To these he added a series of valuable appendices on subjects connected with East Africa and the Slave-trade, laboriously worked out from the Parliamentary "Blue-books" of the past seven years and other official sources of information.

The progress of events on that coast has since, however, been so rapid that it would now be necessary, in order to bring this statistical portion of his work up to the present time, to supplement it largely with purely technical matter; but as the limits proposed for this volume would thus be exceeded, it has been decided to leave out the appendices altogether, and a concise summary of the matter contained

in them has been included in a general review of the African Slave-trade, which will already have been noticed by the reader.

On the completion of the manuscripts, Captain Elton commenced at once to prepare for his projected journey to the Nyassa country. He had previously received permission from H.M. Foreign Office to absent himself from his head-quarters at Mozambique for the purpose of exploring and reporting upon that centre of modern slaving operations, and his numerous friends looked forward with confidence to great practical results ensuing from his visit to this interesting district, well knowing from former experience the value of his reports, and trusting that his temperate life, happy disposition, and remarkable powers of endurance would carry him safely through the trials and perils of African travel.

Early in 1877 he visited Zanzibar for the purpose of consulting Dr. Kirk, H.M. Agent and Consul-General, and obtaining his advice on a variety of points connected with the work he was about to undertake.

In parting with his old assistant, unhappily for the last time, Dr. Kirk strongly impressed on him the necessity for an early start, so as to ensure a return to the coast before the full heat of the December sun rendered marching dangerous, which it especially is to travellers with weakened physique and frames debilitated by frequent fever and constant want of wholesome diet, as theirs would be towards the end of a long journey in tropical Africa. It will be seen, however, in the following chapters, that a start was not effected until the 1st of July, fully a month too late; whilst unforeseen circumstances afterwards combined to defer the most trying part of their journey until the end of the year.—ED.]

Mozambique, July 1st, 1877.

HEAVY south-west gales for the last five days. Finished despatches and mails.

July 2nd. Rained heavily at mid-day, and then cleared. Called on the Governor-General, lunched on the 'Lynx.' Arranged Pro-consulate with Geoffroy, and bid Legré good-bye. Dined and slept on board the 'Lynx.' All baggage off in afternoon.

July 3rd. Up anchor, and sailed at 7 A.M.

July 7th. Fine and hot. Overran Quillimaine, and are off the Muselo, or Indian River, mouth of Zambezi. Altered course, and crossed Quillimaine bar at 2.30. Tide running out. Anchored above R.M.S. 'Kaffir' at 6.30. Found our mails, and Rhodes and Hoste. [These two gentlemen—the former well known at the South African diamond fields and in the Transvaal, the latter the son of the Rector of Farnham, and late second officer, under Captain Garrett, on board the Union Company's mail steamer 'Kaffir'—together with Mr. Downie, accompanied Consul Elton on his last journey.] Garrett gave a dinner of forty on board the 'Kaffir' which went off very fairly.

July 8th. Ommaney and I breakfasted with Garrett. Wrote to Sir H. B. E. Frere, called on Governor, and Senhor Nunes.

July 9th. Writing despatches and letters. Governor called at 12.30, in state. Did not go ashore. All dined together on quarter-deck—a farewell dinner. Launches alongside in afternoon. Senhor Nunes appointed British Vice-Consul.

July 10th. Fine morning, but turned showery; and in afternoon, just after our start, it poured for nearly an hour, and Ommaney and I got a good drenching. After loading

MIRAMBONI, QUAQUA RIVER.

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up the boats, we got off at 1.30, the 'Lynxes' manning the yards and giving us three cheers. They have done everything they can for us, from Ommaney downwards; and I gave £5 to their Invalids' Charitable Fund, as the best way I could think of to repay the various small services rendered by sail-makers, carpenters, armourers, &c. Ommaney and I in the launch kept on till we reached Inhasuge. This is the first general halting station for boats on the Quaqua, and is on Crown land, held by a relation of Senhor Nunes.

Here we fell in with Dr. Macklin [head of the Scotch Established Church party, now settled at "Blantyre" among the Shiré hills, not far from Bishop Mackenzie's old station at Magomero] and heard the latest news from the Mission. Mpemba threatens it, and has sent down (*on dit*) thirty slaves to sell at Quillimaine for ammunition. Chipitula is at war with the Portuguese (Ferrão). Our boats are ready at Mazaro. Slept in Ramão's boat, and made start on turn of tide during the night.

July 11*th*. Heavy "cachimba"—morning fog of the most malarious character, cold and chilly. It is extremely imprudent to strip and bathe in the early morning during its duration; and to exposure to the early dew-fall and this fog are ascribed the most predisposing causes of fever. (We did not clear these fogs until on the Upper Shiré.)

Before the fog rose we halted at one of Ramão's stations, Miramboni. The fifteen or twenty houses forming the village are built on posts raised some 8 feet above the ground. The land is very rich, and would make a fine sugar plantation, and labour would cost but little. The tribal, or feudal, slave system prevails. After breakfast Ommaney returned to his ship, picking up Ainger on his way down from our second boat, which came in late. He was very sorry not to

go on to Mazaro, but had no excuse for delaying longer. Ramão has an excellent commissariat, and a certain turkey stuffed with olives and a ham are grand pieces of resistance.

All boats being up, we started in the afternoon, and, passing Inteira, a trading station, where a small affluent flows in from the north, at 9 P.M. reached another of Ramão's places—Mugurumbe.

July 12th. Bathed before the "cachimba" arose. There was plenty of work to be done after breakfast, when the boats arrived, as we disembarked all cargo from the large boats, and packed it into nine canoes and one cutter, to go up the Quaqua branch from the Mutu. [The Quaqua, or Kwakwa, and the Mutu are the two confluents that form the Quillimaine river. Here the name "Mutu" is applied to the stream below the confluence.] There is very little water this year in either branch, and both are blocked up with the *Pistia stratiotes*—the 'alfacinha' of the Portuguese. Noho and the Zanzibar boys took charge of the flotilla, and half an hour after its start we departed in "machillas" * with light kit overland for Mazaro. At sundown we reached our destination, Mbusha, a considerable village, whence we descried the distant Morumbala hills for the first time standing out clearly in the sunset.

The house at Mugurumbe is built of bamboo and "makuti" [cocoanut-leaf], on piles, and stands on ground owned by Ramão's old father. Ramão's influence here is great. Boatmen and carriers are forthcoming in any numbers, and at short notice, the system being on the "village service" plan. The men work cheerfully, and raced our

* The "machilla" is a light well-curtained litter, slung on a bamboo pole, and carried by men after the fashion of the Indian "palanquin." A canvas or net hammock is often of the greatest use to the African traveller for constructing a similar conveyance—as will be seen later.—ED.

"machillas" one against the other in rather an annoying manner. At Mbusha we had lodging in the "traveller's house," a large square hut, very clean and comfortable, and dined well and slept well. Our start (July 13th) was a very early one, in so heavy a "cachimba" that a waterproof coat was a necessity. Machilla travelling is very tiring after a long spell of it, and finds out sore places in one's back and neck, besides cramping the loins and legs. Still, the way in which the ground is got over is wonderful. Five and even six miles an hour are done, and four and a half miles per hour is a low estimate for a journey. From 6 A.M. till 11 we went steadily, crossing the Mutu, and halted at a kraal on the other side of the stream, here narrow, but deep, running between high banks, and choked with "pistia." I bathed in the "children's hut," and was much amused with the toys hanging up, made of ambatch-wood—horses and other quadrupeds adorned with jointless legs and full tails. Breakfast was discussed under the verandah of a hut; and directly after it we again started, halted half an hour at another considerable kraal, and at 5 reached the Zambezi. Found the 'Anna Mary Livingstone' steel launch, and the cutters 'Ethiop' and 'Sphinx,' with Mr. Fenwick from the Missions, and letters from Dr. Stewart and Mr. Cotterill.

The cultivation of this district is well looked after. The soil is rich, and the people quiet and contented. Volunteers for machillas were readily found at the kraals on the road, and the way in which we were raced up from Mazaro, some four miles, to Ramãe's house higher up the Zambezi, which we reached at 7.30 P.M., was rather alarming.

The Zambezi here, although several miles in breadth, does not immediately impress one greatly, the sense of its breadth being marred by a large island, cultivated by natives, inter-

cepting the view. Ramão's place consists of a wooden house of two rooms and two stories, with a verandah, cooking-sheds, &c., enclosed in a "kotla" [screen or fence] of reeds and grass. Outside are dotted the native huts, and across the road is a settlement of his followers. Before the house flows the Zambezi at some thirty yards distance, under a steep bank, where clusters of canoes and our boats are fitting out for the voyage up the river—thatching roofs for protection of the cargo, caulking, and carpentering. One large canoe, said to be the largest on the river, is called the 'Ma-Roberte,' reviving memories of Livingstone. I had a long talk with Senhor Ramão about slavery. He says that of course the decree of May 1875 has no effect beyond Quillimaine, and that there it does not affect matters much. He also joins the party who say that brigandage would follow any interference with the feudal slavery system, or the status of slavery in Zambezia. But what is there to guard against the constant replenishment of slaves? And will matters be further advanced in 1900 than they are now, in 1877, if this "laisser aller" policy is to be adopted? The wrench *must* come sooner or later.

July 15*th.* Writing all day in verandah. It appears Mr. Raebuck is dead. [He had some little time previously ascended the Shiré alone, with the purpose of reaching the Nyassa, but at Ramokukans, near the foot of the cataracts, was attacked by fever, and injured himself by an explosion of gunpowder. One night he disappeared from his hut, and was never again heard of, having probably fallen into the river.]

July 16*th.* Senhor Reposo called on me, and I accompanied him to his experimental opium fields. They are about five miles from Mazaro, and lie on the banks of the Quaqua, and a lake of some extent—flat, sloping, rich alluvial soil, irri-

gated by two Indian wells, worked with skin buckets and a rope down an inclined plane. The overseers are men from Malwah and Lucknow, and I talked with them in Hindustani. They seem well contented with their places and treatment. No one is allowed to strike a labourer. Men and women receive a ticket, and three yards of cloth for each seven days' work, with which they are contented, and for which they flock eagerly to work, never having been paid before. Each place consists of two hectares. One is near the lake, the other near the Quaqua; and Senhor Reposo expects 220 lbs. of opium from each hectare. Irrigation and cultivation are purely Indian. After the crop he goes to Lisbon about raising the capital of the Company. He is sanguine (and I think rightly so) of success. He has studied the subject for six years in India. Returned rather late for dinner in the machilla. Carriers will go to Quaqua for baggage early to-morrow morning.

July 17*th*. Fine day, fortunately, and we gave up the whole of it to storing our baggage conveniently. We take the 'A. M. Livingstone' launch and three canoes with baggage, and one canoe with twenty panjas of rice for followers. [A "panja" is about 32 lbs.] Early in the morning baggage began to arrive. It was 5 P.M. before we finished everything off. Thanked Ramão for his hospitality, and prevailed on him to let me pay for actual outlay on canoes, porterage, &c.

July 18*th*. Senhor Ramão's cousin died about 8.30 A.M., and he had to go over to his place. We started at noon on our travels—Downie, Rhodes, Hoste and myself in the launch, Dr. Macklin and Mr. Fenwick in cutters—with our flotilla of canoes, and reached Shupanga without incident, only grounding once on our voyage. The house at Shupanga is

in a very dirty and ruined condition, but had been swept out for our arrival; and we took possession, as we were obliged to wait here for the rice, and the Mission party wished for two days' delay at Ferrão's place on the mouth of the Shiré to buy cattle. Two or three half-bred Zulus (Landeens), poor imitations of the pure Zulu, received us on landing, and naturally our first visit was paid to Mrs. Livingstone's grave. It is decently kept up, and the ground cleared by the natives of their own free will. A brass tablet and inscription on the cross would be desirable. Strolled out with a villager, and shot a fat stein-bok: missed two others—difficult shots. The Mission dined with us in the big front room, and then we lay down with newspapers and pipes, and virtually retired for the night. Ramão rents, nominally, Shupanga.

July 19th. Up very early, and putting guns in order. Got off by 6.30 A.M., with my man of yesterday as guide, and we pushed on till 1 P.M., when we were almost opposite to Mazaro, on the right bank, 2½ hours inland from the Zambezi, in an easterly direction. Here we came upon a vast undulating plain bounded by thorns, and dotted here and there with dwarf palms. I shot two hartebeest out of a herd of six. Leaving them, I followed up a mixed herd of eland, waterbuck, zebras, and small antelopes, and at 200 yards knocked over an eland with my 480· bore express. He ran about 50 yards, and then came down. I ran hard to cut off the herd, which, led by the zebras, circled a little, and succeeded in dropping the best waterbuck ram with a fine 200 yards sight up. Not bad sport to have all taken place within an hour! After a short distance further we dropped upon a kraal, where I breakfasted, and sent the men for the heads and meat. Breakfast at 3.30 P.M. was keenly appreciated. Wrote to Rhodes that I would push on

to-morrow and try for elephants; asked him to send me some tea and food, saying I should be in early on Saturday morning. Dice-throwing at night for divination of success on the morrow.

July 20th. At daylight started off south through a good country—marsh, forest, and grass flat mixed, covered with buffalo-droppings and traces of antelope. About noon we came on elephant spoor, but it was two days old, and after a very hard walk we halted in a hunting kraal, when we fell in with two Landeens, who told us they had met buffaloes on the run towards the S.W., so we turned back. I shot a reit-bok on the way home, and we halted at a pool under some date-palms to cook and eat it. Reached the kraal at sundown; bathed in the river, and found the messenger I had sent to Shupanga back with tea, cold turkey, and cigars. So I made a feast. Rhodes had gone away in the 'Berthon' [collapsable] boat. Noho had deciphered my wants, so I am repaid for my trouble in teaching the boys to read. The Landeens are very civil to the *English*, I observe.

July 21st. Up in the dark, after a miserable night. The long grass has left me a terrible legacy of ticks, and there was a free fight all round the hut during the night. Took exactly five hours—twenty miles—to get home. Shot a stein-bok on the road, just before reaching Shupanga. After a good bathe and breakfast we got away up the river, and went on till sundown, camping on left bank, near a small village, where a miserable specimen of a Banyan came down to talk with us. Slept in the boat, very uncomfortably, owing to ticks and mosquitoes.

July 22nd. Off by 6.40 A.M. Cooked bacon and breakfasted in the boat, Downie officiating with his patent cooking gear very successfully. Off Chimara island we sighted

the two cattle left there after the raid of the Zulus, about a year ago, when they came from beyond Gorongosa, and killed all the inhabitants and 400 head of cattle, surprising them an hour before daylight. I had Ramão's leave to kill them, so R. landed and stalked the pair, putting up a leopard on the way in the long spear-grass. They charged half home, and he knocked them down right and left very cleverly. Then there was a great skinning and cutting-up ceremony, and division of the meat between the launch and canoe men. It was too late to reach Chimara, so we landed lower down on the island. Mosquitoes terribly active; but we soon had a fire going in the tent door, and dined comfortably. I slept under a curtain in the launch. The scene was very striking—our tent lit up on the high bank, and on the sand beneath dozens of fires surrounded by groups of men cooking; the far hills standing out in sombre shade and glittering light under the rays of a clear moon. There is a charm about this life and country after all, and I am glad to be wandering in Africa once again.

July 23*rd*. Lovely morning. Bathed out of boat; and at 7 A.M. we got under weigh and went on to Chimara. All the people in good temper after their fill of meat. Chimara is well situated . . . at its foot lie broad alluvial plains, capable of conversion into rich cultivated lands. Ramão here only trades in wax, ivory (slaves?), &c., and uses the place as a station. We breakfasted in the verandah of the house, whence the view was very extensive. The hill near Sena was visible, and a conical hill whence Gorongosa can be descried. The Zambezi and its islands lie at your feet, and the bird's-eye effect gives a good idea of its expanse. Starting again we got into the Shiré, and arrived at Ferrão's place (now sold to one Barata), where we found Dr. Macklin

and Mr. Fenwick still engaged in buying oxen and getting them across the river, whence they go up by land to Matiti. One of their men has been gored severely, the cattle being very wild. There is a fine herd of cattle here, and a considerable slave population. They were Ferrão's slaves who murdered Da Costa and his wife last year, opposite to Sena.

July 24th. "Cachimba,"—cold, chilly morning. Decided on halting until Dr. M. had got his cattle off. It was pretty tough work, and the bulls, even when cross-roped, made a fight of it. First, they had to be got across the open to the bank; then down the bank, and finally into the river, all processes of difficulty. Once in the water, one hand had to hold them up alongside while the cutter towed them across to the right bank, a stiff pull. We dined in a sort of look-out place, and I slept up there. I read over Kirk's last letter, and am perplexed as to the line to take from N. of the lake; but I shall leave everything to be decided by circumstances. Exact plans in Africa are often upset. However, Dar-es-Salam is my fancy.

July 25th. Fine, but fog in morning. Breakfasted in the launch on the way. Encamped under S.W. end of Morumbala, near low hills, by a settlement under feudality to Ferrão's estate. Cold night and no mosquitoes. A blind girl from the village called on us when at dinner, begging.

July 26th. Heavy unpleasant fog, followed by a hotter day than any we have experienced as yet. The multitude of birds about is wonderful—swallows, martins, ducks, ibises, geese, pelicans, cranes, herons, storks, &c. I shot an immense pelican. Breakfast in boat. Halted opposite palm-trees on left bank, under Morumbala, which we here see in all its grandeur. The highest points look inviting, and

I regret that I cannot spare a week or ten days to explore its vicinity and hunt the rhinoceroses said to inhabit the forest at its base. We visited the hot springs, about three-quarters of an hour's walk, at the N. extremity of Morumbala. The water bubbles up between boulders, smokes, and is too hot to touch at the source; lower down are two pools, in both of which we bathed. The first was decidedly too hot to be pleasant; but the second was delicious—tepid, with a sandy bottom. The best course is to bathe in No. I. and wallow in the soft mud; it all comes off directly you enter No. II., where you can have a short swim. The water tastes strongly of sulphur. Pinda mountain shows up finely, and we had a lovely sunset lighting up the whole river with broad crimson shadows, and enveloping Morumbala in a purple veil of evening mist.

July 27th. Very heavy "cachimba." We kept on till 11, breakfasting in boat. Downie's cooking apparatus is a great success, and porridge, rashers of bacon, cold ibis, &c., are not bad fare, washed down with pontac and water. [Pontac is a dark Cape wine.] We halted on a sand flat, where I had a delicious bathe, and then rowed on to the "big tree," a baobab on a point just before the serious marsh is fairly entered, in order to get half-a-day's shooting. But I did no more than have a long and very interesting walk to the foot almost of Pinda, under large forest trees, across burnt openings and occasional grass flats. The villagers were exceedingly civil. The women pounding "mapira," a hunter returning unsuccessfully with his dog led by a wooden stick, and the old man of the head village, were quite friendly. Sat up in my easy chair—an enormous luxury—by myself till 11 P.M., in front of a huge fire, enjoying a quiet think and a solitary smoke.

MOUNT PINDA, RIVER SHIRÉ.

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July 28th. Had a long day of it, halting upon a mud bank, just to give the men time enough to eat, in the middle of the day, and keeping on till 8 P.M., when we came up with the lighter Mission boats, and found them moored alongside of a narrow strip of marsh and reeds. Here we dined and slept, rather uncomfortably, in the boats; mosquitoes in legions. The whole of the Nyanja Pangono [small lake], or Nyanja ya Matope [lake of mud], the old lake-beds referred to by Livingstone, are now flooded over, and have been so for two years; and the names preserved in his time traditionally have again a present signification, and this at the driest season, and in a particularly dry year. We have passed to-day great flights of wild geese, flocks of ducks, and hundreds of plotus, waders, &c., and congregations of pelicans. Large fish-hawks hover overhead, or watch from the summit of some small tree for their prey. Only one canoe have we met all the day, and from it we bought four fish for a scrap of cotton cloth. Far and wide the waters stretch over the whole flat from the margin of the hills bounding the granitic ranges N. of Morumbala away to the Manganja range on the W., forming an immense expanse, here and there dotted over with lines of green rushes and low trees. Papyrus was here and there seen, and a solitary antelope wading from an island to the shore.

July 29th. Cocoa in boats, and off; no landing practicable. At 10 we halted, and the men waded ashore to cook. We rigged out a thwart and bathed, sitting upon one end over the water while two men sat on the other. Our men being tired, we camped early on a patch of burnt reeds, 50 by 20 yards, about. To-morrow, I hope, we get out of the marsh. It is monotonous, and one looks enviously at the distant fringe of forest trees. An old hippo. is grunting in some

reeds opposite to us, as I write; a few ducks flying past, and a heavy lurid effect is produced in the N.W. by the hanging smoke of a large grass fire, whilst to the S.E. rises misty Morumbala. We met to-day two fishing canoes engaged in spearing the barbel in the mud and grass at the foot of the reeds bordering the main stream. The lake has gradually subsided into extensive inundations, as we have advanced since yesterday. I forgot to record yesterday a company of distant pelicans. They looked like a line of breakers in the bright sunlight. It was a day without a cloud—Morumbala purpling in the distance against a roseate-tinged sky, of the deepest azure overhead. The Nyanja waters were almost of a pure amethyst colour.

July 30th. Halted early at a village of hippopotamus hunters on right bank. This village is mentioned by Livingstone, and is known now by the name of Nyika. The spears were of the same fashion as those carried by the men of the same tribe, with whom I hunted on the Mecusa in 1871; a small soft iron harpoon, and long shaft wound round with "milola" cord. I tried hard to buy a spear, but the oldest hunter, a man of some seventy years, wizened and bent with age, whose hunting days are over, would not allow his people to listen to my offers. "Was it not unlucky to sell spears? If a spear was sold then a hippo. would break away with the head in him; and every one knew he would lie in wait for boats, and kill men."

The land was well cultivated. I noticed the *Cannabis indica* (the "bhang" of India), one orange-tree, and a few pine-apples. The reeds and rushes are still very thick and deep, and we are only just clear of the Nyanja Pangono. Fenwick told me the whole history of Mr. Raebuck's disappearance. Both Dr. Stewart and Ramakukan appear to

have acted most kindly in the matter. After the explosion he must, from his letter, have been completely off his head.

July 31*st.* Halted at a village called Intanta, and at 11 breakfasted at Tinama, and bought grain. The Manganja range is from here very conspicuous, and the distant mountains N.E., bounding the Shiré valley, stand up to the height of, I should think, 9000 or 10,000 feet.

An hour before sundown we landed to camp. Just before, however, on the opposite side I had noticed a great deal of spoor at a drinking-place, so I crossed and soon fell in with waterbucks. Wounded a fine ram, and lost him through the stupidity of two boys, miscalled hunters, who had joined us, it appears, at Ferrão's. [With reference to some charges made against his "Zanzibar boys," brought from the coast, he says] There are only two who are suspicious characters, and those two are bound to me because the Arabs threaten to cut their throats for informing against the Governor of Kilwa in slave matters. [This Governor was thrown into chains by the Seyyid for complicity in the slave-trade. I may remark that most of these coast boys proved, as they usually do prove, most untrustworthy, persistent thieves and liars. Shupanga or Nyassa natives, on the contrary, if properly treated, are the most devoted and faithful of servants.]

August 1*st.* Slept badly; numbers of rats in the boat. We had not been under weigh half an hour before the launch signalled game, and I landed. Following up some waterbuck I came on elands, a large troop, and was very unlucky; wounded three and got none. Fenwick came up to see what was I firing at, and we walked back together, putting up a rhinoceros on the way in high grass. The other boats had gone on, and we had overshot ours, so I suggested walking on, and sent back Boca to fetch my big rifle. During his

absence poor Fenwick was taken very ill with violent vomiting and giddiness, and we had an hour and a half's work to get him to the river. I sent up the bank for the boat, and Dr. Macklin returned. Fenwick soon got better. It was sun combined with biliousness that knocked him over, I fancy. The big launch now appeared on the scene, having put back: so we halted, and I strolled out for half an hour in the evening and hit a rhinoceros very hard at 6 yards with the little "Henry." The big one I found smashed this morning, to my sorrow and wrath.

August 2nd. Halted to rest the men and shoot. Rhodes and I were off by 6.15 A.M., guided by three volunteers—"Matakenya's" people. We passed three deserted villages, old outposts of Matakenya, with whom Chipitula disputes the right to the land. Portuguese jurisdiction has long ceased, if it ever existed, above the Morumbala marsh. I should say Tinama was independent, and Intanta the last place wherein the natives have any dealings with the Portuguese; but even there, or beyond the Nyanja Pangono, there is no Portuguese jurisdiction, or pretence of it, and it will be a great pity if there ever is any. The people, who have fled from their villages, are living in bye-nooks and corners, and up trees, and lead a very precarious existence. I shot a waterbuck ram—very fine head—and R. a doe and a bushbuck ram. We managed to get all the meat into camp by bushing it and sending for a canoe. I ought to have got a Tssébe, but Boca was curious, stood up, and frightened him off. We breakfasted on bushbuck liver, fried bacon and coffee, and came back to camp separately. Hoste came in late with a waterbuck, shot near the camp at the swamp. It is a fine game country; one could hardly wish for a better. There have been loads of elephants, but they have moved

up to better grass at Umaro,* near the island where Bishop Mackenzie was buried. [The grave is on the left bank of the river opposite, not on the island.] It is exasperating one's gun being smashed just at present.

August 3rd. My birthday—thirty-seventh. Every one a little lazy, and it was 7.20 before we started. A story we had heard about Makalolo being by our camp, sent down to occupy the disputed border, turned out to be another lie of our amiable pilot's manufacture. He is a liar, a coward, and a *carottier* (if not worse), but withal the best pilot on the river, they say. He hails from Shupanga, and is known as Alpezo, or "old man." Breakfasted on an island inhabited by Makalolo, and under cultivation. All the way up, both banks are inhabited by Chipitula's men, who are building, cultivating, and have their women with them; in fact he has undoubted and peaceable occupation of the country above Tinama, and entirely commands the river. At dusk we reached an island, where we camped. The Makalolo were very civil, and said that had we been interfered with by any of Matakenya's people they would have sent down an expedition to rescue us! There were two hippos. off the north point of the island, and I hit one with the little "Henry," and I believe, killed him, for although his friend showed again several times this one did not put in an appearance. River is shallower and current strong.

August 4th. Reached Maro, and visited Bishop Mackenzie's grave. It was in good repair, although not long ago it

* The word *Maro*, or *Malo*, means "a place." It is often used of the confluence of two rivers. Here it signifies the confluence of the Ruo and Shiré. *Umaro* would mean the "region of Malo."—ED.

[*i.e.* the cross] was knocked down by a hippo., and Chipitula had it securely propped up with trees, slave-sticks in their form. [Branches, with a natural fork, are used for the "gori" or yoke, in which refractory slaves are pinned, after the fashion of the Roman *fur-*

BISHOP MACKENZIE'S GRAVE.

cifer. These props were the work of the Mission party that ascended the river in 1876, when we found the iron cross much bent, evidently by a hippopotamus, and straightened it.] The ground round it is cleared, and a path leads from the bank. These are signs of friendship and attention that

prove the English are esteemed. The Ruo we passed 100 yards farther up, and then sighted Chipulo, Chipitula's village. It is built on a narrow tongue of land, stockaded off, and protected by a stream and marsh from a land attack. C.'s large hut has some pretensions, but the others are poor. He was away at Mbéwe, up the river, and only "small people" were in the town. I told them to send to their chief to say I wished to see him. Cotton grows well here, and is collected by the natives. After breakfast we moved up the Shiré, against a strong current, and halted at a village below an island short of the entrance to the Elephant Marsh (the "Nyanja Mukulu"). Chipironé we saw well yesterday morning, and now the Milanje range bounds our vision to the N.W. I strolled out from the village with a guide, and walked by the grass plains fringing the forest, and stretching down to the reeds by the river. I came on one lovely shaven grass-plot near large fig-trees, where there were a herd of some twenty-five waterbucks, a covey of thirty or forty guinea-fowl, and a large drove of wart-hog, peacefully grazing. I bagged one fine ram and lost two, hard hit, in the long reeds. I ventured in knee-deep in search of one which was bleeding heavily, but left him for my guide, who said he would find him in the morning easily. They say the elephants on the right bank have gone into the marsh, and they do not like to take us to those on the left without Chipitula's express permission.

August 5th. Fine, pleasant morning. Off by 6.45. Mr. Fenwick has succeeded in making us some capital bread, raised with "pombé" [native beer]—a great treat. Breakfasted at 9 on the right bank, at beginning of marsh. Mosquitoes plentiful, but breakfast good. At 12.40 there was an alarm of elephants, but they turned out to be ant-

hills; and then two elephants were descried from the top of the awning of the launch. Rhodes and Hoste saw their ears flap and trunks move. I was not so lucky; but, anyhow, they were perfectly inaccessible from the river. Monotonous work, pushing on through reeds and grass all day. The hills look delightful in the distance by comparison with the mud, sedge, and ooze of the immediate foreground. We in the cutters outstripped the launch, and halted for the night on a patch of reeds, raised a foot or so above the river level, one of the few spots where one could find foothold during the entire day.

We burnt off all the reeds we could, and camped on marshy, dirty, ground near a conical sand-hill, whence we could look over the edge of the swamp to the far hills and distant belt of palm-trees—rather a dismal slough of despond. Hundreds of ducks flew across us, roused out by the fire, and one solitary hippo. fled past our resting-place down stream, showing a shy head, and bellowing to a companion far away in the reeds. The launch came up soon after dark, with dinner ready cooked on board, and we managed pretty comfortably with "fumbas," stretched over a layer of grass as a table-cloth. [The "fumba" is a sleeping-bag, made of palm-leaf, into which the river natives creep at night to protect themselves from the malarious mists and mosquitoes.] Rhodes, Hoste, the "old man," and Maso, went on a fruitless chase in the afternoon after six or eight elephants; got breast-high in swamp and mud, struggling through the reeds. It was a hopeless task. If they are only quit with the ducking and mud it does not signify—but Hoste is sure of fever.

August 6th. Heavy mist. Mosquitoes very bad during night, so I was glad to make an early start. It was agreed

that, failing to meet with elephants, the 'Sphinx' and 'Ethiop' should push on through the marsh; so I took my bedding, and we arranged so as to be independent of the launch, should we overrun her. "Dieu dispose," however.

GAME IN SIGHT, SHIRÉ RIVER.

At about 8, just as I had done writing my diary and was going to set to work upon despatches, Dr. Macklin's boat, the leading one, pulled up short, and signs were made to us to join company in silence. Ambrose, a very sharp lad, had

descried elephants. I could not see them at first, so landed with him, and crept up towards a patch of reeds near a small channel. There I saw three pair of ears flapping away in the long grass, and a fourth spread stern sail fashion, the owner of which was keeping sentry. The latter saw me, but as he was wide of the three sleeping, he did not alarm them, and the paddy birds continued to flit about their heads. The launch soon came up, and I led off the party quietly. The elephants did not move until I was within 8 or 9 yards of them, and Rhodes and I gave the first temple shots, and over he came, not wanting more. No. 2 succumbed to a united volley, but No. 3 gave us some trouble. He was hit, and charged Rhodes, very nearly catching him, and came down on Hoste and me, who turned him, and brought him on his knees in the mud. Then Rhodes finished him. All this passed in seven or eight minutes, in slush and water up to the ankles, and amidst high grass and rushes above our heads. All three fell within one hundred yards from the place where they were lying. No. 4, the big one, got away, and a small one was hit. Mr. Fenwick went in with us well. Meat *ad lib.* afterwards. The canoes are piled up now! . . . Bathed in stream, shallow enough for a swim without fear of crocodiles, and then we pushed on to a camp on an open bank. I went for a walk towards a distant village and saw waterbuck-spoor, and some "duikers" only. A very pleasant little bit of excitement, and an enjoyable day, although the elephants had but one tusk each, and those small ones. They might have been heavier! We sent two canoes that we met to finish off the meat.

August 7th. Very heavy fog and cold morning. Dr. Macklin, who was leading, did not pull up till noon, and it was

1 P.M. when we breakfasted on bread, bacon, tea, rice, and sugar—very heartily. The launch caught us up here, sailing well with a tent up as an improvised square sail. [This launch, the facsimile of my boat, the 'Herga,' now on Nyassa, was intended for the lake, but never got beyond the cataracts. She is dismasted, and plies as a goods-transport on the lower river, where sails are of little use.] At 4.40 halted a little short of Mbéwe (Mankokwe), Chipitula's village. Several of the reaches are broad fine stretches of water, and numerous islands were passed to-day. The mountain ranges on the left bank are nearer to us, and more defined. A lower range fringes the swamp, and a semicircular range of greater height standing out sharply against the sky forms the framework of the view to the eastward.

Bathed between the boats, sitting on a paddle. Canoes with tents did not come up, so I slept under a tree, and a hippo. in the reeds hard by grunted us to sleep.

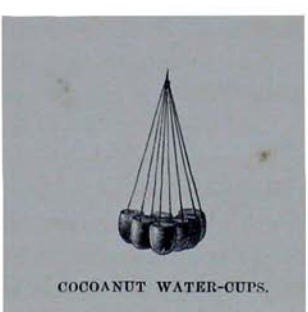
August 8th. Chilly morning; but I slept comfortably under the tree on a waterproof beneath the mosquito net. It is as good as a bell-tent. An hour took us past many islands, and round the promontory upon which Chipitula's kraal Mbéwe is stockaded. The position is well chosen. The current runs strongly round the points, and an enemy would have to confront the fire of one face at least whilst picking his way over sandbanks and past snags. The town consists of scattered huts, and kraals well shaded by trees. Fig, tamarind, acacias, date-palms, wild and cultivated cotton, are growing, and one cocoanut-tree is getting on well. The large huts are square and well built, and a new council-house, in course of construction, is pretentious. The Makalolo have picked up some "wrinkles" from the Missions. Blue beads and thin brass-wire necklaces are

fashionable. The Manganja "pelele" [lip-ring] and hideous tattooing are going out. Two sons of Chipitula are at the Mission—good hostages for his friendship and behaviour. The women are very coarse, not of a high type of negro beauty. Corn-bins on stands. Dogs with curly tails. Breakfasted under big tree, and started at 11. Fair wind, and the big boat went away from us. We reached Mazoe's about 5 P.M., and found him a fine specimen of the Makololo, of the Zulu type, very respectful and well-behaved. I had a long talk with him in his "kotla," through Bilali (the Governor of Kilwa's man) who is a capital Manganja and Yao interpreter. I made him my set speech, and conveyed to him my opinion that Chipitula was afraid to see me, and had acted like a hare.

August 9th. Heavy mist. Took leave of Mazoe, and gave him a straw hat. Fenwick remains behind to give over the cattle to Mazoe that Dr. Macklin bought for him at Barata's, and I sailed in the Doctor's boat. We gained on the launch by pushing through a narrow channel, and had time to halt for an hour at Maziko's, visit his village, and interview him. He was interested in hearing about Kirk—asked if he had any children. [Maziko was one of Dr. Livingstone's Makalolo followers.] There was a deal of weaving going on in the town, and some fine long-stapled cotton in store. Several buffalo and koodoo heads lying about. The chief is a fine man, with a good and very friendly expression. He gave us beer, grain, &c. At 11 we halted opposite Molima's, killed a sheep, and breakfasted under some bananas. The country here is delightfully wooded; the banks abrupt, the hills picturesque; whilst the distant hills complete scenery not to be equalled for variety of tree, foliage, and woodland aspects, even in England. The soil is very fertile,

the fields being cultivated to the water's edge; and I do not think that in Africa I have seen any place to compete with the upper valley of the Shiré in fertility and beauty.

The stream runs rapidly now, in miniature rapids at one point; but we made a good day's journey, and reached Ramakukan's kraal, where we met with a hearty welcome from the chief, and Mr. Cotterill, who had been waiting for us for the last nine days. Received letters from Dr. Stewart and his cousin: and sent my big "express" off by a messenger to Blantyre.



COCOANUT WATER-CUPS.

CHAPTER II.

At Ramakukan's—To Matiti, at the foot of the cataracts—The voyage of the 'Herga'—Death of a crocodile—Start overland for the upper river—Difficulties with carriers—Mukuru Madsi—Zebra, waterbuck, and koodoo—A hippopotamus on the path—Lesungwe river—The cataracts—A wounded hippopotamus—Arrival at Pimbi—Night encounter with elephants—Lake Panalombe—Visit to Mponda—His argument about slaves and ivory—Lake Nyassa—Round Cape Maclear to Livingstonia—Description of the station—Its site, and the "tsetse"—Fish and otters of the Nyassa—Excursion to the Sangazi, and Marenga's deserted village—Chase after an elephant—Malabwe—Another elephant hunt—Sport at Malabwe—A great bag: hippopotamus, koodoo, pallah, &c.—The lion's cave—Return to the station—Visit to Makanjila—An audacious crocodile—Geology of Cape Maclear.

August 10*th*. WE are comfortably established at Ramakukan's. He has built a large house especially for the English in the centre of his "kotla" and harem. He has only one wife, but apparently she has plenty of assistants and tiring-maids. Some of them are very comely, with exceedingly nice and amiable faces. One or two would show well anywhere. They affect bead necklaces, dog-collars, and tight bracelets, or rather armlets and anklets, of prettily contrasted patterns, and simply wear a scanty petticoat of blue calico.

In the morning I walked round the kraal, which is stockaded, large, and thickly populated, through the three acres of cotton outside it, and round by the rising ground above the town, beyond which rise the hill ranges stretching away to Lake Shirwa and Blantyre, the Mission of the Established Scotch Church. Cotton would do excellently

well here, and I should like to see some enterprising man go in with the chief for cotton-growing upon an extensive scale. It would pay well. I had an interview with Rama-kukan. Chipitula, he said, avoided every one, and had avoided me on purpose. I am not quite sure whether C. is a danger, or only a healthy member of the opposition in the councils of the Makalolo chiefs. Anyhow he is a useful buffer to their frontier for the present, and even should he entertain too ambitious ideas, I doubt his power of carrying them into execution.

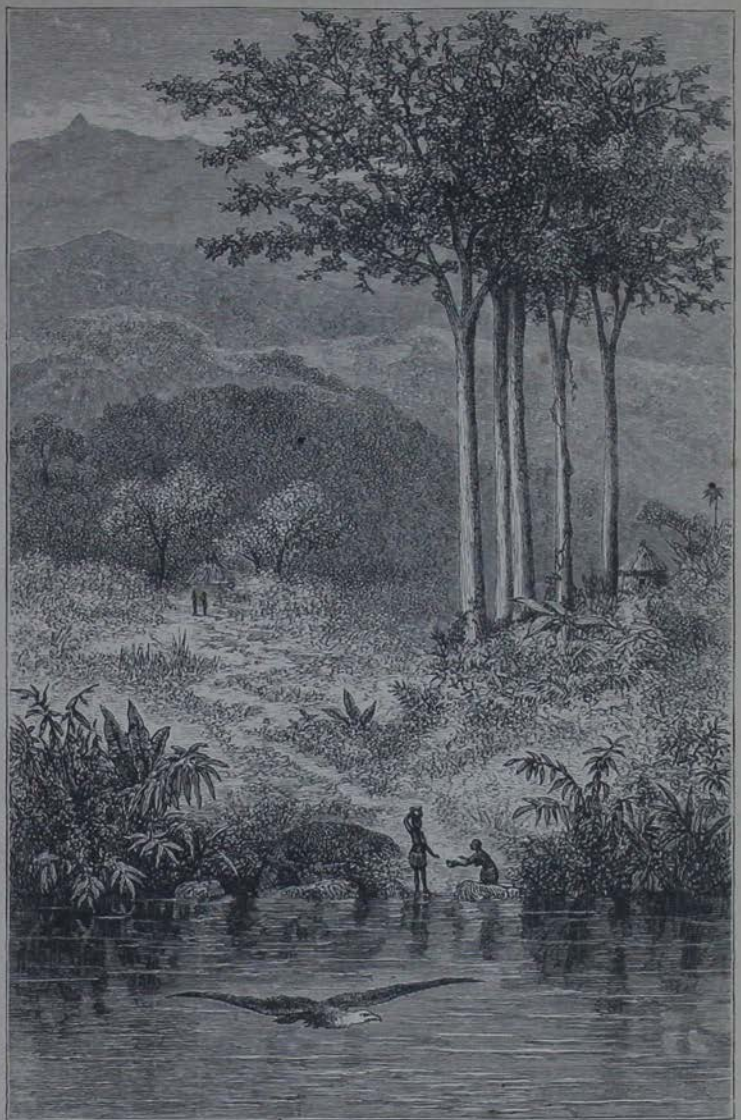
August 11th. Up early. Got all baggage into boats, and left horns, three elephant tails and three tusks, with Macklin, to be sent to Nunes for transmission to Mozambique. Cotterill and I voyaged together—four hours—to Matiti, and had a consultation on plans, deciding upon the Dar-es-Salam route from N. of Nyassa. The great difficulty will be carriers; but that we must overcome somehow. I am sure C. will be a valuable addition to our party in every way. He nearly lost his boat the other day on the lake in a storm, and did lose his dingy and some goods and guns. [During the preceding June and July I had ascended the W. shore of the Nyassa as far as Mankambira's, about lat. 11° 40′. Here, one stormy night, the 'Herga' dragged her anchor and was driven ashore. I lost a great deal—cloth, beads, sextant, medicine chest, all my journals, and personal gear—but managed to save my guns, and one bottle of quinine, which I threw ashore as we neared the breakers in the darkness. The 'Herga' was very little injured, though a violent surf broke over her for twelve hours. On account of this misfortune and the serious illness of my boatman I was forced to abandon the idea of exploring further north, and turned back. After many wearisome delays, occasioned

by a persistent S. wind, I reached the station, where the poor fellow died.]

After breakfast we began to arrange loads, and Cotterill and I walked down later in the afternoon to the lower fall. C. shot at a crocodile on a large rock at the foot of the rapids, and killed him. So we sent over a man in "Berthon's" boat to fetch a canoe, and with great difficulty the body was shipped and brought down the river. It measured exactly 12 feet in length. It changed colour notably after death, from yellowish to deep grey. Looking through stores, we decided upon leaving some at Ramakukan's as a "cache." We are in a house built by Mr. Young.

August 12th. My speech to the Makalolo is to this effect: "That I have been sent by the Queen of England to see the Nyassa, and have a message for the Makalolo chiefs, thanking them for their friendliness to the English. They would understand that the interest in their welfare and their position depended on the memories of their connection with Dr. Livingstone. They must be careful to avoid internal quarrels and disputes and unnecessary war. War when their people were attacked might be unavoidable, but war without a cause was a disgraceful action. They must discourage slavery, and stop slave-traders from entering their country, and carefully maintain their friendship with the English Missions, if they desired their people to prosper." I then tell them of the Sultan's action, of the Portuguese law, and show them that in every way they are justified in opposing the raids of slave-traders.

It was noon before the loads were settled, and seventy-six men told off. I remained behind to do rear-guard, and had a thankless office. The start was slow, and eventually by 3.30 there were five loads helplessly left behind without



VIEW FROM MATITI, BELOW THE MURCHISON CATARACTS. *To face page 268.*

carriers. I accordingly set off with a head-man to hunt up the delinquents, and after half an hour's running and walking found them out. They had evidently made up their minds not to come at all, and counted upon keeping their cloth, and on our enlisting more men and going on; so I felt justified in hurrying up the two hindmost with a cane. It was 4.45 before I got away, and then one man bolted for good. It was long past dark when I sighted the camp fires, and nearly 9 when I had bathed and sat down to dinner. The encampment was a very picturesque sight, with its numerous fires lighting up the tall trees and fringe of rushes on the river bank.

August 13th. After dinner last night two of Ramakukan's head-men arrived, and brought a letter from Mr. Stewart, who thinks he will not have time to join us. The rifle he thinks he can patch up, and send to Matopé's to meet me. These men insisted on having back all the cloth we had paid the carriers as wages, to be deposited with Ramakukan as security for their carrying our goods safely, and not deserting us on the road. So the first thing in the morning I made them all fell in, and nearly all had to give up their two fathoms. However, it did not appear that they had any confidence in their chief's integrity of purpose, for four bolted as the loads were being prepared. One Rhodes and I caught and punished. The end of it was we were left with three loads on the ground, and had to decide between having discontented carriers, or not complying with the chief's counsel. In the latter case he could wash his hands of any responsibility if things went astray or were lost on the road; in the former we had practical proof that the men thought they were being "done" and would bolt. I decided to let the messengers take charge of the three loads, go back, tell R.

how matters were, get bearers, then return and catch us up *with the cloth*, so that the men might see they would have fair play and wages in full. This delayed us a good deal, and we breakfasted at Mukuru Madsi, a delicious little river, brawling over granite ledges and delighting in deep pools, where we had a refreshing bathe. On from this we did six miles to camp. I turned off in the afternoon for a shot, and knocked over a fine water-buck, an old solitary ram, but lost him through my carelessness; for when I got up to him he struggled upon his legs, I missed him, and he got into the long tiger-grass. A long tiring day, with bad luck in sport and petty bother and annoyance about carriers; whilst I am sorry to say that Hoste has got a slight attack of fever, and Cotterill is also far from being in strong good health.

August 14*th*. Overcast day, and close. The "smokes" too were oppressive, some one having lighted the grass and reeds near Mukuru Madsi. I started off at 6.30 with a volunteer Manganja hunter, and worked round to our breakfast camp of yesterday, where I bathed and was peeped at by a crocodile, and whence we returned in time to find that the carriers had nearly all started. The men had returned from Ramakukan's with the three loads, but had conveniently forgotten the cloth. Rhodes very properly sent them back for it, and they paid all the men afresh—the only way of getting them on. We skirted Patamanga, a high hill with abrupt cliffs. Scenery very fine. Rapids grand. A large fish-eagle's nest in a tamarisk-tree * formed a good foreground to the distant hills. I saw zebra, koodoo, and waterbuck during the day, and two tsessebe, but they were

* Consul Elton was accustomed to call a "tamarisk" the "ngude," a tall tree with a slender whitish-green trunk, and ash-like habit of foliage, a picture of which is given opposite p. 268.—ED.

very wild, and I shot none. The Manganja killed a large iguana, which they esteem as excellent food. Camp was under high trees on a grass flat, about seven miles on. Downie shot a waterbuck standing on the opposite bank, and the river was not too rapid to prevent Rhodes crossing it in the 'Berthon' boat. Hoste not very fit.

August 15th. Quite a cold morning. I walked on to-day with Cotterill, and had a long talk with him about Nyassa, and things African in general, elephants, &c. [*i.e.* the possibility of taming and utilising them for transport], but our conversation, however edifying, lost me a fine koodoo ram, for as he ran across the path I was digesting the information I had received, and instead of an easy shot at 40 yards had a long one at 200, and missed him. Two hippos. in the river were noisy and demonstrative, apparently because one of the family was on shore, for Hoste, coming up a few minutes behind us, found him standing almost in the middle of the path. Of course he had no gun with him at the time, and by the time a gun came up the "kiboko" was in the river. The breakfast halt was under a large tamarind-tree, opposite an Ajawa village, where a small river falls in. Good sport after antelope. I wounded two, but lost both, whilst waiting for breakfast. From this to Lesungwe river was less than an hour's walk, but Cotterill and I were delayed for two hours or longer by an attempt at a strike amongst the carriers, and a complaint from the Zanzibar boys. I have now laid it down that no native is to be touched, but, if offending, is to be brought before me for punishment. This was, as I knew it would be, readily adopted by both R. and D.; and it is the best rule, for even on the lowest ground, that of expediency, it will never do for us to get a bad name amongst the natives, otherwise good-

bye to getting carriers from the north end of Nyassa! From Lesungwe I had willing volunteers to shoot amongst the hills—here very steep and stony—and in three hours bagged a "klipspringer" [a small agile antelope that lives among the rocks, called "chinkoma" by the natives], a waterbuck, and a wild boar. The latter rather alarmed "Bwana" Ali's nerves. [Ali was one of the Zanzibar boys. The natives delight in addressing one another as Bwana or "master." On the river it is "Senhor," and on Nyassa the English form of the word "Sir" has taken root.] We got in all the meat, as well as that of a waterbuck and small antelope ["nswala" or pallah] that Rhodes killed. The Lesungwe seems to run from the north-west, and upon it elephants are common earlier in the year. The camp fires and the cooking of meat were on a great scale. H. is slightly ailing again, and did not show at dinner.

August 16*th*. Crossed the Lesungwe, and went one hour to the finest falls we have yet passed. These also are called "Matiti" = "rocks." On the right bank there is a grass-flat with fine trees: on the left are high hills, and the river curving westward, tears down in a succession of rapids and cascades, till divided by a green island. Buffalo spoor plentiful, and recent traces of elephant. Breakfasted eight miles from Lesungwe, at a narrow fall, where we had delicious bathing among the rocks. Halted opposite to Mazaonga, a large island, well-wooded with fine palmyra-trees. The headman sent a present of fowls and beer. Several hippos. were grunting about in a swamp. We found the traces of an old stockade on the south side of the swamp. Cold night. A fire was quite pleasant after dinner.

August 17*th*. The bearers were up betimes, as it appears we shall easily reach Pimbi. I waited to see everything off,

and caught up Cotterill as we debouched upon an open plain, through which the river ran, bordered by fine forest-trees, long tiger-grass, and banks broken by little inlets and pools —such a country as elephants, hippos., and buffaloes love. I had been chatting with him as we walked along, when I heard hippos. grunting, and having already mentally "spotted" the ground as likely, turned off to reconnoitre, and found a herd of seven, four young ones and three big fellows, sailing out of a pool into deep water. I had a capital shot at the bull, and sent him plunging and spouting all over the place, until I put in the second barrel at about 18 yards, and turned him over dead. He sank close to the bank, and I tried to find the body and buoy it, but failed. However, the carriers will return for him, and will send me (so they say) his teeth. This delay made me late, but the others waited, and I came in for breakfast. Then forty minutes through a fine game country, and there came in view the 'Ilala' moored to the bank, the awnings spread as a tent, two huts in the background, and a great baobab-tree. Dr. and Mr. Stewart were both in the tent, and we enjoyed the luxury of a dinner on a table with a clean cloth. The afternoon I passed in exchanging ideas with Dr. Stewart with regard to Nyassa colonisation, &c.

August 18th. Steamed off at 11. An hour brought us to Matope's, where Mr. Stewart left for Blantyre. A dock is being made here for the 'Ilala'—a tedious work. From Matope's we steamed 1½ hours to a wooding station on the right bank. It reminded me of American travelling, seeing all the boys "handling wood." A large herd of buffaloes and several herds of waterbuck were passed, and from the rigging I had a fine view of the country. An hour before sundown we halted for the night, and I went after some

waterbucks, as meat was scarce, but lost them. Hoste went out for a stroll and found five elephants close to the camp in a wood; but it was too late to go for them when he returned. We dined comfortably on the 'Ilala,' and I slept in my little old bell-tent, for which I have an absolute affection after all the service it has rendered me.

August 19th. As soon as we were dressed, H. and I reconnoitred the wood where the elephants were seen yesterday; but of course they had gone. After prayers and breakfast we steamed up the river, reaching the hills about 11, and anchored about 5 at "Goodwood Bank," so-called, not from any fancied associations with the Duke of Richmond's property, but from the wood cut here being excellent for steaming purposes. During dinner and evening prayers the elephants came very close to where we were moored, and trumpeted; so, before turning in, H. and I strolled through the bush on the chance of finding them, and, by following the crackling of the bushes and the noise of broken branches, suddenly came upon four. One was on the look-out, and recognised the vicinity of strangers directly, for he advanced straight for us, looming immense in the bright moonlight, with his gigantic ears set like studding-sails, waving his trunk uneasily to and fro in attempts to catch our wind. This he failed to do, and I kept on till I was behind a small thorn-tree, about 9 yards from him. I could not advance further, there being no cover, and I therefore took the best shot I could get at his head. He received it with a shriek, wheeled round, and got two more bullets as he followed his three companions in a stampede for a long covert of spear-grass, bordering on a swamp. Here it was impossible to follow them, so we returned to camp.

August 20th. Before daylight we started for the scene of

CROCODILES AND BIRDS.—A SCENE ON THE UPPER SHIRÉ.

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our nocturnal encounter with the elephants, but failed in carrying on the spoor, the ground being as hard as iron. We saw three lots of buffaloes, but did not shoot, and returned by 7 A.M. However, a halt was made for wood-cutting, and after bath and breakfast we set off in quest of sport. I shot a hippo. on dry land, stalking him within 6 yards; but he was on the very edge of the river, and plunged, or rather fell, into a deep hole, where he remained. We could see the air-bubbles rising from where he lay on our revisiting the place more than half an hour later. Numbers of waterbuck were seen, as well as "impalahs" [pallahs or "melampus," called here "nswala"], guinea-fowl, and monkeys. I shot a fat "impalah" for the larder. Cotterill shot a waterbuck.

[The illustration opposite, taken from a sketch that Consul Elton made on the spot, represents a favourite haunt of crocodiles, not far below Lake Panalombe. The saurians—young and old—are on the look-out for choice morsels of fish dropped by the birds—plotus, black ibis, and others—which have formed a colony of nests in the tree.]

To-night the mountains are lit up by grass-fires, and Jupiter is shining brightly. The moonlight effects on the river are delightful.

August 21*st*. The 'Ilala's' clock was allowed to run down, and the cocks crew all night at the fires on the hills. The result was that the engineers began to move at 3 A.M., and did not find their mistake till I woke and lit a match.

About 11.30 we entered Lake Panalombe, and sighted Kirk's Range. The lake is apparently an overflow of a similar description to that above Morumbala. The margins are thickly bordered with papyrus; the lower hill-ranges wooded and cultivated, apparently. The smoke of heavy

fires, however, obscured the view. Above the lake, on re-entering the Shiré, villages line the right bank, and Mponda's district is entered. He is shifting to a new village lower down, and his present abode is in a sad tumble-down condition. I landed above with Dr. S., Cotterill, and Hoste. We found Mponda rather (as is customary with him) the worse for pombé—the native beer. It was difficult to obtain a hearing, no ceremony nor even an attempt at order being preserved. Even when some degree of silence and attention was obtained, the chief broke in with childish comments, and offers to trade. He declined my present—a gorgeous blanket—although I explained to him that I had come from afar, at great expense, to convey him a message and greeting, and not to trade. His argument was, "If slave-trade is unlawful, you must find some one to buy my ivory," and he produced several very large tusks.

[This seems a fair argument, but it is unfortunately in Mponda's case nullified by the fact that he will not part with his ivory except at extravagantly high prices. I had before this bought one tusk from him; but as he demanded on Nyassa nearly twice the English value of the ivory, I declined further transactions with him.]

At dusk we returned on board, and his son came off for the blanket after all!

August 22nd. Having slept over my visit, Mponda gives us a bullock this morning. He has very fine cattle of Zebu breed, crossed, I expect, with a larger species. About 9 o'clock we "opened" Nyassa, whilst comfortably seated at a good breakfast; steamed for the island with a fair wind, were off Pankopo and Nkosi at 10.45, and sighted Cape Maclear. It was about 3.15 when we anchored off Living-

stonia. Elephant Island [so-called from the solitary elephant that was found and shot there by Mr. Young and his companions] is sighted first, and then you stand in under Cape Maclear, pass between two abrupt, thickly wooded islands, and open the white houses of the Mission station. The 'Herga,' given by the Harrow boys to Cotterill, lay at anchor before a neatly-kept sandy beach, sloping gradually up to the main street. The intervening space has been laid out in Union Jack pattern, with broad gravel walks, the grass and numerous trees being judiciously preserved. There are in all fifteen houses—one a large schoolroom: but a new and larger one is already necessary, and is being built. In one heading the square I take up my abode, and pitch my Consular flag on a hog-spear before the door. Dr. Laws came off to welcome us, and the community were assembled upon the beach, all looking very well and busy. The boys, active and contented, with neat cotton shirts on, helped to carry up our baggage. My house has two rooms, and is neatly furnished and whitewashed. A delicious bathe in the lake prepared us for an evening stroll and a good dinner.

August 23rd. It blew strong all night, and up to 10 A.M., from east and south-east. The wind whistles and tears down the mountain gorges behind the station rather unpleasantly, it appears, nearly every night.

From near a large baobab-tree behind my house you obtain a most picturesque glimpse of the station, and of the deep gorges of the hills with their huge boulder-slabs, and the dark shadows projected from them over the little valley, now cleared and presenting a civilised appearance. Hard by is the nursery garden, in which are tomatoes, pines, mangoes, Cape gooseberry, egg-plants, carrots, onions, cocoa-nuts, oranges, limes, guavas, and bananas—all, how-

ever, except the first and last named, in the earliest stage of their existence. Unfortunately the soil is not very good, and tsetse abound. A considerable work was the draining of the low-lying plain beyond the row of houses, and at the foot of the mountains, by a deep and broad trench.

I can perfectly realise the many difficulties that Mr. Young must have found in his way in the first selection of a site—rains coming on—men to house—attitude of natives uncertain—goods and property to be stored and sheltered—steamer's safety to be secured. He acted for the best, undoubtedly, and this harbour is an excellent one; but for an industrial mission the site is badly chosen. Tsetse and the bad soil by themselves will paralyse the station, and perhaps it would have been more prudent if he had looked upon this as a temporary resting-place.*

August 24th. Mackay, a sailor attached to the Mission, died at 8 o'clock of consumption. He had been ailing and had been dying for several weeks past. [Mackay was a boatman belonging to the "Blantyre" station, and had been brought up to the lake by Dr. Macklin, who was intending to accompany me in the 'Herga' to the north of Nyassa. After the death of Dr. Black it was thought inadvisable for Dr. Macklin to leave the settlement. Mackay, however, went with me, and the exposure he underwent, I fear, hastened his end.] This sad event delayed the departure of the 'Ilala,' and I therefore had another day for writing . . . This whole

* In Mr. E. D. Young's published account of the selection of this site, he says, "On Lake Nyassa it is necessary to be especially cautious at first. It is too much to expect that *the* most eligible position on the whole lake has already been hit upon at once, and in time to come it may be expedient to make a move to some other locality. But what I had to consider was health in the first place, and then a safe shelter for the steamer."—'Nyassa,' by E. D. Young, R.N., p. 68.

question of Nyassa requires careful working out, and thought. England must perhaps limit her slave-trade suppression to salt waters. Yet it is undoubtedly the case that if slave-trade were stopped here a great onward step towards complete abolition would be effected in Eastern Central Africa.

Cotterill caught a good bag of fish with spinning tackle, round the point to the south, from my 'Berthon' boat. There are otters about here (Stanley's "Lake Hyena"? "Fisi ya bahari" of Livingstone?).

August 25th. Poor Mackay's funeral. Dr. Stewart read some appropriate passages, and commented on the importance of not attaching too much weight to the death of one man, whose constitution was impaired, and who would have died elsewhere under similar conditions. The burying-ground, where there are now three graves—Dr. Black's, Shadrach's and Mackay's—is under the mountain side at the foot of several huge granite slabs, and approached by a winding footpath through the wood bounding the arable land, which is fenced-in to keep off the inroads of deer and other game. It was a relief, I confess, when the flags went up again on the 'Ilala' and 'Herga' in front of my window, for it does not do any one good to mope or build up gloomy possibilities in Central Africa. To keep doing something or other from morning to night is the best prophylactic medicine I know of.

At noon Dr. Stewart left in the 'Ilala,' and I closed my mails. [Two of Captain Elton's companions, together with several native servants and baggage, had been left at Mpimbi, at the head of the cataracts, and were awaiting the return of the steamboat, which was at the same time to take a mail-bag. From the cataracts to Quillimaine, and *vice versâ*, letters are safely carried by natives in the service of the Scotch Mission.]

August 26th. Settled to start to-morrow for Kasanga's. Attended service in the schoolroom, and, after this, one given for the natives under the shade of a large tree. Great attention was paid. There were sixty-five men and about twenty-five women present. It must be tedious work at first, and civilisation must precede Christianity on Nyassa. The foundations are being slowly laid, but the task is a heavy one, and I do not see how the influence is to be gained by the Mission singlehanded and unaided. As Dr. Laws put it: "The best work we do now is to show them our daily busy life, and the improvements we are making in the station." Cotterill and I walked to the shoulder of the hill, to watch the otters.

August 27th. Tumbled into the lake, and then started on an inspection of the station with Dr. Laws. First of all we took the school. They really get on very quickly, and can read and spell short words. Sketching the outlines of familiar objects on the blackboard evidently drew them out. We then inspected the draining works and the brick manufactory, and walked 1½ miles down a straight road (straight in Africa!) to the fields, where wheat, oats, peas, mohogo, sem-sem, and mapira are planted, in charge of a man and his wife from the Shiré cataracts. The man had been released by Dr. Livingstone years ago, and, being afraid that he was again going to be sold as a slave, volunteered to join the Mission. The gardens, cooking-ranges, corn-mill (a great attraction to the natives), carpenter's stores, &c., concluded the inspection. I was exceedingly pleased with all I saw, and thoroughly admire the work that has been done by all. Dr. Laws has also kept observations, and is busy at the dialects. After lunch Cotterill and I left for Kasanga's. He has gone to the Bisa country to trade. We

soon got carriers, and Njolo guided us to a kraal on the Sangazi, where we camped. Mosquitoes numerous; hippos. in the lake noisy. [The Sangazi is a stream which was crossed by Livingstone a good many miles further to the south. I discovered its mouth, which is blocked up by masses of reeds, one squally day when endeavouring to find shelter from a rising sea. Njolo, who afterwards accompanied me to Zanzibar, was an inhabitant of Kasanga's village. In his youth he, together with his wife, had been sold into slavery, and were in the caravan that Livingstone met at Mataka's town. After reaching the coast both of them effected their escape, and actually managed to return to the Nyassa, although they were obliged to travel mostly by night, to avoid the larger routes and villages, and were sometimes compelled to gnaw at lumps of earth in order to allay the pangs of hunger. The accounts given me by Njolo of the murders and acts of barbarity committed by the Kilwa slavers more than confirm all the statements made by Livingstone.]

August 28th. Two hours and a half south-west across pretty open country took us to the site of Marenga's, encircled by hills, on the borders of a clear stream. This was a large settlement when Dr. Livingstone visited it; but Mponda attacked it, killed Marenga, and enslaved or dispersed the people. Broken pottery and the marks of old enclosures and fields alone testify to its former occupants. There was a fair amount of elephant spoor about, but although all the men were sent out scouting, it was pronounced to be useless to try for them here. Too little water in the stream, and no fresh grass or leaves. So we bathed pleasantly in the brook, strolled out after guinea-fowl, killed a puff adder by the fire in the evening, smoked, and slept. The country is parched-up and burnt to a cinder, and the sun is very hot.

August 29th. An hour's march brought us to the bed of the Sangazi, higher up than our camp on the 27th. There was a good deal of elephant spoor about, and I started off with my Bisa guide. We descended on to a large open plain, the dry grass over our heads—and at last under two immense trees descried an elephant. The stalk was a very difficult one, for the grass had been recently burnt here in a patch, but I got within 25 yards, and made out another elephant lying in the grass not far from No. I., who was waving his trunk about restlessly. At first I thought he had winded me, but as he began to feed again, I retired, and made good a second stalk by another advance to within 15 yards—so successfully that during it No. I. lay down to rest. Eventually I had nothing but a palm-clump between me and the pair of them, and, as I could not get at No. I., had a shot at the further one—say 18 yards off—aiming under the shoulder with the big "Henry." It was a foolish shot, and he scrambled up and got away, with two more bullets in him, although so groggily that he nearly came over twice. I pursued as well as I could, but the high grass beat me, and we had to take up a heavy blood spoor. This led us miles past Malabwe, where we drank from the lake, through a dense thicket, backwards and forwards, into a herd of buffaloes, until 5 P.M., when I was obliged to knock off, and did not reach camp till 7.40—a hard day. There I found Cotterill had been confined to camp by an attack of fever. Had a sand-bath in a hole in the Sangazi river-bed—as much sand as water!

August 30th. Cotterill marched on to Malabwe with the carriers, and pitched our camp in a charming semicircular bay, under a high peak. [Malabwe was a favourite resort of mine—a sportsman's paradise.] I retraced my steps, and

followed up the elephant spoor; but it was difficult work, and he gradually led us to a large patch of impenetrable bush. So I gave him up, and we took a long round by the foot of the Maclear hills to Malabwe. Euphorbias, cacti, tamarind, baobab, and palm-trees, form the prominent foliage of these hill-ranges. Beneath, in the plains, the various acacias interspersed with clumps of forest, where the trees are enveloped in labyrinthine coils of monkey-rope and parasitical climbers, shelter the game. Near the lake the hills either stand steep to the water's edge, or shelve down in overheaped profusion of rocks and boulders. "Klip-dass" [rock-rabbits] abound, as also pallah and smaller antelopes, and koodoo near the foot of the ranges. The elephants roam to and fro from one thicket fastness to another; and hippos. hold possession of the marshy inlets and reedy bays in friendly concert with the crocodiles. Francolin and kanga [guinea-fowl] are plentiful; also brilliant jays, the glossy ibis, the fish-eagle, hawks, &c., while innumerable cormorants and plotus whiten the rocky islands dotting the numerous natural harbours. Away to the east rises Nkosi, to the south Marenga and the range that hides from our view the plains and hills immediately bordering the Shiré. It was 3 P.M. before I had bathed and breakfasted. In the evening I strolled round and shot a large crocodile in the bay. Bathing is delicious, climate delightful, and a more perfect spot than this on the margin of the lake can scarcely be imagined.

August 31*st*. Nothing to eat in camp, so perforce I got up in the dark and reached the plain at the foot of the hills as the sun rose, passing a baby hippo., who was really too playful and confident to shoot at. On the plain I found two herds of pallahs, and got three shots, killing a buck and a doe and losing a third. About 11 I moved out

again, alone, and with my little "Henry" (unfortunately, as it turned out), and came upon a Maviti camp, a kraal surrounded by a stout fence, the only occupants of which, three lads, were engaged in drying "klip-dass" over fires. They (the animals) looked rather monkey-like, spread-eagled upon sticks. From this I kept on to an open plain of dense tiger-grass, so dried up by the sun as to have the golden gleam of a wheat-field at home, trodden down and intersected by numerous elephant paths. Skirting this, as difficult walking in the hot sun, I passed under the finest baobab-trees I have yet seen, growing in clumps of ten or a dozen. Under the grateful shade of their leaves and boughs many an elephant had evidently sought shelter from the mid-day sun—now, by the way, unpleasantly hot. Beyond the forest a dense bush led me abruptly to the belt of reeds on the Nyassa, and upon an elephant bathing himself with showers of sand. I was so close on him that all I could do was to drop down and let him move on, the thorns being too dense to fire through. As he advanced I saw he was dead-lame, and could hardly put one foot before the other. After pulling down a branch or two, he saw me, and stood. I would have given anything for my big rifle!—but had no shoot, and with the little "Henry" tried the eye shot for the brain, and sent him staggering against a tree. He was not long rallying, and so dense was the bush that he was out of sight before my second cartridge was in the rifle. I walked back to camp, meeting the rest of the Maviti party with dogs, and found the canoe arrived from Livingstonia with a note and provisions. So we started off in the canoe, landed at the place where I had fired at the elephant, and took up his spoor. Unmistakably he dragged his fore-foot, but it was too late to follow him up. I saw a buffalo and several immense crocodiles and a bush-buck while after him;

THE SLAIN HIPPOPOTAMUS, MALABWE.

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and missed a hippo. (hard shot from canoe) on the voyage back.

Sept. 1*st.* After another unsuccessful search for the elephant, I paddled in the canoe past our camp, and entered the bay beyond, dotted with rocky islets, covered with cormorant and darters. At the mouth of a small river there was a herd of hippos. They moved off uneasily at our approach, so I landed on an island and sent the canoe across the bay to distract their attention. The ruse succeeded, and from the vantage-post of a huge boulder I shot a very large one in the neck at 35 yards, and killed him instantly. I also got a second shot and hit another, a smaller one—but although I clambered up to the topmost crag I saw no more of the herd (they are very quickly frightened by the taint of blood in the water), save one very young fellow who stood out to sea, and popped up his head from time to time to see what was going on. An hour after my first shot I signalled for the canoe, and in the clear water we saw No. I. lying dead between two rocks, and as we poked him with "pondos" (punting-poles) he suddenly rose, saving us no little trouble and delay. However, it was a long paddle to shore after making fast to him. The men were delighted, and rolled him up on the beach. I walked back to camp, leaving the canoe in "Hippo. Bay." Cotterill shot two pallah.

Sept. 2*nd.* Strong wind during night from south-east. Heavy sea on the lake. Rollers on the beach. A hyena had visited the dead hippo., and the crocodiles had eaten a pound or two of flesh. They do not like surf and spray. A large one was watching at a prudent distance in smoother water, with hungry looks. I saw a flock of large spur-winged geese, and visited a historical lion's den—a

cavern in the solid rock. A shot fired into it only produced the reverberation of a big gun, and brought to light crowds of bats. The old lion which lived here was killed by Kasanga's people. Nothing but masses of meat in camp now. Cotterill shot two more pallah and a waterbuck.

Sept. 3rd. The camp was full of women and men from Kasanga's, who have come across to fetch meat, and twenty-two basketfuls were carried away in procession along the beach. They brought us fowls, beer and corn. In the evening I went out for an hour's walk, and shot a koodoo at the foot of a "kopje" [knoll] out of a herd of six. Cotterill shot two more pallah.

Sept. 4th. Started for a last look after my lame elephant, and worked through the back of the hills. On my return I found the 'Ilala' had steamed past, but that no boat had arrived for us. So C. and I thought it best to start for Livingstonia on foot, leaving the canoe with tents, &c., to follow the next day, as there was every appearance of wind. We reached Mpango's, after an interesting walk through the passes of the mountain ranges. He was very civil, gave us beer, and sent us on in a canoe to Livingstonia, where I found D. and the boys looking very well. Rhodes and Hoste had sailed round to Malabwe for us. However they returned whilst we were at dinner, having met and relieved the canoe of some of its cargo.

[A few repairs had to be executed and jobs accomplished before we could start northwards in the 'Ilala.' It was also thought advisable to make a preliminary journey to the town of Makanjira (or, as pronounced by some, Makanjila), the greatest chief and slaver on the east shore of the Nyassa, whom we had interviewed several times before, but to whom

Consul Elton wished specially to pay an official visit. The rather long delay at the Mission station was, I believe, thoroughly enjoyed by all, and by none less than Consul Elton himself, who was never weary of expressing his delight in the delicious climate, the lovely scenery, and the deep blue waters of the Nyassa—so refreshing and invigorating after the steamy atmosphere of Mozambique. But some of us were becoming a little anxious about the rains, for the season was rapidly advancing—although we thought it probable that 300 or 400 miles to the north we might find the wet season a month or so later than it is at the south of the lake. In this, as will be seen, we were not wholly disappointed.

It was at first proposed that we should make two trips to some point on the northern or north-easterly shores of the lake, as it was impossible to carry all our men and necessary baggage in the little steamboat. We therefore left behind at the station all except a few native servants, who eventually (nine in number, besides two boys) composed the whole of our body-guard in our march across country. The elaborate plans sketched out, and the sanguine hope entertained of reaching the coast in a month or six weeks from the north of the Nyassa, on the strength of which hope we set out with the barest minimum of cloth and provisions, only prove that the difficulty of the task before us was not realised to its full extent.]

Sept. 7th. Cotterill took some photo-groups of our party in the morning. At 1.30 we weighed, and a little after sundown dropped anchor off Makanjila's, in three fathoms, near a remarkable saddle-shaped hill, and opposite a creek where a dhow is lying. Sent messenger to the chief.

Sept. 8th. Rather a heavy roll on. Messenger returned from Makanjila's. He will send a party to meet us on the road. We sent the men ashore to the creek, and

landed. A company of men headed by one in an Arab "joho" came down as a guard of honour, but were rather eclipsed by my men, who turned out looking very smart and clean. It was about 1½ hour's walk to the town, through a well-cultivated country—soil excellent, cattle numerous and thriving. Beyond the plain, on the higher ground at the foot of the hills, the country should be cool and healthy. The town is an extensive settlement, and the houses built with more care than I should have expected to see. The chief boasts of a deep verandah and a "baraza," better than many of the Zanzibar tumble-down mansions. Makanjila is a slight, well-made, and well-bred man, and was simply arrayed in a checked Muscat cloth of silk mixed with cotton and bordered with a gold fringe. His manner was nervous, and at first he seemed on his guard, but eventually entered into conversation freely with me, asking sensible and pertinent questions regarding the slave-trade and matters in general. When the formal speech was over, I began to converse with him in Swahili—a language he speaks well and fluently—and rather astonished every one by telling him of the arrest of the Governor of Kilwa, producing Bilali, who is well known here, in evidence. [Bilali had been a slave-driver on the Kilwa road, which leads directly from Makanjilas to the coast, and had so much compromised his own personal safety by giving evidence against his former master, that he had been engaged as a servant by Consul Elton. His re-appearance on the Nyassa in his new character produced a great and beneficial effect.] The chief gave me an ox, but I got off taking him by saying that, as probably I might return to Nyassa, I should rather that he kept the beast and fatted him up until I saw him again, when I would remain longer with him and eat it at his town. My present to him consisted of two blankets and a quantity

of red beads. Dr. Stewart gave him a box of candles and soap, which he had asked for. [It has been a rule with the missionaries, and one highly approved of by Consul Elton, not to comply with the demands for expensive presents made by the chiefs on every occasion. On a *first* visit a good present is given—perhaps, if the chief be really influential, worth several pounds sterling—but afterwards, if some small gift be given, the full equivalent in food is expected in return. I trust that all those who are now finding their way up to the Nyassa country will carefully preserve this understanding, so judiciously established by the founders of Livingstonia; unless they wish to create a state of things similar to that in Ugogo, where, under the name of a present, blackmail is extorted from every caravan.]

When we asked leave to go, he insisted on accompanying us to the foot of the hill beyond the town; and we parted excellent friends. There is a "mwalimu" established here, who teaches reading and the Koran. We passed the school-house, and saw the row of slates in the verandah.

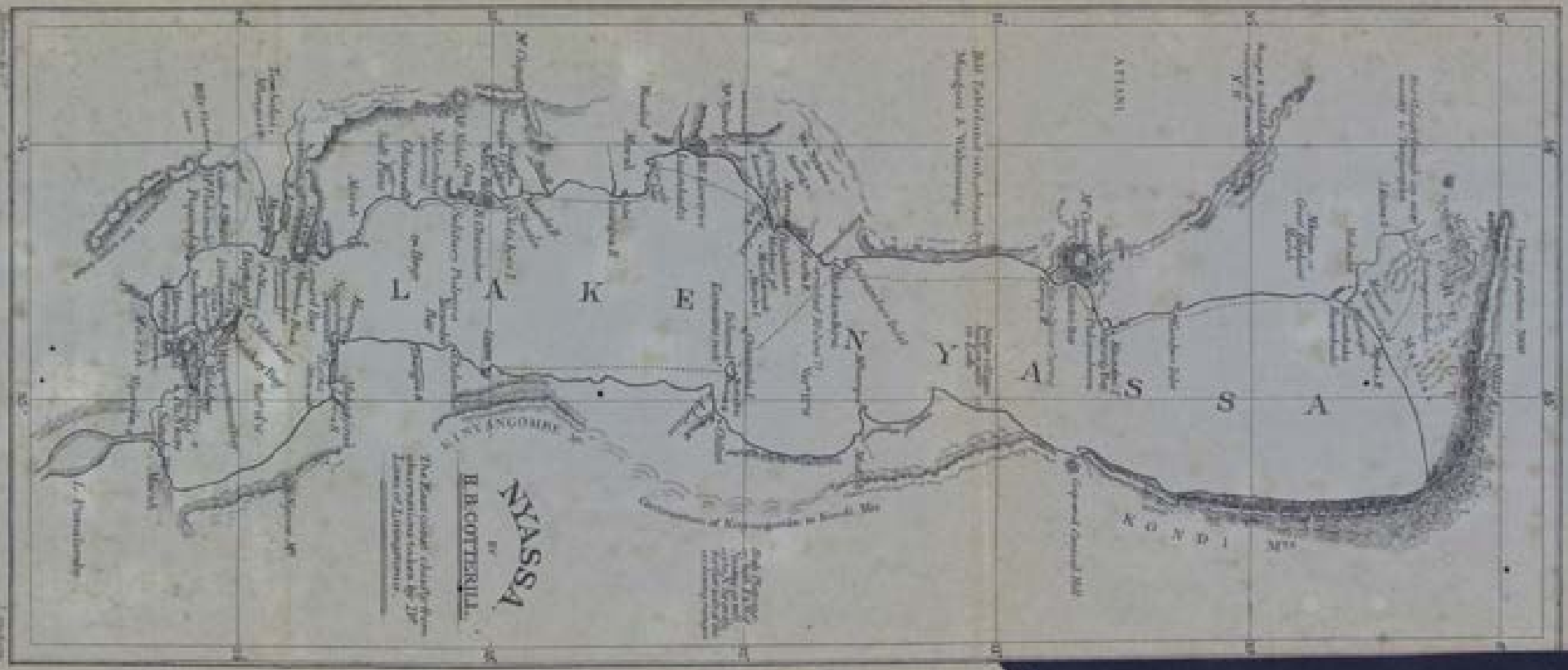
The wind had risen during our visit, but as we cleared the bay it fell, and about 7.15 we sat down to dinner at Livingstonia.

Sept. 10*th*. I gave away prizes to the Mission boys and people at the first industrial examination held on Lake Nyassa. The manufactures were only straw hats, bags, mats, and pottery—but there must be a beginning. [The next few days were occupied in writing official despatches, in sketching the station from the "Ilala," and in occasionally catching fish with my spinning tackle. The lake fish are very numerous, and several of them are exceedingly well-flavoured, especially the "mpasa" and "sanjika."]

Sept. 13*th*. Rhodes was pursued by a crocodile in the

evening. He was off Otter Point when the crocodile rose, took stock of him, and sank. Rhodes thought it prudent to pull away sharply at once, and it was well he did, for the crocodile rose again exactly where the little "collapsable" had been, looked "sold," and took stock again, upon which R. repeated his tactics and his pursuer followed suite. This performance was repeated about a dozen times, until R. actually succeeded in luring the brute up to the landing-place. We could not make out what he was doing at first, but suddenly realised the position, ran down to the beach and pulled out to the rescue, and I got a shot at the "tempted saurian," but only grazed or missed him. Livingstone talks about the crocodiles in the lake not being voracious. I have never heard of such an instance of perseverance and audacity on the part of any of the family before.

Sept. 15th. Up early and got one good fish off Otter Point. I was feeling rather seedy after all this writing and sketching, so started off for a day's walk. We have put off the start till Monday for Hoste's sake. I am glad, however, to say he is better. I mounted the second hill from the Maclear point and was rewarded by a fine view of the surrounding country. The boulders are of granite, and the weather strips huge flakes from their surface. The rains undermine the rocks on exposed points, and, as they roll to the foot of the hills, islands are formed. Capes are dangerous for this reason, being flanked with outlying reefs. In Livingstone's description of C. Maclear "dolomite" is evidently printed for "dolerite." I rested on the rocks under a huge fig, close to which was growing a "mtomonda" tree [the inner bark of which is used, as the "buaze," for making native rope]. Shot an otter, but could not get him; had a delicious bathe and walk home in cool of the evening.


L A K E
N Y A S S A
NYASSA
BY
H.B. COTTERILL.

CHAPTER III.

Start from Livingstonia — Mpemba's—Marere island —"Kungu," or edible midge—Lake Chia—Violent storm at night—The 'Ilala' in danger—Mkota-kota, and the Jumbe—Discovery of Lake Chiningala —Across Nyassa to Losewa—Description of its harbour and inhabitants—Northwards to Dikomo—Explorations and observations on the island—The 'Ilala' aground—Visit to Kitesi—His presents, and request for "medicine"—The Wanyassa—Past Chisamulu to the West Coast—Kangoma and Mankambira—Mount Chombe and Kitimbu Bay—Elephant hunting in the Karoro valley—Escape of a wounded elephant — A black rhinoceros shot — A great day among the elephants — Exciting chase and a "bag" of four—Charged by an elephant—Bursting of an elephant gun—Wakomanga at the scene of slaughter—Reports about the north end of Nyassa, and the Wachungu — Past Pakambwera to Marungi—Bitten by a snake—Kambwe lagoon.

Sept. 17*th*, 1877. Put my papers and scanty personal baggage in order, bathed and dressed by 8.30, when we sent everything on board. I was quite sorry to bid adieu to Livingstonia and the men who are left behind. They gave us three hearty cheers as we steamed off, and we returned them vigorously. The weather was delightful, and we steamed smoothly to Mpemba's [on the opposite western shore]. I did not land, as Mpemba was away—gone to Quillimaine with slaves—but Dr. Stewart was anxious to conciliate the people, to speak to them, and give them his present. [Mpemba for some time after the first advent of the Mission showed a disposition to quarrel with us, and his hostility

was by no means lessened by the fact that we had rescued from the barren island of Marere twenty-four of his subjects who had fled thither in fear of enslavement. In the spring of 1877 I made a journey inland, westwards of Mpemba's, over Kirk's range (5400 feet at the Pakambe Pass), and visited Tambala, a chief who was at feud with Mpemba, and disposed to be friendly to the whites. From the plateau on which Tambala's village lies I could see down into the low valley of the Loangwa, and discerned dim lines of distant ranges towards the Uvwisa country and Lake Bangweolo.]

As soon as he returned we steamed over to the north side of Marere, and anchored there. The island was pretty steep, and the land party had to shake down on a pebbly shelving beach. A goatsucker with very long wing-feathers accompanied us for a couple of hours from C. Maclear—a beauty. He was so tired, I thought at one time we might capture him.

Sept. 18*th*. Beam-sea, and N.E. wind. Progress slow at first, and motion disagreeable. We passed Rifû, and saw columns of midges—easily mistaken for waterspouts in the distance. [These are the "kungu" or edible midge,* of which the natives towards the north of the lake make dark-coloured resinous-looking cakes. I believe they are a species of "ephemeridæ."] At noon, lat. 13° 40′, we were off Cotterill's "Elephant Marsh Island." [In Livingstone's map this is marked as "Sandy Point," but from the deep bay that

* "Kungu" literally means "mist," which the dense flights of these midges resemble. Various specimens, brought from the Nyassa by me and by Mr. Geo. Johnston, of the Livingstonia Mission, have been examined by the well-known entomologist, the Rev. A. E. Eaton, who has kindly given his opinion about them in the *Appendix*, p. 415. —ED.

lies behind it I had discovered an outlet that converted the point into an island, such as it is.] A survey of Nyassa is of paramount necessity—Young's only represents casual jottings made under very adverse circumstances. Anchored off a fringe of rocks below Chia Lake, and landed some of the party. Molamba was head of a village formerly near this spot; he has removed elsewhere. [The little lake of Chia lies about half a mile inland, and is connected with the Nyassa by a broad channel, averaging three fathoms in depth, on the north bank of which are two extensive and well-stockaded villages, under the rule and protection of the Arab Jumbe of Kotakota. On my former cruise I spent about ten days on this lake and in the neighbourhood, which Livingstone had visited before me. Were it not for a barrier of dangerous sunken rocks at the entrance Chia would form a most valuable harbour. Great quantities of a perch-like fish are caught in scoop-nets. From the floating vegetation they contract a disagreeable *grassy* taste.]

Sept. 19*th.* Remained to wood, and I went for a walk southward. Elephant had been on the edge of the lake during the night—zebra and buffalo about. No one in the country apparently. The boiler primed a good deal, but we steamed till sundown, and anchored in the bight between Chia and the point south-west of Mkota-kota. C., R. and D. left the steamer to sleep on shore. [I had learnt from bitter experience what was meant by the first gentle puffs of wind from the quarter of the "Mwela," or south wind, soon after sunset.] The wind was just getting up fresh from the south. We had both anchors down. Half an hour afterwards we took the awning down, but it gradually freshened till it blew a gale, and we began to drag on to a patch of rocks. For a few minutes it looked very disagreeable; but Hoste slipped both

anchors, ran up the jib, and we hauled out, not, however, before two heavy seas broke over us; for we were within the breakers round the shoal patch. . . .

There should be continuity between the 19th and 20th in my diary, as the intervening night was passed by us [those on board] in battling with a Nyassa southerly gale, under steam and sail. The waves were high and confused,—two or three heavy regular ones that would not have disgraced the Atlantic coming in together, followed by heaped-up seas. However, the "Ilala" behaved well, and, after slipping, only took in a few occasional bucketfuls. By midnight there was no more danger, and the rest of the time was spent in longing for daylight—with an interval on my part occupied by a violent attack of sea-sickness, followed by intense chilliness and cramps.

Dull leaden sky, the sun obscured by driving clouds propelled by occasional gusts and squalls, the sea continuing as high as during the night, was not a very cheering prospect for us when daylight threw a jaundiced air over the cold greys of the dawn. We found ourselves north of Mkota-kota point, and about the middle of the lake, with Losewa's mountain visible. So under jib and steam we ran for Mkota-kota island [a mere sandbank], got under its lee, and anchored close to land below the Jumbe's town—a long succession of houses scattered down to the edge of the lake upon sloping fertile land, lightly wooded and well cultivated, apparently extending some three miles beyond the Jumbe's establishment, which we could discern by the Zanzibar flag with which it was adorned. Steam failed us here, and the wind was foul, so the third and only remaining anchor was brought into use, and very much better we all felt for breakfast and for the satisfactory turn events had taken; for at one time the little 'Ilala' was uncommonly

near her end. It took us three trials to get up to our proper anchorage opposite the Jumbe's house, where we found the land party had arrived before us, after a ten mile walk, and had been hospitably received. [A few months before I had visited Kotakota, and had been most amicably received by the Jumbe, or half-caste Arab chief, in spite of adverse reports. He is not the Jumbe whom Livingstone visited, but his brother, I believe.] I called on the Jumbe, and after dinner read Swahili tales to his people and himself. Pitched my tent in his "kotla," and very glad I was to be on dry land for a change.

Sept. 21*st.* Quite cold and chilly, and nearly as leaden-looking a sky as yesterday. We arranged with the Jumbe for fifty men to go back with Hoste. They are to carry the "dingy" and the "collapsable," and endeavour to pick up the anchors. Cotterill and I go exploring for a day and a half inland. I trust the anchors will be found. These delays are becoming most vexatious, and none the less so because unavoidable. We got away with two men each, four carriers, and two guides, for the Kaombe river. The Jumbe insisted on accompanying me through the town and on to the road over the Mkota-kota hill. A short hour brought us to the fortified village of Kasamba, largely inhabited, where we were the objects of intense curiosity, and were chased about by the women and children. Here I found a hybrid Arab who knew the north routes. He said we should reach the Rufiji in eight days from the north of the lake. The chief, Chiwaŭla, is a Manganja, and under the Jumbe: in fact, this village forms his outpost against the Maviti raids. Another hour and a half brought us to a plateau overlooking Lake Chiningala, backed by hill ranges and forests and Mount Chipata. Upon an island in this

lake ("Kirumba" = "the island") is the Manganja village of Chanika, under the Jumbe's jurisdiction. Here we camped, and were induced to be punted about in two canoes to look for hippos.—an unsatisfactory operation, for they dwell in an impervious stronghold in the reeds, and never venture out by daylight, and pushing through small canals in their kingdom and dense reeds in very cranky "dug-outs" was slow work, of which we soon tired.

A drunken Manganja at Kirumba threatened to shoot Njolo [one of my men] with a bow, but was disarmed by Chanika at once.

Sept. 22*nd.* We both slept badly, owing to mosquitoes, cockroaches, and cats. Up at daylight, crossed the lake, and went round a series of ponds, crossing the Kaombe twice, and under the range towards Mount Chipata. There was buffalo spoor, but we saw nothing but two or three bush-bucks. I shot one of them. Gave Chanika a knife, some cloth, and some meat, and walked back *viâ* Kasamba to the Jumbe's, resting for a while on the Kaombe, near some Shuaré palms, where a crowd of women and girls were drawing water—a pretty scene. Outside the ditch and ramparts of Kasamba a large suburb is rising, some of the houses circular, some square, well-built, and plastered with red clay, which, by the way, would make excellent bricks. The surrounding country—an elevated valley between the high ground on the lake and the mountain range, watered by the Kaombe—is extensively cultivated. However, *maëre* is the principal grain sown, owing to the Maviti raids. [The *maëre* is so diminutive a grain, and so difficult to gather, that the marauding Maviti, called here Mazitu or Mangoni, do not find it worth their while to appropriate it.] It is a sort of millet, and this with "mohogo" [cassava] and fish forms the

staple food of the natives. The Manganja colony on Kirumba cultivate the borders of the lake [Chiningala], but retire every one of them to the island at night in their canoes. They are a very poor population, and given to toping beer. Northwards we saw the hill ranges of Chipatura's Maviti. [Chipatura, mentioned by Livingstone, is the great chief of these Mangoni. .He sent a number of his warriors and one of his wives to inspect the strange "iron canoe," when I was cruising off this coast in the 'Herga,' and seemed anxious to make friends with the white man, but did not like to face the ants which infested the banks of the marshy creek in which I was at anchor. These Mangoni are exceedingly fine fellows, with their bangles and feathers and tails. They wear the Zulu crown of hair, coped with wax. They, moreover, speak a Zulu dialect, and profess to have come from south of the Zambezi.] The Maviti chief Kimwere is an ally of Jumbe's, and is due west, two and a half days.

Sept. 23*rd.* Last night "ngomas" [drummings] were kept up everywhere. It is Ramathan; and there was a good deal of beer-drinking. A drunken fellow staggered past my tent door, hiccoughing out, "Where are the English, who bring ships to stop our slaving? Where are they? Bring me my gun! bring me my gun!" I saw he was unarmed, but just made sure that I had a cartridge ready. He went on shouting for his gun until some one collared him, and, after a little altercation, all was quiet again. The Jumbe was much annoyed this morning when I told him of the occurrence, and said he wished he could make an example of the man.

Kimwere has come to see him for the first time, and he is pleased at our being with him. It gives him more weight.

The Jumbe says twelve days will take us to the Rufiji, *viâ* Usango and Ubena, and that we shall strike the route

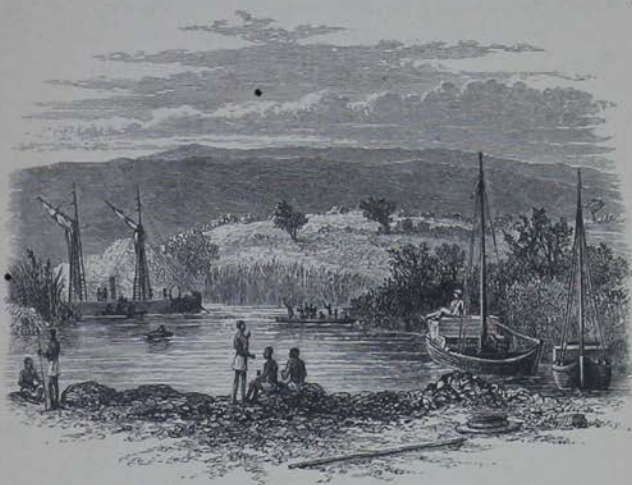
at a point where the old Kilwa road branched off formerly. He sends two dhows over to Losewa with us.

Sept. 24th. South wind still, but light fine weather. Last night I heard that Mwenye Kumbe is the first place at the north of the lake to get carriers from. ["Mwenye" means "lord" or "chief." We heard no more of this name.] We pass Merere's on a lake, and reach the Ruaha in twelve days.

Burghash [the Sultan] has 200 men out on the Kilwa road stopping the slave-trade. They abuse him here freely, and expect the English to do something. Some say we have come for ivory; others, to take the country. But I have told Noho [the Swahili interpreter] our objects and the reasons for Burghash's concerted action. After lunch Jumbe walked out with us to see the hot springs, south-east of the town. We visited three, and had not time to go to the fourth. They are of more importance than those at Morumbala. On our return Cotterill photographed the town and we met the boats and anchors returning. In the evening we held a conference with the Jumbe. A hunchback remarked that the English travelled a great deal, but did not appear to fight much. This remark excited great hilarity. He fed his people at 8, but fasts himself till 12 P.M. [in observance of Ramathan].

Sept. 25th. One of the Jumbe's dhows sailed before dawn, the other at 6.30. We overhauled the second at noon—lat. 12° 59' 13" by observation, course S.E. by E. [Our observations placed Losewa, or Lisewa, near which place it is believed that Dr. Roscher was murdered, a few miles S. of 13°.] At 3 P.M. we stopped engines off Losewa, and sounded the passage into the river. It was 2 and 2½ fathoms, except on a bar to the right of a snag, over which there is 1 fathom. We then took in the 'Ilala,' one of the dhows leading the way, the

other following. The village is a respectable one, on a sand-spit ending to north-east in a point with high trees, amongst which are two remarkably conspicuous baobabs. The river winds behind the sand-spit, forming a good shelter. The village is on the right bank; on the left is a group of houses inside a rocky point delightfully wooded. As you make Losewa from the west there is a sandy bay, rushes marking the river; the point on the starboard rocky; on port the



LOSEWA.

point with baobabs; over the sand-spit, above the first low range, a long-backed haycock hill; in the distance a high mountain range, Kinyangombe, making a uniform ridge like the Jura. On the strand in front of the village a dhow was hauled up to be caulked, women collecting rushes to burn for salt, and groups of indigent dirty inhabitants, Kitepete, the Manganja chief, being perhaps the dirtiest of the lot and the least intelligent. Dr. S. talked to him, but he was

not an encouraging subject, and the interview was short. Bathed, and pitched camp on the sand-spit near a gum-yielding tree, of which I took specimens of gum and leaves. Slept deliciously and awoke refreshed, after the bad nights at Jumbe's, where "ngomas," horrible stenches, and "pombe," combined not only to rob one of any satisfactory rest, but to awaken serious qualms in one's stomach. We got out by a deeper passage, keeping close to the reeds, without touching, and steamed up the coast. The two distinct ranges, the lower one and Kinyangombe, end, as far as I can see, at a large bay, and are replaced on our starboard by a mountainous point, Kinyangombe falling back. A survey for harbours of shelter at distances of 20 miles apart is of first necessity for Nyassa. Lat., noon, 12° 36′ S. The boiler began priming, but we set sail to a south breeze, and, passing a large indenting bay, sighted Dikomo and Chisamulu Islands. It was rather perplexing work picking up an anchorage: "no bottom," "no bottom" near shore, and then "4 fathoms." However, we found the right bay by 8 P.M., and anchored 100 yards from a village at the west end of the island. After dinner we found our camp snugly pitched on the beach. It appears that the Wakomanga ("knob-nosed" Maviti) came down six months ago and made friends with Kitesi [whose village of the Wa Nyassa people lies opposite Dikomo on the east coast of the lake]. He gave them quarters on the mainland and island, and one day they picked a quarrel with the Nyassas, killed 300 and all the cattle they could find on Dikomo. They then retired [across the lake], and are now friends with Chipatura, and Kitesi fears a new attack, for which he is preparing. Chisamulu was looted by the Wakomanga as well as Dikomo. The Arabs from Mataka's were here two months ago, but found no slaves and but little ivory, so they left. All the

Nyassas here are in a state of demoralisation and fear apparently.

Sept. 27th. A lovely cool morning, and bright clear sunrise. Did the south part of island, and, coming back to bathe, found the steamer had shifted her berth, as it was getting rough. So I sent over for bread and sardines, and breakfasted. Then started off with Cotterill across the island to the north, and arrived on the beach just in time for observation at noon—lat. 12° 6′ 23″. [Dr. Livingstone saw from Makusi, a high point on the western shore, the island of Chisamulu lying some 20 miles to the south-east, and was ignorant of the existence of Dikomo, which I too found it impossible to distinguish from the same point. We now learnt that, instead of only one, there were four islands—some mere rocks—extending in a line across the Nyassa from Kitesi's to Makusi. This explains, what has been denied, the fact that canoes cross the lake between these points, and may prove of some importance to those who intend to place stations on the shores of Nyassa.] The islands between Dikomo and Makusi point are (1) Chisamulu, (2) Membe, (3) Machiri.

Chisamulu bears (N. point)	N.W.	corrected for 13° var. W.
„ „ (E. point)	323°	
Membe	303°	
Makusi	W.N.W.	

Dikomo is not good soil—granite, crystalline, and ironstone. There are several bays, and one opposite the east shore would with a little labour make a harbour for any wind. Baobab-trees are very numerous; people very civil; fish-oil on their heads objectionable; dress scanty. After taking sights, C. and I walked over the south and south-west portions of the island, and had a delicious bathe.

After dinner on board in conversation with Dr. S., I gave him clearly to understand that I should not be able to express any opinion as to the rights and wrongs of the petty warfare between the various tribes on the lake and the Maviti, until I had thoroughly studied the question. Whilst discouraging warfare and bloodshed, I should consider it most imprudent to take up any side, a stand that possibly might give rise to misunderstandings, or require revision in the future.

Sept. 28th. An unfortunate day. Strong south-west wind. Went on board at 6.30 and started for Kitesi's, D. H. and nearly all the natives remaining on Dikomo. In the first instance we got a drenching, and broke an oar, while embarking. In the second we could not get the big anchor up, and in slipping and buoying it fouled the screw. The small anchor would not hold, and we dragged stern on to the beach. Boca gallantly headed a diving party to cut away the rope, and with Downie, Baraka, and Pangazina, succeeded in slicing it off piecemeal. It was tough work diving in heavy surf under the 'Ilala' as she bumped up and down on the hard sand. However, they succeeded, and at last the engines moved. But our troubles were not over, for they primed, and steam fell, until we nearly drifted, the anchor still dragging, into the same position. At last, inch by inch, we gained a little ground, got the anchor up, and steamed across to the opposite shore. By this time the drenching and chill brought on a sharp attack of ague and fever, to which I completely succumbed. Neither did we succeed in finding Kitesi's village, but made a wrong one, with not enough wood on board to search further, so we returned. I went on shore at once and lay down to a severe attack of fever, which, I am thankful to say, completely left me by 7 P.M., under the joint influence of podophyllin and quinine.

Sept. 29*th.* Thank God, I awoke mightily set up by a good night, and, although weak, with plenty of energy left in me; so I begged Dr. S. to let me take the steamer across again to Kitesi's. He remained at Dikomo to superintend wooding, and the rest of us started at 7 A.M. This time we secured a guide, although at the last moment his heart failed him and he tried to bolt; but we bundled him into the boat, *nolentem volentem*, as she shoved off, and he had to make the best of his position. An hour's steaming, past the Kokwe river (breast-high at embouchure, deep within) brought us to a long sandy beach, thickly lined with villages. Multitudes of people lined the shore; oxen were numerous; the alluvial flats up to the ridge of hills were well cultivated; canoes in plenty.

Kitesi is a fine big specimen of a Nyassa, with a large head scarred on the forehead and cheeks with tattoo marks; sharp, clever, cautious, caustic, and respected by his people. The interview was very satisfactory, and his wish to have the English near him, and to allow them the use of Dikomo, was clearly stated before us all and his assembled people, to the number of some 200. We visited his inner enclosure, where he was watching the unpacking of his presents with great intentness; and I dare say he would have kept us talking for the rest of the day, but the wind as usual shifted round, and we hurried away. Poor Rhodes knocked up to-day, after heroic efforts to ward off the fever.

Sept. 30*th.* A large canoe arrived from Kitesi's, with some twenty-five men on board, and Kitesi's brother-in-law, bearing the chief's sword as his credentials, equivalent apparently to the great seal on Nyassa. (Jumbe made over his sword to his special messenger to me at Kotakota.) He brought a fat ox, and said he was charged to tell me that Kitesi was

much pleased with the present, but, as the wearing of gorgeous blankets was his prerogative, he was puzzled what to do with five, and wished therefore for "some blue and white cloth for his wives; some medicine for fulness of the head and for fulness of the belly; medicine to keep off war from his people until such time as the English should return; medicine to prevent his being shot in the back (assassinated); a little gunpowder; a few flints; a cup, plate, and knife, such as we were in the habit of using." With Dr. Stewart's kind aid, always readily given, I succeeded in making him up a parcel of medicine, knives, cups, &c., adding thereto a lot of blue and white cloth; and explained that whoever professed to be able to supply the medicines required against war and assassination must be set down as impostors. [This deep-rooted and wide-spread superstition with regard to *mankwala*, or charms, supposed to be in the possession of every white man, will, I fear, breed troubles for us on the Nyassa. The missionaries are doing their best to eradicate the evil before the advent of unscrupulous adventurers, but their time is short for such a work.] I had a long talk with the envoy, shot the ox, and gave them plenty of meat. We received, besides the ox, two goats and a heifer—the latter from the island chief.

Shifted anchorage to Shelter Bay in the forenoon. We are still hard at work wooding. R. is better, but we halt to-morrow for him. Pythons on the island are venerated. Noho saw a large one lying with a turn round a tree and his head on a rock, when he went up Python Point [300 ft. by barometer] to look for a fugitive goat.

Oct. 1*st.* Walked to N.E. extremity of island. The soil is fertile in this direction; cattle, sheep, and goats abundant. The people drove them away, they confess, on our arrival,

fearing we should forcibly take what we wanted! They are very uncouth, dirty, and superstitious, but withal good-natured and friendly—not much advanced in intelligence beyond their cows and calves. Crocodiles are legion, they say, and much feared by them. I saw two immense ones myself. There is a species of palmyra on the N.E. point; euphorbias, spurges, and some fine tamarisk* trees. Net-making (of *buaze*) and canoe-patching appear to be the principal industries. The women nearly all wear the "pelele" [lip-ring], some of them in its most hideous form, cup-shaped. Men and women anoint themselves with fish-oil and red clay, and a sickly odour announces their approach. No guns were to be seen on the island; the spears, bows, and arrows, were of a very rough make. Lunched under some big trees in a village, and returned by a path through the hills, buying some delicious milk for beads on the way. R. better, but still ailing and feverish. H. and D. ascended the highest peak of the island, and got a fine view. I have now explored nearly every part of it.

Oct. 2nd. Dull dawn. Rhodes quite himself again; so I wrote a line to Dr. Stewart to say, if he would order a start, we would be ready in half an hour. Struck camp, packed up, got on board, breakfasted, and up anchor by 8.45. Steamed round N.E. point, which I visited yesterday. Bilali (who has been in these parts twice ivory trading) says we may expect rain any day, and the "smokes" have cleared off, leaving a fine view of the mainland and Dikomo Bay. The hill ranges rise clearly defined against the sky line, and their yellow slopes and wooded valleys border the

* See note, p. 270.

flats that extend all the length of the bay, in a margin some four or five miles broad. Numerous villages dot the strand, whilst canoes ply to and fro the islands, engaged in fishing. Chisamulu looks barren and uninviting. Its harbour to the north is marked by large trees.

Kangoma's hill bore 35° W. of N. from us as we steamed out into the lake, and Mankambira's hills, 28° W. of N. [Kangoma is the Nyassa chief who gave me such friendly assistance when I was driven ashore near his village.] We lay for Kangoma's, but the S. wind and sea compelled us to ease engines, hoist sail, and steer a little to N. Exceedingly pleasant sailing, but we lost ground by it. The mountain ranges on both sides now begin to rise grandly, and close in towards the N., as we near Livingstone's furthest point. It was too dark to make out any village, although grass fires were distinctly visible. We stood into a bay—"no bottom" —stood out again, and I am glad to say kept on all night, running along the land under slow steam. The S. wind fell, the sea calmed down as a light land-breeze rose from the W. As long as we kept near the coast it was smooth and pleasant, but towards morning there was a little swell on, as we had been steered nearly into mid-channel. The night was delightful. As I turned off my bench at 5.20 the mountains were closing in on both sides. We stood in for the W. coast and ran along till noon, when the latitude proved to be 10° 50′ S. A remarkable hill is right ahead. The mountains on the W. resemble the Riviera in almost every particular. Several waterfalls lighten up the dark crevasses worn by time and the heavy rains.

"The remarkable hill right ahead" should rather be termed a mountain. Its name is Chombe.

We kept on till nearly 3 P.M., and anchored in the bay of

Kitimbu, under shadow and shelter of Mount Chombe. There was a herd of pallah on the beach. I followed them to the lower spurs of the mountain, and shot four. Three we got that night; the fourth fell into a ravine and was found next day.

From the lower range of hills the view is very fine, and the country both healthy and of good soil. [I cannot omit mentioning here the wonderfully beautiful effect of the varicoloured foliage on the slopes of Mount Chombe—or Mount Waller, as some of us called this magnificent table hill. We all allowed that the brilliancy of the hues—greens, reds, yellows, russets, &c.—were beyond all comparison the most extraordinary that we had ever seen in any country.]

Elephant spoor is plentiful, and buffalo are all over the place. Rhinoceros spoor I also observed on the "kopjes" [lower hills].

We camped on the margin of the bay, and very glad we all were of a quiet and long night. Dr. Stewart looks worn and anxious. He has a great deal of responsibility about the steamer, of which he—as well as Dr. Laws—should be relieved. It is not legitimate work, and prevents him from concentrating his attention and care upon subjects of higher importance.

Oct. 4th. This morning R. and I sallied forth and worked down the flats to the W. and N. Heavy game spoor was abundant. We came upon four natives going to fish, and succeeded in making friends with them. They took us up to their village, perched among immense rocks on the pinnacle of a spur, under the sandstone buttress that forms the table-land base from which rise the escarped sides of Chombe, and hard by a delicious waterfall. Ferns and highland vegetation were luxuriant. The people are almost

naked; the women wear nothing but a strip of bark-cloth. All use offensive fish-oil; but still there were some intelligent types to be seen. We worked round to N. of Chombe through luxuriant bamboo jungles, far above the lake level, in fresh pure air. It was a pleasure even to breathe it when one recalled the Shiré marshes to memory! Over hillside and valley, across rippling brooks, and in the shadow of forest trees, past a bottom of papyrus and rushes, forming haunts of buffalo and elephant, to the banks of the Karoro, a bubbling babbling brook with rocky bottom. Here we breakfasted, and alarmed both at the halt and further on sundry buffaloes. One herd we saw numbered perhaps forty. But we saw no elephants. Eventually we struck Nyassa near the embouchure of the Karoro, and bathed in the lake. Two Maviti would not come near us, though we showed them we had no arms in our hands, but retreated under cover of their shields, waving us back. So much for their formidability!

Cotterill and Downie ascended Chombe. It is 3900 feet above the lake [5400 feet above the sea]. Both returned at dusk very tired. It is sandstone formation; slate and shale in river beds, and micaceous schist.

Oct. 5th. Dr. Stewart has a pronounced attack of jaundice coupled with fever, so that delay is now unavoidable. I went out alone with Bilali as henchman, and wandering slowly, after my usual fashion, made good every bit of ground. I soon found elephants, a herd of nine or ten under some immense trees in a grassy valley, resting near a stream. I surveyed them a long time from a tree, and took my bearings. In the distance they looked like masses of basaltic rocks. A successful stalk brought me within fifteen yards of the two big sentinels, sheltered by the long grass. Here

I waited for some time, watching their ways and studying their movements, until a shift of wind alarmed my neighbour, who threw out his ears and waved his trunk impatiently, wheeling suddenly round, when I gave him a shot behind the shoulder that fairly staggered him. As I started in pursuit I found to my dismay I had a nullah with a 20-foot drop at the edge of my standing-place, and I very nearly went down it head first. I therefore had to run round to a crossing-place, and with some exertion caught up the herd, standing, and gave the same elephant a second shot. They then closed round the wounded one and supported and urged him on in a most sagacious and remarkable manner. I ran until I could run no longer, and had to stretch myself on the flat of my stomach and gasp for breath. (End of Scene I.!) Bilali took up the spoor cleverly and ran it with eagerness. In about two hours we found the herd again. There was a heavy blood spoor in a marsh, but I had to walk some two miles to get the wind right, and then found they had moved on, so I circled again, and after a painful stalk in low rushes and bamboo scrub, followed by a push through reeds and mud, came right upon my friend, standing aloof from the rest, very sorry for himself, at about 10 yards' distance. I gave him "Henry" in the ear, and bowled him over like a rabbit, head over heels. He came down like a house falling, and I was leaving him as dead, following his companions, when he rallied; and, notwithstanding a second shot under his shoulder, actually struggled up and got away, supported, as before, by his friends, as soon as they cleared the marsh.

From here I carried the spoor across the Karoro, where heavy splashes of blood were visible on the stones, and the wounded beast had fallen. Hence the herd ran down to the lake, and, alarmed there, returned to the hills. This move-

ment lost us a great deal of time, and at last I had to turn my steps homeward, much against the grain, where I arrived just before sundown, completely done; bathed, sent on board for some dinner, had a short talk with Dr. S., who is in a tent on shore and I am sorry to say very ill, and lay down refreshed but very wearied.

Oct. 6th. Dr. S. as yesterday. Every one was eager to be after the elephants, so we started at 7 A.M., and soon took up yesterday's spoor. But we were followed by a number of Wanyassa elephant hunters, armed with bows and enormous spears, heavily weighted; and they suggested our taking back up the Karoro, and through the inner range, and we gave way to their guidance. It was a charming journey up through the valley to the higher ground and into the vegetation of Natal and mountain uplands, and the spot where we bathed and breakfasted by the clear cold pools of the rapid Karoro, upon great rocky boulders, gave one a healthy sense of refreshment and enjoyment. Cotterill turned back from here, having hurt his knee on the 4th. We tramped along the mountain sides until the lake was again reached near Pakambwera [a headland north of Chombe]. Here we realised that we had possibly been misled by our guides, for their party during our absence had fired the grass in the Kitimbu valley, so that our last chance of finding the wounded elephant was over. Rhodes and Hoste shot a rhinoceros (black) at the mouth of the Karoro on the way home. He took six shots. They did not get back to camp till late—very tired, but very "fit"; and so are all of us, excepting Dr. S., who is really ill. I decided to let the men at Livingstonia return to Quillimaine, and forego his offer of a return trip of the steamer. Time flies, and the rains are close at hand.

Oct. 7th. Sunday. Dr. S. better. Strong easterly swell, evidently from wind during the night. It comes up in a few minutes on the lake in this way, as in the Mediterranean. A wild pig came down to look at the camp in the afternoon. Koodoo and buffalo have shown, as well as pallah, in its vicinity; hyenas and a leopard pay nocturnal visits.

Oct. 8th. We do not start to-day. Dr. Stewart is much better, but a day's rest will do him no harm. Rhodes and I started off to the head of the bay to look for the elephants, crossed the Kararo, and worked from the base of Pakambwera Point, making good the country by cross beats. There was fresh spoor on a streamlet, but it was soon lost in the grassy bottoms and bamboo jungle. At 8.30 we breakfasted on cold tea, sardines, and biscuit, by a stream near which we had seen a big buffalo on the 6th. Thence we struck the lakeward range near marshy pools and forest clumps, and there, as Bilali rightly judged, the elephants had been with "the morning star" (*alfajiri*). The spoor was clear on the freshly-burnt grass, and led us along the mountain spurs into the upper valley of the Kororo, the game being on the feed and halting frequently. We had been perhaps 1½ hour on the trail when we crossed the river. Here the elephants had loitered. The water splashed on the boulders, where they had forded, had not been dried by the sun. Ten minutes' silent spooring and we sighted the herd. One or two were dozing under the shade of trees, others were engaged in munching branches, one was taking a sand-bath. We crept silently up to within 10 or 15 yards of them, but the great stalks of burnt grass were so thickly interlaced that I would not venture to leave the path. It was as well that we remained stationary, for a few minutes later, after a consultation of gruntings, by common consent the elephants

shifted ground, following the path, and we joined their line of march. They only took us 50 or 60 yards, and then scattered a little under a large mopané tree, the biggest tusker standing lazily blinking under its shade right across the path. Now we had a splendid chance, and moving rapidly forward, and firing together, we planted two bullets behind his shoulder. He trumpeted, staggered, ran forward, and tripped in the dry rocky bed of a small nullah, where the entire herd got confused by making for the one crossing-place. From the edge of it their huge backs formed immense targets for our bullets; but we confined our attentions in the first instance principally to the big one. He got across, and then fell, trumpeting loudly, but got up again to fall for good, with two bullets under the ear and one behind the shoulder, crashing down on his right side with one leg doubled under him in a second small nullah, not 20 yards beyond the first. It was half an hour before we pursued the herd, leaving men with the dead elephant. It did not take us long to catch it upon a hillside in the mountain gorge, when the next biggest elephant—a cow with a calf—deliberately charged out of the herd at me. I let her come pretty close—within about 3 yards—and then gave her a forehead shot, which twisted her round directly, and Rhodes put in one from the big gun, which doubled her over like a rabbit under a big tamarind-tree, whence she never rose again. Now there followed a hot chase through the long grass after the rapidly retreating herd, Rhodes running wide on the right and putting in another shot, I toiling and panting at the tail of the hindmost fugitive. Up hill and over boulders I could nearly match their pace, and on the rise of the pass I got within 3 or 4 yards of the last of the line, and shot him a few inches under the tail. He trumpeted to the shot, and on the very top of the pass stumbled on to

his head so suddenly that, what with the descent and the pace on, I was nearly on the top of him, and holding my "Henry" like a pistol, shot him again under the root of the tail. The shock was irresistible. Over the edge of the ravine he went head foremost, the blood gushing out of his trunk, and his fall into space only broken by a stout acacia, in which he hung suspended, his fore and hind legs on either side,—dead.

Rhodes I couldn't see, so I shouted for him, and in about five minutes he appeared wrestling with the cartridges of his rifle, which he could not get "home." Bilali with various pious ejaculations assisted him with the butt-end of an axe, I with the butt of my rifle, and finally two were got in. Then we took up the spoor down the pass and across the river. From the banks we saw the remnant of the company on the steep, rocky black-burned hillside, rising almost perpendicularly from the river, up which we clambered. Two were on each side of a wounded one, assisting him, while a fourth urged him on from behind with his forehead. This last one faced us with his ears spread-eagled, and had the advantage of the ground. My last cartridge missed fire, and I called to R. to shoot. He waited till he exposed his shoulder, and fired—a tremendous report. Over fell the elephant with a groan and a faint struggle, dead, hung up, as No. 3 had been, by a thorn tree. Down too went the double Laing rifle on the rocks, and R., with his hands up to his face, bleeding profusely, turned and ran down the declivity to the river, whilst the survivors of the herd, labouring painfully up the mountain-side, disappeared over the sky-line, uttering loud rumblings of disapprobation and distress. I did not at first realise what had happened, and ran to pick up the "Laing," thinking it had only kicked violently, and meaning to pursue with the second barrel;

but when I picked it up I saw to my horror that the whole of the chamber of the right-hand barrel had burst and blown bodily out. I ran down the hill directly, and found R. covered with blood, bathing his face. Thank God! his eyes were safe, and all the harm done was by a deep incision in his forehead over the left eye, cutting a small vein or artery, from which the red blood was spouting freely. After washing his face and bathing it, I got Bilali to chew some leaves as a styptic, and drop the saliva on the wound. This staunched the bleeding a little; then using one handkerchief as a wet pad, I tied it on with the other, sufficiently tightly to be painful, at the same time administering a *tot* of Collyer's "Plymouth" gin as a cordial to correct faintness and feeling of sickness. He would walk again up the hill-side to see his dead elephant's tail cut off by Bilali; but we could not see the wound, or wounds, as he had fallen with his right side undermost, head downwards. Both barrels of the rifle we found had exploded—the left probably from the concussion of the explosion. I now sent Musseelim to camp for men, axes, ammunition, and R.'s 10-bore gun, giving him the burst rifle to carry, but enjoining him to explain that there was no need of assistance, and that R. was fortunately only cut about the face. Bilali and Remedio went to "untail" elephants 2 and 3, and we picked out a shady tree by the river, under which R. sat, whilst I bathed in the deliciously cool mountain stream with a great sense of enjoyment and luxury; and then smoked one of Hansard's Manillas with great zest. It was perhaps two hours before Musseelim returned with Dr. Laws, Hoste, McFayden, men, and axes. M. and Noho between them frightened the camp, and Dr. Laws came with a case of surgical instruments—fortunately not at all needed. Hoste and I went after the herd again, but they had too much

start, and though they had stood in both forest marshes and ringed again to the Karoro, it was getting too late to follow. So we waited by the men cutting the tusks out. It was hard work, and it was 7 P.M. and dark before they had finished; and then we had a long and difficult walk—through the hills to the lake shore in the centre of Kitimbu Bay, and along the sands home.

Then into the lake—clean clothes—rowed on board, and dined on cold ham and biscuit, with a glass of whiskey.

R. is none the worse for his accident, but he has great reason to be thankful for his providential escape. I comfort him by telling him there are plenty of men at home who would give 1000*l.* to have such a splendid day's sport, and would have taken the cut on the forehead and the burnt hat into the bargain.

Being charged by an elephant is a new sensation—very absorbing for the time—and would be excellent relaxation once a week, say every Saturday afternoon, for overworked men in high office!

Oct. 9th. We all started out, no question of sailing having been raised in consequence of Dr. Laws' touch of fever. Dr. Stewart is himself again, but looking very haggard and anxious. The remnant of the herd had crossed the plain and gone for the hill fastnesses near the fall of Mburu, but we could not spoor them successfully. We worked round and up the Karoro to the far side of yesterday's fray. At the first elephant there were thirty or forty Maviti (Afiani and Wakomanga) cutting it up, with their women carrying off the meat in baskets. They would not touch the meat till Rhodes had given them permission. Their chief is Gwazabantu, one day inland, and they say he would receive us most hospitably and kill oxen for us. There is no

fighting going on; they are at peace with every one, and contented. There is also a woman chief to the S.W., friendly and powerful. At north end of the lake no river runs out. The land ends so —— (drawing a line). There we shall find the Chungu, nearly naked, very friendly, and they will carry our things a few days north, when we shall have to replace the carriers with new ones, and so on. Beyond the Chungu, the chief wears clothes. The Chungu despise them.

Some of the Maviti (Afiani) were quite naked. Others wore moochas of cat and deer skin, pale turquoise bead necklaces, dog-collar pattern and heavy, elephant-hair armlets, snuffboxes, amulets, and were armed with clumsy spears. One woman had a necklace of white pipe-stem beads, three folds deep, and three rows of the same round her waist supporting a scanty bandage of cloth: another wore a flap of nswala [pallah] skin. So their laughing at the Chungu on the score of nudity is perhaps a little uncalled for.

Oct. 10*th.* Struck camp and packed up kit ready for a start, should the wind go down. The surf still continued, but as it began to abate a little, by 2 P.M. we got everything on board. Steamed past Pakambwera point and the bay and district of Marungi. It is a deeper and finer bay than Kitimbu, though the surrounding scenery is not so fine. There was a good deal of easting all day. We rounded Marungi point and a rocky islet and anchored in the indentation of the bay beyond. The point under which we lay was being burnt, and we camped near a crocodile pool and some large trees. [Soon after we landed, Elton, who was sitting on the sand, was severely bitten in the hand, and I, coming up at the moment, discovered and despatched a small black snake that was wriggling off as fast as he could.

The pain, however, was soon allayed, and no serious results followed.]

Oct. 11*th.* I was up before dawn. Elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, antelope, crocodile, and hippopotamus spoor is on the point, but yesterday's grass fire, still burning in places, has of course driven off all game. At 6.30 the 'Ilala' was under weigh; a lovely morning, with a light south air, and a ripple on the lake. The mountains on the east are high, say 6000 feet, and closing in towards the west. On the west is a sandy strip of beach fringed with rushes, well wooded, and with palm groves. Beyond it rises an undulating range of sandstone hills, topped by masses of (judging from Chombe) a height varying from 2500 to 3500 feet. Both scenery and climate and the balmy feeling in the air remind one of halcyon Mediterranean days. Latitude at noon 10° 10′ S. Shortly after noon we stood in for shore off an exposed beach, and Dr. Stewart landed to barter sweet potatoes and unripe bananas. We then steamed on about an hour and anchored in a creek [Kambwe] formed by a little sand island fringed with rushes, near a large village. Mosquitoes and crocodiles in plenty, and a herd of eight hippopotami.

CHAPTER IV.

The north end of the Nyassa, and the great range of Konde — An immense herd of elephants — Rombashi inlet, and the village of Malisaka — Interview with "Makula" — Description of the Wachungu — Mbungu impersonates Makula — The start for the unknown North — Carriers "on the run" — Cross the Jumbaka river — Inyamare's — The lakelet Iramba — Desertion of carriers — Jumaipopo to Kasakero's — The valley of the Jumbaka, Lake Kisewa, and the Josuma waterfall — Bands of robber tribes — At Mamboneki among the Wakukwe — The name "Ubena" — Magnificent prospect over the Ruingero valley — A struggle with African fever — The height of the Konde range — An infected village — "At war" — Mazote's Pass — Description of scenery, people, and cultivation of Konde — The raids of the Makangwala — The chief Mazote — A moonlight scene — Desperate push for Merere's, and separation of the party — The Pass over the great range — Plateau of Uwanje — A halt commanded — "Enemy ahead" — Scanty fare — An impostor — A sacred grove — Message from Merere — A charm against rain — Lake Hikwa — The Ranga river and Mtengere's — Route through Usafa to Ugogo — To the Ruaha gorge — Fugitives from the war — *Panorama of Usango* — The Ruaha and its lake — The Machinga and Merere's "boma" — A burning village — The enemy surprise us at breakfast — Elaborate salutations of the Wasango — The night march — Arrival at the "boma," and reception by Arabs.

Oct. 12*th.* A GREAT day for rejoicing and marking with white stones! Our protracted voyage has closed, and I am writing at our own camp at Malisaka's, on the Rombashi, Lumbashi, or Jombashi, a navigable affluent of the lake, with which the "Rovuma" must be replaced in the maps. [It will be seen later that this—the proper name of which I believe is

GREAT HERD OF ELEPHANTS, MKENGA, N. NYASSA.

To face page 319.

Ruambadzi, the same as that of a river to the south of Mount Kuwirwe—is merely an inlet into a marsh. The Chombaka river, a few miles further north, is more probably what Mr. Young took for the "Rovuma."]

At about 10 this morning Dr. Stewart became uneasy at seeing the east side close in with a high range of mountains (9000 to 10,000 feet) and a slight S.E. swell rising. "If we could not get a harbour, we could look at the north end of the lake, and then steam back to last night's anchorage." I agreed, but begged him to keep inshore more, so that we should not pass any shelter. [On the swampy shore of this region of the lake, called Mkenga, we sighted the immense herd of elephants of which Consul Elton took the sketch, given opposite. We counted over 300—some of them bathing in the lake, others sleeping in the grass, or wallowing in the marsh.] It was not long before we found a river and a creek, and after sounding in the boat crossed the bar at one fathom. The river deepened to three fathoms, and we proceeded up it north and west for about three miles, and anchored off a village in a banana grove on the left bank. I then landed, and succeeded in establishing confidence with the natives, who had deserted their village, by showing confidence myself—the infallible plan with Africans. An old man was sent to meet me, and I took his hand and walked him up to the assembled elders, which produced a good effect. After a palaver, I went down to tell the 'Ilala' it was all right. It was dark before Rhodes—who is very ill—and the others with the baggage were in camp. We have told off a guard, white and black, for night sentry.

Oct. 13*th.* It threatened rain last evening. Wind and thunder from east. I went down to breakfast with Dr.

Stewart, and wrote to Lord Derby, and Kirk. Shot at a crocodile swimming round the steamer, and rowed back to Malisaka's in the 'collapsable,' followed by him!

Makula sent me a bullock, and I gave him a return present, and some cloth to his four *indunas*. ["Induna" is an official messenger or envoy. The bullock really came from Mbungu, the petty chief of the district, who passed himself off as the head chief of this region, named Makula.] He sent a second messenger in the afternoon to say carriers will be forthcoming, and to know if we wished to shoot elephants. We shall get on easily, I think. His son and councillor then arrived, the former a tall, lithe, prognathous African, and well-spoken.

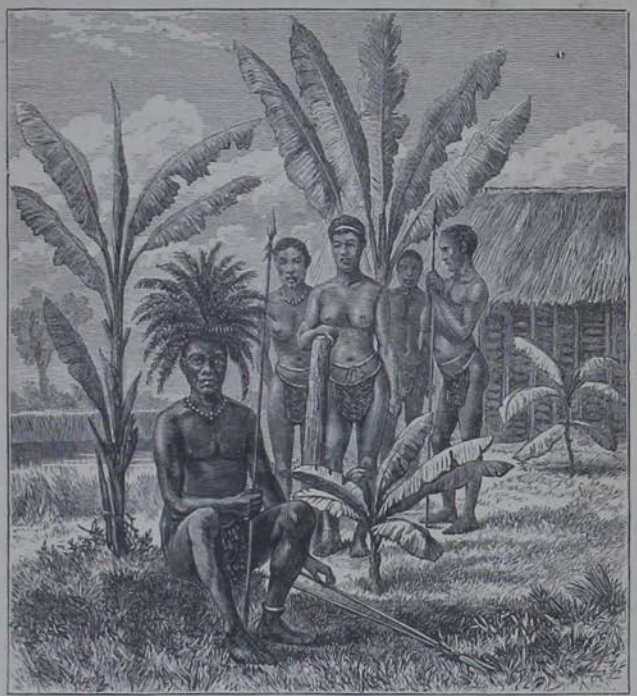
I then rowed down river to the 'Ilala,' but had barely finished my business there, when Bilali ran down to tell me that Makula had arrived at the village. There was a deal of mystery made about his appearance, and they spirited him away out of the dark hut into which we were taken, until a blanket was produced, when his attendants robed him in it. [As is often the case, we were introduced at first to the wrong man—merely a councillor—while the chief himself was hiding behind a grass screen, among dusty pots, in the dark penetralia of the hut. After we had gone through all formalities and given our present to the "dummy," we were informed of the fact, and told "as the great chief had no clothes, and was ashamed to appear naked before the white chiefs, a blanket must be given, and then he would come forth."] He is a smooth-faced, intelligent African. I told him the objects of my passing visit and my desire to get carriers. He said he would give me men to Merere's—eight days. But I must first give him some cloth for his family in exchange for a tusk, in proof of my friendship. I kept first watch, 8 to 12.

Oct. 14*th.* Latitude 9′ 40° by Aldebaran. Makula does not come till evening. A child is dead in his kraal. Crowds of Chungu are round us, watching us writing and drawing. The son is in charge of us, and a solemn 6 ft. 4 in. man with a wand, who keeps the peace and chastises over-curious plebeians. Bought two tusks to please the people, on Government account.

The iron here (their hoes are good) comes from a mountain four days W.N.W. beyond the high range. [Probably the mountain of the Makinga, near the Ruaha gorge.] The natives are noisy and bothering, the heat is 82° in camp. They try to make us angry by pestering, and then laughing at us—one imitating R. over and over again in repeating "Have you got your 'mometers?" (thermometers). We took little notice of them, however, and they gradually subsided. A messenger came from Makula in the afternoon to say carriers should be forthcoming when we required them. I said we wanted to get off to-morrow. Hoste and Downie went up the branch of the Rombashi part of the village towards the north. It narrows considerably, and is closed by a fish-weir. No wood, although the banks are firm ground further up. Rather indisposed, and shirked dinner, but awoke for my 12 to 3 watch quite "fit."

Oct. 15*th.* Sketched, read, and rested most of the day, being rather weak. I sent twice to Makula, and he says he will be here this evening to settle about hire, &c. I hope so; but if we get off in ten days it will be fortunate. . . . He did not appear, but sent a message to say that without fail he would arrive to-morrow morning. He has confined me to camp all day by his delays. [Among other words jotted down evidently for future explanation I find "white paint," "pebble bricks," and "barbed spears."

These Wachungu, among whom we then found ourselves, are a tribe of "go-nakeds." By far the greater number of them are utterly destitute of any attempt at clothing, while the minority wear a strip of banana-leaf or a tuft of grass.



WACHUNGU, MALISAKA, NORTH OF NYASSA.

They, however, are much addicted to painting themselves—sometimes all the upper part of the body, sometimes the face or portions of the face—with a white chalk or clay. The result can hardly be called anything but fiendish. As regards the "pebble bricks," they are sun-baked oval lumps

of bluish mud, about the size of an ostrich egg, which, fitted neatly into a framework of wood or bamboo, compose the walls of the round and square peak-roofed huts of Uchungu. The huts are built and thatched with great skill, and are far superior in finish, ornamentation, and cleanliness, to anything that I have seen elsewhere in Africa. The spears—most cruel-looking weapons with their long sharp barbs—are made of a very white, pure native iron, and the shafts are often beautifully inlaid with a delicate tracery of brass and copper wire.]

Oct. 16*th.* Makula arrived as I was bathing, and brought me a beautiful brindled heifer. Our negotiations were rather long, and I had to "gladden his heart," which I eventually succeeded in doing with twenty yards of white cloth, fifteen of chequered, and six pieces of kaniki [blue]; and to this list must be added an electroplated tablespoon, a tin box, a writing table, three empty bottles, a bag of powder, and a new flint. The carriers were to be immediately forthcoming; to sleep in our camp at night. So the negotiations closed pleasantly, having occupied about four hours; and after breakfast I pulled down to tell Dr. S. that probably we should be away in the morning. As I had the morning watch, 3 to 6, I was pretty tired out, and tried to get a nap, when a message came from Makula—whose real name, it now appears, is Mbungu!—that we had too much baggage, and that what we had was too heavy, and we had better send some to the ship at once. So we all set to work and got rid of a variety of encumbrances, ivory, guns, &c., and sent them down to the 'Ilala.' Dr. Stewart and Dr. Laws came up to say good-bye—the former very seedy.

Oct. 17*th.* A wearying day. Mbungu arrived with a collection of men, perhaps 200, and after some delay we began

writing down their names and giving them loads. When we had got about sixty, no more were forthcoming, and Mbungu stoutly declared that none were to be had. So more things had to be sent away, biscuits, &c. Just as we were ready for a start I found that Cotterill was down with fever, and Downie had to remain behind with him, for we could not wait; all the carriers would have bolted at the least sign of delay. So off we went, Rhodes, Hoste, and I, following the long string of men, crossed the plain to a town on the Jumbaka River, where we halted and lunched off "amasi" (sour milk). We then forded the Jumbaka, over knee-deep, above some fish weirs, where there are high clay banks, and followed the carriers, all on the run, through Makiweta to Inyamare's—9 miles. [The carriers had refused to undertake loads of more than about 20 or 30 lbs., saying that they were warriors, and that to carry was the work of women. But when they had once set out they went at a trot, and made the pace far too hot to last. Among various jottings under this date I find "women with whitened legs," "men with faces ditto," "bananas." The whole country, up to the highest ridges of the mountains, was covered with banana and plantain groves. We passed through continuous avenues of them, sometimes four or five miles in length.]

Here (at Inyamare's) I did all I could to halt, but it was no good. "Inyamare was not friendly," &c., and on they rushed again, taking advantage of my being delayed to talk to the chief, who was a civil old man. Following the Jumbaka valley we plunged into a forest, and on and on we toiled, across a rocky burn, which we waded in the moonlight, and pushed on through long grass until we sighted a lakelet, "Iramba," whence the path led, half a mile, to Jumaipopo, a village in a banana grove. Here we found the

carriers had halted, and we camped and made a rough meal. I then went on watch until 3 A.M.—pretty tiring work.

Oct. 18*th.* Awoke half refreshed, but soon found things looking very queer. The three chief men from Mbungu's formally declared that unless we went on at once all the carriers would bolt. I held out for a delay till noon, to hear of Cotterill and Downie, but had to give in to 10 A.M. However, nearly all the carriers did bolt before the stipulated time, and I was delighted to see C. and D. arrive before my letter had been despatched. [This note was to advise D. and myself that the carriers refused to wait, and unless we could catch up the party by 10 o'clock we two had better go back to the steamer and give up the idea of the journey to Zanzibar! That we two, with six men, travelled safely through this region of Uchungu, teeming with armed warriors, and that two or three natives belonging to Dr. Stewart's party, whom he had kindly allowed to carry me in my hammock, returned safely to the 'Ilala,' goes some way towards confuting the statement, which has been made, that these Wachungu were inimically disposed towards us—to say nothing of the accusation that we, by our ill-advised conduct, excited their hostility. If they did show a hostile bearing to the Mission party after our departure, it was not caused by *our* conduct.] But I had already been compelled to put the three chiefs under surveillance in order to avoid an utter breakdown, and gave them to understand that "they must go on with us until we saw our way to Merere's; that I should tell Merere how Mbungu had behaved, and had hindered me from coming into his country. One chief could return and give this information, if he liked, to Mbungu; the other two would remain." This brought them to their senses, and one went out searching for carriers, utterly declining to

return to Mbungu with such news. The want of rest and worry brought on a bilious attack with slight fever.

About noon we got together enough men to make a seven-mile march to Upambambo, where we camped in the banana forests of the "fumo" [chief] Kasakero. I walked the distance very slowly, and was glad to halt and lie down. Hoste returned from camp to Jumaipopo with eight carriers to pick up loads that we were obliged to leave there. So he had a twenty-one-mile trudge. Fertile country above the Jumbaka; of great capability. Hired a house, pitched tents, and roped in the camp, placing sentries over the three chiefs.

Oct. 19*th.* I made great friends with Kasakero, and he found us carriers. We also put the three chiefs at their ease, gave them plenty to eat, tobacco, &c., and apparently they mean going on and assisting us.

Crossing the Jumbaka by a rocky weir was tedious wading, but the six miles on a gradual ascent through a lovely wooded country passed pleasantly, and at length we came upon Kisewa, a charming little lake about one mile in area, surrounded by escarped and wooded hills, with only one grassy approach. Cattle on the hillsides, and terraced cultivation everywhere, until we reached grassy mountainous country, 3500 feet [above the sea]; thence a sheer descent, 600 feet, to the torrent of the Jumbaka, and we ascended again to 4200 feet; whence we descried the N. end of Nyassa SSE., and the shore and grass-fires beyond. The waves breaking on the lake were distinctly visible. [This cannot have been the northernmost extremity of the lake, which bears due E. from this point.]

In these hills we were amongst the Mwenyekuri-Makuminga, reputed to be dangerous people. Groups of them

crowned two of the passes we had to march through, but did us no harm; nor on the other hand did they show any signs of friendliness. The Josuma, a confluent of the Jumbaka, now attracted our notice on the right, with its fine fall, of about 200 feet, and about three miles further on we crossed it near a large dam, and then three-quarters of another brought us to Mamboneki's. [It will be noticed that Consul Elton adopts the softened pronunciation of such words as Chombaka, Chosuma, &c., as he received them through his Swahili interpreters. Similarly the chief Chitesi, on Nyassa, is spelt as if it were a Swahili word, Kitesi.]

The head-man of the village was civil and sold us food. We are now in Ubena proper, and amongst the Wakukwe of the Wabena. [This was found afterwards to be incorrect. Ubena proper is now a small district near Uranga to the north-east of this, and the Wasango and others, who ejected the Wabena from this splendid cattle country, have adopted the old name.] I sent to the chief to say we now expected to travel with comfort to Merere's, and wanted him to arrange carriers for to-morrow. He said he would do so, and sent me a heifer in earnest. I had a feverish attack, and could eat nothing.

Oct. 20th. Bar. 25·92; therm. 63° at 6 A.M.; lat. by Capella, 9° 11′. An exceedingly bad day for me personally. I passed a restless night, up and down, chilly and feverish, with little sleep; and it was a cold damp morning. The chief was a long time appearing, and eventually arrived (a shrivelled-up little old man about 5 ft. 1 in.) wrapped up in an Arab cloth, guarded by files of spearmen, with his head-councillor—his brother—in front. I told him about Mbungu, and in his presence sent back three men of that chief, who refused to go further. I then gave him to understand my

mission, and told him now I was in Ubena I expected to travel in comfort. I also gave my present—a blanket and three pieces of blue stuff, and two for the councillors. The carriers were soon forthcoming, and we got off after the usual harassing delays and payments. I had been gradually going down to zero with the tiring loitering about and bother, and could eat nothing, so the sun soon told on me, and after surmounting the first pass (4700 feet) I gave in completely, being attacked with violent vomiting and utter prostration, to which I had to lie down. Hoste remained with me, the men going on to fetch the hammock. Presently heavy thunder and storm-clouds rolling up over the mountains prefaced heavy rain, from which we sheltered in a hut, and I slept there pretty well on some straw. At about 4.30 I was able, the rain being over, to crawl on again to the foot of the second pass, where I was met by the hammock party, who carried me, with some hired Wakukwe, very carefully to the top of a sheer descent beyond the second pass (4700 feet), down which I managed to totter and go very painfully up the opposite ascent—both nearly perpendicular, in a dark burned and weird-looking "Devil's Punchbowl" sort of locality. When I remounted the hammock we worked still higher, over a moorland of bracken and fern, with wild thyme, buttercups, dandelions, and daisies, until at 5600 feet we gazed from the highest pass upon the magnificent valley of Ruingero, inclosed by high mountains, 12,000 to 14,000 feet, bordered by sunny wooded spurs, varied by rise and fall, by rich undulating grass-lands and alternate bush, watered by numerous streams, flowing rapidly to Nyassa (the principal one, Manyangare, we crossed thigh-deep), relieved by fertile hillsides and slopes, dotted here and there with pyramidical and conical peaks, abounding in cattle and inhabited by a pastoral and agricultural race (the aborigines) now under

feudality to Merere. Up this valley Merere worked from Makula's [*i.e.* his original town was that which Makula now inhabits, near the shores of the lake], and down it would apparently be the easiest road towards Nyassa. It was cold, chilly, and damp when I got to the camp, and I cowered in the smoke of a wood fire in my tent under blankets, to promote circulation again, and, once warm, ate some soup and dinner, and slept well, much better and comforted. Two attacks of slight fever, with sun, anxiety, and bother, do not chime in with four days' hard marching in a difficult hill country, and in these uplands the fever changes into sickness and diarrhœa. It is the first time I have broken down on the march in my life.

Oct. 21*st* (*Sunday*). Bar. 26·81. Therm. 62° at 7 A.M. About 5400 feet. Cold morning. Rain in afternoon. Much better for rest. Rhodes is unwell with fever. The councillor from Mamboneki's came on with us and brought me an ox, which was killed last night. We are at an outlying village of Mazote's, right under the high ranges. They appear 7000 feet above us, and we are about 5000 feet above the sea-level. There is small-pox here. Some of the huts are isolated, and many people marked. [Those of us who first arrived, as neither we nor our men could understand the language of the natives, were rather indignant at being vociferously and excitedly ejected from the neighbourhood of certain huts—but our indignation soon gave place to gratitude when we discovered the true cause. I noticed here for the first time several words used in the Nyamwesi language, such as *mwenda* for "cloth."]

The Magangwara (or Makangwala) are all east of the hill range, north of Nyassa, and away from this line.

The wet season here is only defined by rain being the heaviest at the regular rain-time of the lake and plains. Hillsides are terrated by terrace cultivation, old and new.

This morning Hoste shot a hawk which had clawed a boy on the back, and the chief sent to know if we were "at war." So we said "yes, and here was the dead enemy for him—the hawk."

Lovely moonlight night, but cold and decidedly chilly. Kept a fire inside tent all night.

Oct. 22*nd.* Bar. 24·17. Therm. 61° at 6 A.M. Smokes prevented observations last night. Gradually carriers began to drop in, and we got together twenty-five, with whom C., D. and I started. We crossed a stream to the east, and skirted detached hills covered with terraced cultivation, bracken, and wild flowers, cattle, scattered hamlets—a lovely and exceptionally fertile country, reminding one of the hills on the upper Rhine.

We halted under a sugar-loaf hill at the head of the valley, where the carriers wished to stop, saying a messenger must be sent to Mazote, but soon pushed on and crossed streams, then ascended terraces and rose to 6000 feet—the top of "Mazote's High Pass." Here we camped, near a look-out of the natives, whence we commanded Mazote's valley (Ruingero) to the south, and towards the east were walled in by mountains, inclosing undulating well-watered valleys, lovely woodland slopes, hedged-in fields, and knolls dotted with native hamlets. We have now marched, from Jumaipopo, over forty miles through the most exceptionally favourable country for European semi-tropical cultivation, I have ever seen.

[The following "note" on this region, written at Mazote's

MAZOTE'S PASS, KONDE. *To face page* 331.

by Consul Elton, gives a fuller description of this lovely country of Konde.]

The country we have passed through is without exception the finest tract of Africa I have yet seen. There is nothing to equal it either in fertility or grazing land in Natal—the reputed "Garden of South Africa." It consists of chains of elevated valleys, 3000 to 5000 feet above the sea, characterised by undulating slopes, and dotted over with pyramidical hills, bounded by rich mountain spurs and walled in by high ranges, the entire district being bounded to the east by the continuation of the "Livingstone" range, barring off the warlike Makangwala, and impeding communication with the coast on these lines of latitude. This country has been under the Chungu, Wakukwe, and other tribes, and is now generally known as Konde, although often described as Ubena, and the people as Wabena, and it is nominally under the rule of Merere. The head of the lake is under Makula and the pure Chungu. Cattle abound: flats, hillsides, and mountain sides are under cultivation and serrated with hedgerows, and pathways to high elevations, the main valleys being appropriated for grazing. As a rule, large villages are uncommon. Hamlets are dotted on the spurs and surrounded by farms, the appearance of some of the valleys showing a greater extension of cultivation than has been reached in our South African colonies. The petty chiefs have little or no jurisdiction. The people appear to be inoculated with the free spirit of independence prevalent amongst the inhabitants of mountain districts. They want nothing; their houses and fences are well built, their paths good; they go naked, or barely covered. Cloth they appreciate, but, unused to labour for hire, estimate it below its value, and grudge to give work for it, though ready to sell produce. Their promises are almost worthless, and

their performance of them must be rigorously enforced. The purposes of all are to fleece the traveller and delay him in the country, not to expedite his passage. He is an object of fear in the first instance, and of derision when he can make no headway, and has to submit to extortion rather than use forcible measures. In a word, the people of Konde, though not unfriendly, are passively obstructive, and being in want of nothing are disinclined to render any services whatever to strangers.

The tracings of the bridle-paths through the country are apparently excellent, but to run a road fit for transport through Konde would be an expensive operation, and only likely to repay expenses in the event of its being followed by colonisation. And against colonisation there stands the fact that a great extent of the land in every direction is already taken up by natives, and is either under cultivation or pasture-land stocked with cattle. Probably it is wastefully occupied, and plenty of spare elbow-room might be found. But native ideas of landholding are very enlarged, and it is probable that European colonisation might lead to grave misunderstandings.

The soil is friable pumice-stone, intermixed with rich red chocolate loam. Sandstone, chalk, pipe-clay, and slate (greyish-white) are congredient elements. Mazote has been long dead, but the country holds by his name, and the people here are under petty chiefs, and are all lazy, naked, faithless, and grasping. The petty annoyances they occasion us are innumerable.

Rhodes was too ill to come on, and remained with Hoste at Sunday's camp. We sent back three men with food. Lovely clear night. Cotterill got a lunar with Jupiter, but no latitude. The moon's brightness killed Achernar.

Oct. 23*rd.* The sunrise over the hills was brilliant. Cold clear morning, and light dew. All awoke fresh and well, thank God! By 9.30 R. and H. appeared with baggage. R. better, but with headache and very weak. I went to top of the hill above the camp to sketch. The huts are of bamboo; outside mud pebbles; excellent thatch. The men's dress is a band round the waist, horn amulets, hair in four knots or close shaved (one man had whiskers), hand bill-hooks, and spears. The hut doors are of bark.

An old chief appeared who wanted presents, and said he could get us carriers. I am beginning not to believe in chiefs, so I told him to bring me a little heifer to show that he was really the big man, and then I would gladden his heart. He said the Gwangwara [Makangwala] had lifted the cattle lately, and now they had but few. Formerly Merere's cattle were here: now they were removed for safety. They [the marauders] came through the passes every three or four months. Yet there are few signs of any raids; no burned huts, neglected fields, &c. Probably the Gwangwara confine themselves to cattle-lifting.

Oct. 24*th.* Lat. 9° 5′ 30″ by Achernar, 9° 6′ 1″ by Canopus. Mean, 9° 5′ 45″ S. Warmer than yesterday, but deliciously fresh and cool. We all have a new lease of life up here, and one could work in this climate at this elevation with pleasure. We agreed to halt to-day, and it was just as well we did so, for the chief in the valley did not appear again, nor any heifer. In the afternoon we sent down Bilali and Pangazina to say we wanted carriers for to-morrow. They came back with a message from the old chief of yesterday to say that he couldn't do anything for us, as we had driven him away yesterday. This was rather too strong, so I spoke out and frightened the head-man properly. "I had been

through many countries to get here, and, as they saw, had passed safely, and I was not going to be stopped by a chief so insignificant that he could not give me even a basket of potatoes. I should walk on to Merere's and complain to him; ask him for men and return with them, and beg him to fine the chiefs in cattle." The effect was soon seen. Within an hour and a half a heifer appeared, sent by Mazote himself, who after all is not dead, but lying ill of small-pox at his house 300 yards above our camp! He apologised for being ill and unable to take notice of our arrival. I sent him a big warm blanket of gorgeous colours, with a message saying I was sorry he was so ill, and would he send to the sub-chiefs for men? He was delighted with the blanket, and rolled himself up in it, at the same time sending out messages for the men.

I shot the cow, for we had no food, and we gave a good deal of the meat to his people, and our men feasted late into moonlight. It was a lovely night, and we sat up smoking and talking over the fire. The scene reminds me of old travels in the Himalayas.

Oct. 25th. Water so cold as to be painful to use. Thermometer 62° at 7 A.M. I sent some meat to Mazote, but he returned it and asked for salt. I gave him some, though we are short ourselves.

No carriers arrived, so I thought it best for some of us to push on to Merere's, and, having obtained two guides, Cotterill, Downie, and I started with Bilali, Baraka, Musseelim, Mankokwe, Pangazina, and Njolo [the first three his own coast men, the others my Nyassa and river natives], our object being to reach Merere's, and, if necessary, to send back carriers for the heavy baggage. We only took light bedding and food. Hoste and Rhodes remain behind. The

latter, I am afraid, is very weak. Our path lay north, and I should say we made good 7 miles, walking four hours—down to the bottom of a deep valley, and ascending again to 6200 feet through bush, then to 8000 feet through dense bamboo forest, to bivouac on a small stream under the highest pass of the range over which our path lies to-morrow. It was hard work for the lungs, so much climbing, but the natives have cut steps in many places, and, though fagged, I managed very well. Ferns and bracken, forest trees and bamboo, abound, and common English flowers, spurge, polygalas, &c. [I must take the blame for any rather loose statements on the subject of botany, for I find Consul Elton has put down many names of flowers, &c., of which I gave him the English equivalents. Thus the "buttercup" was a yellow ranunculus; the "forget-me-not" a myosotis; the "polygala" one of the milkwort family. There were also willow-herbs, heaths, and many other old friends, the sight of which, after the rank vegetation of the lowlands, was most refreshing.]

We camped under immense moss-covered trees in an undergrowth of ferns, making ourselves comfortable with bamboo shelters and huge fires, dining on porridge, cold beef, and coffee.

Oct. 26th. Therm. 49° at 6 A.M. Up before daylight, and, after some Liebig, went over the Pass (8840 feet). On the summit we found ourselves on broken and undulating pasture-land, where cattle and goats are grazed. Springs and wild flowers abound. The sandstone is in places pierced by protruding and overlying granite, micaceous and talcose; shale and excellent slate were seen, and in places quartz rock was abundant. Our path wound gradually down to 7000 feet over these grassy uplands, across clear bubbling

brooks. We are past the water-parting, and the streams run to north-east, at first through a treeless country, then into a land of kloofs and woods. At last we struck a narrow path on the steep mountain side, taking us through a gorge into the upland plains of Merere (7500 feet) watered by the Wanje. Cattle and goats were dotted on the hillsides in abundance, with a few pastoral huts for cattle-guards. The men and women wear dressed hides, and have some decency apparently. At noon we halted near Uwanje, having walked, say, fifteen miles. We are going parallel to a range on our right, the hills to the west having fallen back, and are still 7000 feet above level of the sea. During breakfast we found there was a chief's kraal opposite to us, across the river gully, and that the villagers would take us no further on the road towards Merere's without permission. I sent men and our guide over to see how matters lay, and we rested under a tree until past 4 P.M., when they returned with the chief's son, who invited us across, and told us that we could not go on, for the Machinga tribe had made a raid upon them, and they were at war. We bivouacked for the night under a bank and some high grass, and got but a scanty allowance of wood and some *maëre* grain [a little red millet, most unpalatable and indigestible—for white men at least]. Scant hospitality. A chief with a feather head-dress appeared as we were going to dine(!) and personated Merere, cross-questioned me, &c., and eventually asked for a present. But he was afraid to touch the piece of red velvet I offered, and said I had better keep it till the morning. [None but great chiefs may, as a rule, wear or possess gaudy cloths, coloured blankets, &c., and the device of offering such to an impostor is generally effective. This red velvet, given to me by a lady when I was leaving England, was reserved for great chiefs and impostors, and in both cases answered

admirably.] Subsequently he reappeared, said he was only one of Merere's head-men, and would go over now to announce us and return with the answer to-morrow.

It was a cold night, and I lay by the fire in a blanket.

Oct. 27th. We shifted camp to a fig-tree near the village for sake of shade. A grove of trees on the hill [in which we, to the great excitement and indignation of the whole village, attempted to find refuge from the sun] turned out to be a burial-ground. The huts here are very roughly built, and there are not many cattle or goats. It appears to be an out-squatting station. [We found afterwards that the cattle had all been driven up into the hills towards Usafa, for fear of the enemy.] They say Merere was here yesterday, but I don't believe it. The women wear cloaks of hide and fringes of leather or beads; the girls, belts of beads hanging from the waist. Their hoes are long, and they break up the soil well. Men wear leather flaps, eat raw meat on occasions, and are dirty. The language is guttural, and has none of the Manganja characteristics of the Chungu dialect. Whilst I was bathing, a messenger arrived from Merere. "He was at war, and had lost a great deal of cattle by the Machinga raids. His town was ruined. He and Suleiman and the Jemadar were in it, but they could not leave that day. The next day they would all come and see us, if we would remain where we were." He also sent some beer. His messenger talked a little Swahili; told me Suleiman had been there for some time, and that the Jemadar was from Zanzibar. He hinted that our presence and guns would frighten the Machingas. I asked for some meat. We have none, and no sugar, nor anything but porridge [maëre]. He soon returned, and we built shanties for the night with boughs and grass. Rain came down from the hills, and Mankokwe and Bilali lit

a fire under a spear reversed, with a wisp of grass fastened to it, to drive it away! [And our ridicule was repaid with interest, for the rain went!!] For two fathoms, late in the afternoon, we got a lean sheep at last.

If we get clear of Merere's by the 10th of November we shall be lucky. There is nothing for it but patience.

[Here we first heard definitely of the position of Hikwa, the existence of which has been indicated in several maps.] Muarooli, or Hikwa, is a salt lake in Fipa, two days west of Uwanje. Not salt: nitrate of soda, or saltpetre? It is as large as the valley of Uwanje, and visible from second range to W. The Ranga river flows from east of mountain slopes, beyond gorge of Ruaha, to the Rufiji. Mtengere's kraal is built on it, and it runs through his district. [It was at one time debated whether it might not be advisable to return to Mazote's, and thence take a route towards the north-west through the highlands of Usafa, for the plain of Usango, through which our direct road ran, was infested by the enemy. The following list of stations from Mazote's to Uwambara, near Usekhe, may prove of use to future travellers. It is noticeable that several of these names are mentioned by Dr. Livingstone ('Last Journals,' ii. 69), to whom they were given by Arab traders when he was in Bambarre.]

1. Irungo.
2. Mtengura.
3. Kira.
4. Kuka.
5. Hawa Njo.
6. Msangura-Kano.
7. Masapi.
8. Kana Mkore.
9. Makinde.
10. Madonya.
11. Uyenga.
12. Uringa.
13. Mgongora (2 days to Sekhe).

There is no war and no food on this road.

Oct. 28*th.* As we were dressing and clearing out the camp to look respectable for visitors, a messenger arrived, and said he was to beg us to come on to Merere's. We accordingly marched, and crossed a river to the eastward, a broad clear stream, confluent of the Wanje. At about one mile we fell in with some Swahili followers of Suleiman, who greeted us very warmly, and we halted for about two hours at an outlying village, where there was a number of women dressed in bead aprons, evidently chiefs' wives, and an outpost. Here we were told we were to remain for the day, men being sent on; and preparations were made to house us in a cowshed. However the people sent on returned, having met messengers from Merere with orders for us to keep on at once. So off we started again, and after going ten miles, E.N.E. about, over the plateau and down broken and undulating hills of red loam and white argillaceous chalk and shale, broken through by micaceous granite and white quartz rock, we camped for the night at a cattle station, short of the Ruaha Pass, and slept in the open under the shelter of the walls. The cattle are taken away from here, and to-day we have seen few people and hardly any cultivation. To the south we get the last glimpse of the Livingstone Range, and to our south-east runs the gorge of the Ruaha, or Luaha, between precipitous mountains. [Luaha is the common form of the word among the Wasango. The "h" represents a very rough guttural.] Mtengere is to the south-east. Usafa, chief Iliote, lies towards the Salt Lake. The iron mountain that we heard of at Malisaka is nearly south. [This is the mountain of the Makinga. From Merere's it lay rather south-east.]

We left a note for Hoste and Rhodes in our old camp at Uwanje. No one would carry it, or touch it, for cloth.

[The fact of being able to communicate by letter is a proof positive to the raw African of supernatural power—"medicine." As no one would undertake to keep the noxious bit of paper in or near his hut, we had to pin it up against the fig-tree, and even that proceeding seemed anything but reassuring to them.]

Oct. 29th. Up before dawn and under way without delay. Half an hour brought us to the top of the pass (Luaha), and we crossed the first gorge by a wretchedly rough and steep path, leaving the good path "by order." Our first experiences were meeting a number of fugitives from the "war," old men, women, and children, looking very lank and worn, who told us that the Machinga were overrunning Merere's valley. Our guide, a feathered chief, here found the path impracticable, and took upon himself the responsibility of striking for the legitimate road. After an ascent we opened the valley of the Ruaha [or rather the plateau of Usango], a magnificent panorama stretching for miles at our feet, somewhat obscured by the smoke of burning villages. From the crags on the crest of the mountain (5200 feet), which were occupied by a strong picket, opened to the right the dark gorge of the Ruaha, and towering above its precipitous sides rose the continuation of the Livingstone Range, sloping away to the south-east, and evidently forming, with other ranges, the triple water-parting of Nyassa, Rufiji, and Rovuma. Through the green forest trees of the valley, past sunny hills and shining glades, wound the serpentine folds of the Ruaha and its minor streams, seeking their confluence and forming many a miniature lake, until they flow into a considerable sheet of water, marked by two hilly islands. We could not see the lake, owing to the smoke, but its locality was pointed out to us. From

the picket a narrow path zigzagged down the mountain side, and over the nearest spur we could see the Machinga lines, and the thick smoke from a burning village, half obscuring Merere's stockade, indistinctly defined and built upon a bend of the Ruaha. The picket was excited, pointing out the movements in the valley. Then fresh men arrived with news, and we were delayed for a couple of hours. Our advanced guard returned with the news that communications were cut off. We had no food and no water. There was no immediate prospect of advancing, and things in general looked very unpromising. We were impatient, and at last were allowed to push on down the hillside, over precipitous descents and broken shale and slate, interspersed with granite, slippery with dead wood and sun-dried grass, into the head of the valley. There was an inclination to halt on the way, but we pushed on the guide, and at last reached the burning village, rather lower down on the Ruaha than we were meant to go. The huts were down, the grain-stores crackling and blazing in the flames, pots and household utensils, cobs of corn, packs of grain and peas, scattered about, and the destruction complete. One fugitive dog wandered restlessly about, not knowing what to make of his home, and even he had not the heart to wag his tail at us.

Taking up a good position under a large tree commanding the bend of the river, we sat down to rest and to get some food—burnt corn from the village. Here we were descried by the Machinga. Three of them came down to the opposite bank; one advanced and danced in derision, brandishing his spear and shaking his shield. I sat down on a rock in advance of the tree, then stood up, took off my hat, and sat down again, and eventually the three disappeared over the rise in the direction of Merere's, evidently not knowing what

to make of us. Our position excited great remonstrance from our guide, Hatibu, a dear old man, who said his orders were to take us south, by a chief's town called Mbango, about two miles up the Ruaha, and to convoy us by night into Merere's town. I was anxious to push on; all these delays were vexatious. I was angry with Merere's people for their want of energy. Our two days' provisions were finished, and here was the country at war, and Merere beleaguered. I took some persuasion and demanded a great deal of explanation before I consented to move, but gave in at last, and crossing the Ruaha by a deep and rocky ford below some immense granitic boulders, the water running dark and clear, we pushed on for Mbango's. [The water was tinged with a brown colour, but was not turbid.] Here we found pickets and warriors, and halted at some huts on the river bank, short of the town, which was hidden by the forest and bend of the river. The chief and his councillors did a great deal of "Aji! Ha, ha! ha, ha!"—the regulation salutation, and decided to send us on after nightfall, telling off men and getting ready loads of grain for the provisioning of the "boma."

[A most elaborate and prolonged form of salutation is prevalent in Uchungu and Usango. It would fill too much space to give it at length, as it often occupies at least half an hour to recite. A man will approach, for instance, a group of his friends as they squat under the shade of a hut in the early morning, and seating himself beside them, will, as an opening ceremony, gently pat his ribs. Responsive pats from the group acknowledge the compliment. Then, after a pause, he will diffidently remark "Sokire" (probably a corruption of the Swahili form of address). To this there will be an unanimous reply, "Sokire." Then, the thing

once started, a duet is performed on the word, the *tempo* gradually becoming more and more rapid, till "sokire" degenerates into "soki," "soki," "soki," &c., and this may continue for ten minutes (sometimes to a stringed obbligato accompaniment) until all are breathless. "Sokire," by the way, means "how are you?" Then the new-comer will introduce the answer "Aji"—"all right"—and the duet proceeds, "Aji," "Aji" . . . "Soki," "Soki" . . . "Aji," "Soki" . . &c., until "Aji" is abbreviated into "A," "A," "A" . . . a series of not unmusical grunts from both parties continued indefinitely. Sometimes a word "Kwaga" is introduced as a variation; but I never could discover its meaning, though my men declared it meant "how are your wives?" Apologising for this interruption, I return to the narrative.]

We had a delicious bath in the river—a swim. It is too high here for crocodiles.

About half an hour after dark we set out silently on our night march with the convoy, consisting of some forty men armed and carrying the "regalia" [cigar] shaped loads of grain peculiar to the country. Striking well to the east we followed a good path with easy ascents and descents down the valley, lighted on our way by Jupiter and Venus, by the grass fires on the mountain side, the lurid glare of burning villages, and occasional gleams from the enemy's camp fires. Venus was down behind the mountain when we bent to the west, and crossed a deep ford of the Ruaha, whence we sent out "feelers," and in about three hours stood outside the stockade on the Boma. The big trees blocking the doorway were pulled down to admit us, and a double row of palisading having been passed, we entered into an unsavoury town of temporary square grass huts, all open to the pathway,

and full of men. We brought up under a big tree near the "banda" of Suleiman bin Abid, and we were soon received by him, the Jemadar, Mohammed Durbash, and Ali bin Moussa, in a long shed, where, sitting on buffalo hides, we held a conference. In the first place Hatibu told his story, then I told mine, and produced Burghash's [the Sultan's] passport, which was reverently kissed. Finally Suleiman gave us an account of the position of affairs. He then retired, when a repast of excellent rice and buffalo-meat (dried) was served in, and we then lay down to sleep soundly, lulled by an occasional gun-shot from the look-outs. A long and very tedious day, short commons and vexatious delays.

CHAPTER V.

In Merere's "boma" — Audacity of the enemy — A sortie — Reports of our rear party — An assault on the "boma" — The dangers of fishing — A council of war — Night in the stockade — A ruse and a reconnoitre — The enemy's camp ablaze — Raising of the siege — We visit the trenches — Horrible scene of butchery — Pursuit of the invaders — A dastardly murder — Sport in Usango: pallah, zebra, rhinoceros — Merere's band of drummers — Wild boars and buffaloes — Immense herds of game — A party from Usafa — A chase after elands — The story of Salim — Merere and the slave-trade — Return of fugitives — Arrival of our party from Mazote's — Merere's address to his warriors — Illness from foul smells, bad food, and polluted water — The dance of the Amazons — A fire in camp — The Wabena — Narrow escape from a charging buffalo — A second chase after the elands — The last evening in the "boma."

Oct. 30*th.* VISITED the outposts. The enemy are all round us. We then visited Merere ceremonially, and afterwards I talked to him through Suleiman. We arranged about our main body, after various plans had been proposed. They are to stand fast, and eventually we are to go by Mtengura's and Mtongola's [Mgongora's] through Usagara, to avoid the fighting.

In the evening the enemy were very "cheeky" and fired at us, but a sortie by Merere's men made them retire by nightfall to their previous positions. Very seedy in the night, from the high buffalo-meat.

Oct. 31*st.* The enemy, it appears from spies, sent off their wounded and women early this morning from our right front,

and moved up men from the left to take the place of their escort. This looks as if they would soon be off. However, they have shot at us pretty freely this morning, but were rather frightened by Suleiman to whom I lent my "express."

Four small fishes for dinner—a great treat! [The biggest, for which we three tossed, was about 4 inches in length.] Men went out at night with a letter for Hoste and Rhodes. The Wasango wear *pounds* of beads. [Some of the necklaces must have weighed 12 or 15 lbs. at least. Small light or dark-blue beads were in fashion.]

Nov. 1*st.* Delicious bath in the Ruaha. A woman came in and said the enemy were moving off to the hills, and had lost several men by long shots. On the right front they were rather bold, and I moved out a little beyond the stockade. Merere's men could easily dislodge them from their camp if they had any go in them. They appear to be intrenching themselves, to get shelter and cover, and pushing forward rather too boldly to please me, or to look like raising the siege. I saw the fugitive woman in the afternoon. She was thin, and cut about with thorns, and had been a prisoner. Merere has sent word to Mbango and the men above the Pass to move forward, so as to surround the enemy. If properly managed this should succeed. The chief Mafira from the S.E. got in, and says his men will be here to-morrow. In the evening the Machinga danced round a fire, but put it out and retired on being fired at. The Wasango jeer at them, and imitate calves and goats and dogs for hours at a time in derision. Some men who came in by the west pass [the gorge of the Wanje] seem to say that R. and H. have moved on to Uwanje, but the information is vague.

Nov. 2nd. At dawn some of the enemy came down to the river bank, close by, and caused an alarm and a general turn-out, followed by a sortie of about 300 of the Wasango, who advanced nearly up to the Machinga lines on the slope. I believe the enemy are gradually withdrawing, and covering their retreat with a show of offensive action. It appeared, however, that this assault had been occasioned by a *ruse* of Merere, who ordered the flags to be struck and the men to vacate the "bomas" [crows' nests] before daylight. The Machinga thought the stockade deserted, and went out to reconnoitre. As soon as they reached the opposite bank they were received with volleys, and retired. A very sultry day, and dust flying about, for some sixty or seventy boys were employed building us another "kambi" (grass hut) by Suleiman's orders. He is very thoughtful. Enemy quiet all day. In the evening I visited the outposts with Suleiman, and we were shot at by a man hidden in the rushes. The poor cook, Baraka, who had gone down to the river to fish for us, was wounded in the leg by a Msango by mistake. Luckily it was only a deep graze, and will not disable him. Lovely starlight night. Mars overhead, and Jupiter and Venus to the west, shine to great advantage. Plans are being framed for the attack on the Machinga (Mayinga, Suleiman calls them distinctly), but their development is slow. Merere's old town is by Mtengura's, which we shall pass when we set out again.

Nov. 3rd. It looks as if rain were near. The enemy were pretty quiet, and a body of them marched to the hills eastwards to search for grain. A reconnoitring party made themselves very prominent in the afternoon, and two shots were fired at them. One brought down a chief or person of distinction, for during the rest of the day people assembled

from all parts of the enemy's camp to see the body. The Machinga leave the men where they fall, consequently there are flocks of vultures wheeling round their camp. Merere sent for me, and told me his plan of action, viz. to attack the enemy on the left in the rear with men from Uwanje and Mbango's, and asked my opinion about it. After talking it over he sent for the chiefs (twenty-four in number), and held a council of war. Everything was discussed with propriety and deliberation, and Mafira was given command of the Uwanje division. He seems a rough-and-ready sort of man, with plenty of pluck. He got safely out after nightfall.

In the evening, after our frugal meal of grain, a fugitive woman came into camp with the news that an attack was to be made during the night. So all the men were on the alert, and we slept with our clothes on, but nothing came of it. [On such occasions sleep was almost out of the question on account of the continuous shouts and yells and challenges of the sentries and outposts on both sides. Our men kept each other awake by constant cries of "Hapana ku lala," *i.e.* "No sleeping allowed," and ludicrous imitations of cattle, cocks, goats, and dogs.]

Cotterill is down with one of his feverish attacks. I managed to do some work in the forenoon, putting things together for my Report; but it is a sad waste of time, and a tedious and annoying delay, being shut up like rats in a trap.

Nov. 4th. Our sentries shouted and abused the enemy all night, but they did not move, and at daylight I undressed and got a good second sleep. I spent the morning in carefully visiting all the outposts and inspecting the positions. That on the left front is the strongest decidedly.

However, the Machinga are very quiet, and all the people I could see moving were foraging parties carrying in grain, of which they seem to have secured plenty.

Two small fishes and some maize porridge formed our dinner for three, and as we were smoking bad Msango tobacco after it, Suleiman came into our "kambi," and told us that the enemy were burning their lines and, he thought, retiring. So we adjourned to the "bomas" [look-outs]. Large fires were burning all along the lines to the left, and but little noise was heard. On the right camp fires were dimly burning, and equal quiet maintained. We went from one look-out to another, until about 9 o'clock four Wasango, who had crawled out to reconnoitre, returned with the damping news that not a single kambi had been burnt, but that large wood fires had been lighted behind them, to deceive us. To this bad news we had the counterbalance in the arrival of thirty of Mafira's men heavily laden with grain, who followed down the river bed after dark and got in at 10 P.M. The lurid glare of the fires, and the grass burning on the distant mountains of the Ruaha gorge, obscured a lovely starlight night, the S. wind drifting the smoke in volumes. All our posts were manned, and every one admirably on the alert. Mutual abuse began on both sides and continued through the night, broken by a few shots, until about an hour before dawn of the morning of November 5th, when the Machinga gradually subsided into silence.

Downie was up at break of day, and in about ten minutes came back with the news that now the enemy were absolutely firing their huts one after another. We all turned out, and in half an hour the left was in a blaze, and the right was evacuated, a parting shot from our side aiding the movement. Still there was an idea of some stratagem, so we waited a little, and then Downie, Cotterill, and I moved

out till we gained the deserted lines, followed by strings of cautious Wasango.

It was soon proved that the entire position had been evacuated, and quantities of grain were saved and brought in. I shot three pigeons—one apiece—on which we made the first "square" meal for a week. It is a very great relief that the Machinga have gone. Although I would have supported Merere's attack on them thoroughly, still it was only through sheer necessity and self-defence that I consented to do so; and the exodus is indeed a happy solution, and a great weight off one's mind. Now I trust our road is open.

After breakfast I walked round the lines on the hill across the Ruaha. I also had a long talk with Suleiman about the projected road from Dar-es-Salam, the line it would take, and the influence it would exercise on Merere's people. He is to speak to Merere to-morrow.

In the afternoon I took my gun and rifle and went in quest of game, but only got two pigeons, although I saw plenty of spoor. Downie wounded and lost an *nswala* [pallah]. So we had short commons, no tobacco, and went to bed all tired.

Had I entertained any scruples or doubts in my own mind as to the necessity and propriety of the policy, in a manner forced upon me, of aiding Merere materially, they would have been completely removed this afternoon, when to the west of the Machinga position in the forest I came upon the remains of thirty-five Wasango women and children whom they assegaied eleven days ago in their rage at being defeated in their first assaults. [I found a second heap of such corpses, which brought the number up to eighty.] Some of the children must have been almost infants; and now over a heap of skeletons, scattered leather aprons and beads, hovered flocks of vultures and gigantic storks, which,

gorged with their loathsome feast, had scarcely power to flap away into the lower branches of the magnificent forest trees which adorn the once peaceful Usango valley. The stench was fearful; indeed, I shall wonder if there is not a pestilence to follow in the wake of the siege. By screaming and abusing the Wasango sentries the Machinga first succeeded in obtaining an audience in all the look-outs, and then brought out the wretched prisoners and speared them one after the other, promising to serve the garrison in the same way when the "boma" was captured.

Nov. 6th. I passed a wretched night, from the effects of the food on which we were living. It affects us all in different ways. I was glad to be off with my rifle before it was light, and get into the fresh air away from the putrid odours of the boma and its disgusting surroundings, and pushing on eastwards, on the path of the retiring Machinga, shot a fine young *nswala* buck, and afterwards wounded two zebras. One of them rolled over and over, but got up and went off. On my arrival at camp I found Cotterill had shot another *nswala*, so we were able to be generous and gave two halves to Merere and Suleiman. I must say I enjoyed a meat breakfast, after a bath in the Ruaha.

Whilst we were eating it a pursuing party returned. It went out yesterday, overtook the enemy at four hours' distance, attacked their stragglers, killed eight and captured a Msango deserter, who says the Machinga had a good many wounded and were quite demoralised. They are said to have broken into groups and had taken different routes, "sauve qui peut." One poor girl they murdered yesterday about an hour's distance from here. I put up two hyenas from her body. It lay by the broken pot she had been carrying, and had let fall. Her leathern apron and beads

had been torn off her. The hands of the slain were brought back as usual. Merere is much pleased. The Wabena now say they will come in and do homage again. Mafira and Mbango should be here to-day, to start in pursuit.

In the afternoon Cotterill wounded a zebra, and Downie, after a long run, finished her with AAA cartridges.

About five o'clock ammunition, provisions, and goods arrived from Mazote's with a letter from Rhodes. It is most satisfactory to hear that all is well. They must be tired to death with waiting; but they have been better off than we have been of late. Merere and his chiefs held a great dance of rejoicing over the retreat of the Machinga, and drank much pombé. The great chief was a little unsteady on his pins when he saluted me as he passed. But Suleiman says he is not given to drinking. We rejoiced on soup, salt, nswala, coffee, and our own tobacco once more.

Nov. 7th. At daylight Cotterill and Downie started shooting. I settled about the present for Merere, and then opened a meat shop in the street and bought a lot of grain, wood, &c., with the zebra flesh. The new moon was seen last night, and the month is to be a fortunate one—so say the Wasango and Suleiman. The latter did not forget to utter an appropriate and pious ejaculation on first descrying it.

I paid Merere a visit of ceremony and gave him his present—a double gun, two blankets, two pieces of checked cloth, and 30 yards of Merikano. He seemed very pleased, and apologised for the reception we had met with, and his want of hospitality. We were unfortunate, he said, in visiting his country in a time of adversity: "but," he added, looking rather proudly towards his councillors, "you may, I hope,

return when all this is changed." Every one nodded assent, and grunted in approval of the speech.

Cotterill returned, having bagged four zebras; Downie with an *nswala*. He had the bad luck to wound and lose a rhinoceros. We gave two zebras to Merere, who is delighted at the prospect of feeding his big men.

Suleiman's Makua hunters bagged two rhinoceros in the hills to the east.

The arrival of meat gave us a very unpleasant day, crowds of Wasango kicking up the dust through our open doorway, and making it hot and uncomfortable.

Nov. 8th. Much cooler, and we all find ourselves better for the change of food, and refreshed by the prospect of a speedy departure. Rejoicings over the conclusion of the siege still continue. A contingent arrived from Mbango's with provisions and one of Merere's wives. They were received at the Ruaha by an escort, and drummed into camp, where the head-men were introduced to Merere with as much ceremony as would be seen at a European court. Subsequently Merere himself led the drum band. They play excellently a variety of tunes, and keep wonderful time. They are the claret-glass shaped drums, seen to the westward, with a foot to rest upon the ground, and are held with one hand and played in a most vigorous manner with a thin, hard stick, terminating in a small knob. This drumming continued nearly all day. It appears that none of the Wabena tribes joined the Machinga, as Merere feared at first; and now his allies and vassals are coming in. His prestige will be probably increased by the fact of his having sacrificed his town as untenable, and having subsequently forced the enemy to retire with loss. He burnt it by Suleiman's advice.

Cotterill and I went out together, separating on the

"Zebra Flat." I saw little or no game, but on meeting C. again near the Ruaha, we found ourselves on the edge of the game country—spoor of every description, elephant, rhinoceros, hippos. and buffalo. [Hippopotami come up from stream from the Ruaha lake.] Cotterill had killed a zebra and lost a wounded buffalo. The river here is about waist-deep, and running swiftly. A canoe could probably work down to the Rufiji, looking out well for snags and fallen trees. [This too was at the end of the dry season.] After refreshing myself in the shade of a high bank and spreading trees on a shingly slope, where elephants drank last week and ibises were roosting, I kept up the left bank homeward bound, but within ten minutes there was a crash and a clatter of dry reeds, and down the opposite bank flopped a big buffalo right into the river. Unluckily I had given my rifle to Bilali, and there was a little delay in getting it—he standing amazed with the gun in his hand at the critical moment. However, I got a shot in that staggered him, and made him bellow as he got into the reeds again and up the bank; but here I lost him. The "matete" [reeds] were so dense that it was like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack. As the sun was going down I saw two boars drinking, and shot one—a fine fellow—who showed fight when I finished him with a spear. He would have given one a grand run with the old "Tent Club"; better than any Indian boar. [This is the *Vlakke Vark* or *Phacochœrus Æthiopicus*, a brute of most formidable appearance, and armed with immense tusks.] I left the men with the body, shouldered their two guns and my own, and started for home. I chose a rapid and broad place to cross the Ruaha, for the sake of the bath, and had to make a separate crossing for each gun, so the young moon was shining brightly by the time I reached the "boma," having been misled to the left by fires and a mob

of men who were cutting up a hippopotamus that had been killed by the Makua hunters. There are but few here now, but as the Ruaha rises they come up in numbers; and there are crocodiles, though small ones, in the deep reaches.

Nov. 9th. Suleiman came in early, after visiting Merere, who is unwilling to allow him to go over the mountains to Konde. [He was meditating an exodus from the ruined country either towards Nyassa or Tanganyika.] This gave me a good opportunity, so I insisted upon having carriers. Failing any settlement, I threatened to return, burn my baggage, and push on with what we could carry ourselves. This produced an arrangement that Hatibu, with thirteen of Suleiman's men, was to leave for Mazote's to-morrow, with a message to Mariwali, chief of Uwanje, and was to bring on R., H. and the rest, the road through the Ruaha valley to Mtengura's being now considered safe. We wished to shift our quarters outside the boma, for sanitary considerations, but opposition was instantly made by Merere, who said it would make the people say we had quarrelled. We could go if we liked, and he would give us a guard; but, if I would listen to his words, we should remain in the boma, and he would build us a new house near the river in a quiet place. Of course we had to give in with a good grace. After dinner came tedious negotiations with carriers. It was finally settled at 6 *zeraha* [3 yards] a man without food. Suleiman has fever, and Cotterill gave him a "rouser."

Nov. 10th. Downie, who decided to walk back to Mazote's in preference to stopping here, was off early with Kijana as guide. Cotterill and I were next off for a day's shooting. We kept together for a long time, and I shot an *nswala* ram; then we separated after a herd of seven roodebok, one of which I shot, lying in wait as they passed through long

grass. Then I crossed a muddy stream, full of fish, with a current to the east, and shot another roodebok ram near it, then wounded another, and would have got him had I not fired at a wild boar when in pursuit and put up three buffaloes. Wanting too much, I lost both, and halted on the Ruaha for bath and breakfast. It was about 2 o'clock when a boy from a tree descried a troop of nine buffaloes hard by, and I started for a stalk. It was open, and I was an hour getting to within 80 yards, at which distance I shot the big bull facing me, as he raised his head in the air to catch the taint, between the throat and the chest. Off tore the herd, but the bull left a stream of blood on his path, and Bilali traced him to a dense bush, in which he lay down. I shot him on the shoulder at 9 or 10 yards, but he jumped up, charged the smoke, and missed me by not 2 feet, but caught Bilali, who is not very active, carried him 7 or 8 yards, threw him down, knelt upon him, got up, and fell in precisely the same spot that he had started from. I gave him three more shots—all I had—and he did not move again. Poor Bilali was gored under the left breast, cut his hand badly with his knife, and was terribly sore and shaken. He bled freely, but took the accident well, and walked to the Ruaha, where I dressed the wound with water warmed in a potsherd, put a cold water pad on it, and started him home (eight miles) with a Msango, before he should get weaker and stiffer.

Cotterill floored a buffalo, left him for dead; floored another and lost him; then returned to find No. I. gone. Bad luck, but an experience we have all gone through in African sport. [These buffaloes were found next day by natives. One had been killed and mauled by a lion.]

Our house is finished, and we shift into it to-morrow. Delicious *mtogwa* beer. [The *mtogwa* is a small purple berry.]

Nov. 11*th.* Up at dawn, and guided by a mob of Wasango to the buffalo. The hyenas had made a hole in him. About seven miles out we had an alarm of Machinga. The people all clustered round me, and asked me to go on with my rifle and two men to see who the armed party were. This I did, and they turned out to be an outpost of our own men. Whilst the buffalo was being cut up I kept on northwards, and saw three large herds—perhaps 100 in all. I wounded two badly, and should have got them, had there not been such quantities afoot, and the difficulty of spooring increased thereby. Passing a village burnt by the Machinga, I emerged on the plain watered by the stream of yesterday, killed two zebras, and halted to bathe and breakfast, feeding a large crowd and the picket. The tameness of the geese (black, with red knobs on the nose), ducks, plovers, &c., here is wonderful. After missing a roodebok ram which came down to drink, I walked home, passing zebras which took hardly any notice of us—cartridges being finished. We are installed in our new quarters comfortably. Merere asked for 6 fathoms of cloth to send by messengers to the Magwangwara [Makangwala], who, it appears, are only two days' distant, and have occupied the Machinga country. The Machinga have fled north-east to their old country, but Merere now seems doubtful as to whether the Magwangwara are to be considered friends or foes. I wish we were clear away from here.

Nov. 12*th.* Merere is going to find us in food for the road, and give us carriers.

After lunch it looked very stormy, but Cotterill went out to see what he could pick up. He shot two pallah, and saw a good deal of game near the camp. Merere sent us beer in

return for half a pallah. Thunder, lightning, and rain over Uwanje.

Nov. 13th. C. and I sallied forth in quest of elands. We met some of Suleiman's men returning from Usafa with ivory. They did not know what to make of us, and seemed inclined to take to the forest at the foot of the mountains. Pallah, zebra, and pigs we let pass, and found a small herd of elands, very wild, in the thorn country. I wounded one, and followed for three hours, but Musseelim disappeared with my cartridges, and I had to give up the pursuit reluctantly just at the turning-point, and toil home discontented and breakfastless. [These are the striped elands. When wounded they are easily run down, being of unwieldy bulk and slow-paced.]

A party of Merere's men surprised some Machinga yesterday, and killed forty in an outlying village. They are said to be bolting to Mgongora's (Merere's brother), who is authorised to proclaim an amnesty, to disarm fugitives and receive them into his tribe—a very advanced policy for an African chief to adopt. I do not think the Wasango bury their dead any more than the Machinga. A woman who died last night was simply thrown into the bush outside the camp.

Nov. 14th. Although I was rather footsore, yet elands were too great an inducement, and I tried for them through a long hot wearisome day without success, shooting only a wild boar. I however saw a new country, and crossed the Uwanje river twice below the gorge from which it descends to the Ruaha valley. [Its name here is Fimi.] It joins the Ruaha before the lake. The Shinyamara is an affluent of the Ruaha. The Uwanje river appears to run through blue clay and shale. The strata on the hill ranges are clearly-

defined belts of slate and shale. Traps are set for wild cats all over the country, and there are many dangerous game pits. The silver jackal is common, but though hyenas are legion I have not seen or heard of a lion since we left the mountains, although they affect the company of zebras, pallah, and eland. A Mnyassa lad accompanied me as volunteer to-day, and as I sat for a few moments by the river I asked him his history. He was taken from north of Chitesi's by Makangwala, and sold at Mtengere's to Salim; but, returning from an expedition to Nyassa with ivory and slaves, Salim died, and his men had since lived with Suleiman. The slaves taken by the Makangwala used to be sold at Mtengere's; but Merere would not allow them to be sold in his town, and the first difference between Mtengere and Merere arose by the Makangwala raids being incited by the former.

Merere's men yesterday reached the outlying Machinga villages, and burned them. They are now broken and wandering, but make the country dangerous, and Suleiman says we shall have to go by the western pass from Uwanje. About 200 fugitive women returned from their hill refuges, and I saw them resting after their journey under big tamarind-trees on the river. They bring with them a few poor household effects saved from the fires. There is an immense number of men in camp, drumming, and very noisy.

Nov. 15*th*. It was agreed that the camp should stand fast at Uwanje, and that on Saturday, Merere, Suleiman, and we should proceed there. Thence we are to be despatched with forty carriers to Mgongora's. I wrote to Rhodes, and sent him a leg of wild boar. Cotterill came back about noon with a slain pallah, and a young one alive, which he had

found in a pitfall. Just as we had finished lunch, news arrived that our party from Mazote's were approaching! Downie first appeared in the "Berthon" boat, to the astonishment of everybody. [He had launched it on the Ruaha at the upper bend. The excitement was intense when he appeared in the tiny "collapsable," and, stepping ashore, folded it up and carried it up the bank to our kambi.] All were pretty well. They have had rain, thunder, hail, and short commons up there. A robber tribe, the Makauka, hunted out Hoste when he tried to explore in their direction. He crossed the river in the valley, and the villagers rose, thinking that Mazote was taking advantage of the white men to recover his cattle. Two hundred men assembled and threatened Hoste and Mpenu [my Shupanga man], but they fortunately managed to retire, covered by Mazote's men, who turned out promptly, and came to the rescue. I felt very unwell in the afternoon. My feet are much swollen, and I suffer from alternate indigestion and diarrhœa.

Merere is much pleased at the news that the Makangwala have burnt out the Wabena, and definitely declared themselves on his side.

Nov. 16th. Hot and oppressive. Very much out of sorts. Four goats came from Uwanje, brought by Noho from the chief, but with the bad news that he could get no men to come down from the highlands with our baggage. I at once got Suleiman to send back people of his own.

Merere held an impressive assembly of his warriors about to join and co-operate with the Makangwala. As I stood under the big tree by Suleiman he translated to me. Merere abused his men soundly for being cowards, and pointed to us as not fearing to go far away into the country shooting; and

warned them that if they showed the white feather their new allies would probably desert. He certainly produced a marked effect on his audience—as well he might, with his emphatic and distinct address. He is no mean orator, and probably gets plenty of opportunities to exercise his talent.

MERERE, CHIEF OF USANGO.

Nov. 17*th*. Exceedingly unwell. I read Swahili tales to Suleiman and his crowd, and paid for it afterwards with a violent headache and prostration. I believe it is the horrible stench of the place that has thrown me completely out of gear. [We learnt afterwards that large numbers of decom-

posed corpses were lying in the river a little above our drinking and bathing-place.] Cotterill shot a pallah to-day, and enormous quantities of grain were brought in, looted from Machinga villages, which are now quite deserted.

Nov. 18*th.* Almost a "dies non" with me. Utterly unable to read, write, or talk, without painful effort. In the evening Noho, Hatibu, and Mpenu arrived with all the baggage. I felt better at dinner and managed to eat a little; but my head is painful. Without a sign of fever, the shooting pains I have at times are almost insupportable; possibly the long run after the elands overtired me.

Merere again held an assembly. The women painted their busts and faces white, seized the warriors' spears, shields, and zebra mane and tail head-dresses, and danced before their great chief, whom I saw painted for the first time to-day—no improvement to his really prepossessing personal appearance of command and quiet dignity.

The Makua hunters have "fielded" one of Cotterill's buffaloes, mauled by hyenas. I fancy they get a good number of our cripples. Hoste hit a buffalo and left him lying down at intervals. He will probably get him to-morrow.

Nov. 19*th.* Latitude by Achernar 8° 15′ S. [This is probably some six or eight miles too much to the south. The nights were at this time so cloudy that this was the only chance I got at a star.] Altitude by barometers 3700 feet. Dull morning. Rain in the evenings and at night.

Last night there was a fire near our abode, and a great alarm. It blazed freely amongst the grass huts, and we had to pull down two of our neighbours' abodes and fling them into the river. There would have been far more damage

done had it not been for D. and H. and our men, of whom Pangazina worked the most prominently. [Every African traveller—at least those who know the Manganja—will understand the feeling that urges one not only to mention but to bring into prominence, whenever it is possible, some of the many acts of courage and devotion of his "faithfuls." I can truly say that I for one should never have come back alive from Africa but for the pluck, the tact, the patient endurance and tendance of my native servants, of whom Pangazina, not long ago a raw Nyassa savage, proved invaluable on account of his great strength, his wonderful sagacity in the hunting field, and his dauntless bearing.] The Wasango made more noise than they did work, and, African-like, jeered at the destruction, and danced about. The woman in whose house the fire originated was made a prisoner.

Hoste went off shooting with my big "express."

There are a few Wabena about, very Zulu-like in their war-dress—leopard-skin moochas, shell necklaces, and hair head-dresses.

We are to get forty-three men, and leave on the 21st, waiting to-morrow for Merere's head wife, sister of Magomba, chief of Ugogo, who is to be sent with us to stay with her father until the wars are over.

Just after Cotterill and Hoste returned it poured with rain, and we dined uncomfortably under a heavy drip from overhead, but very well, on reit-bok and guinea-fowl. Cotterill shot a zebra and a reit-bok. Hoste tracked up his buffalo of yesterday. He was alone and vicious—tossed a Makua, and then charged Hoste, who dropped him dead at 3 or 4 yards. They both had a great chase after elands, and ran them almost to a standstill close up to the camp, but they were so done themselves that they could not shoot

straight. My buffalo has been found by Makuas in the reeds near where I shot him.

Nov. 20th. Rain in the air. I feel much better to-day. We are to have carriers to-morrow, and the lady has arrived. She was married to Merere's father [by adoption]. After his death he took her as wife.

Merere presented me with an ivory wand that I admired. He said there were fifty of them, of which forty-nine were now buried [for fear of the enemy], and that they were given to councillors with full powers when despatched on important business, and carried on certain occasions. He had never given one away, nor known of one being given away by his predecessors; therefore he should like this one sent to the Queen. I said it should be sent. [This wand was given over to Dr. Kirk, at Zanzibar, to be transmitted to her Majesty.] He added that I must explain his position —how, the country being at war, he was unable to send a present of ivory, as his ivory was concealed. The road [begun by Mr. Mackinnon and others from Dar-es-Salam] he would welcome, and the people connected with it. He would favour trade and do all in his power to show his friendly feeling. It appears that Merere, as soon as we depart, goes with Mafira and the Uwanje and Mazote men to clear out the Makauka for their misdeeds. As it was the last evening, I went over to Suleiman's and read stories till 11 P.M. I always think a little extra exertion to please upon the last day leaves the best possible impression on the memory. Here in Africa one is placed in such queer positions that one cannot have too many friends.

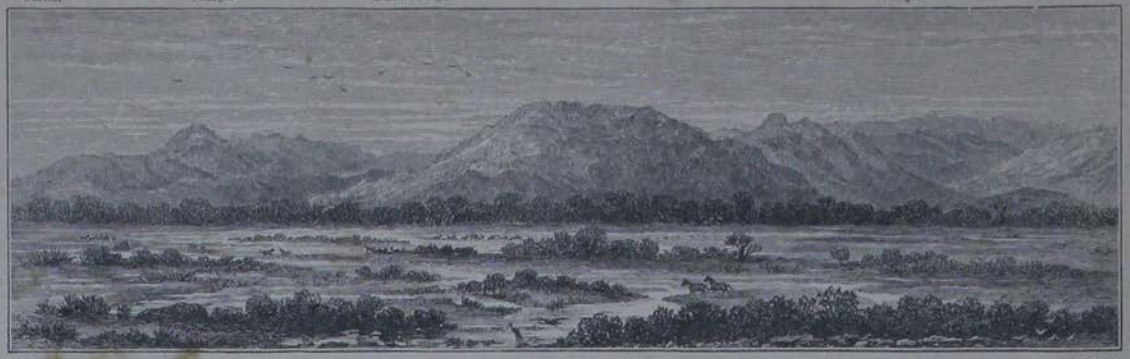
CHAPTER VI.

Preparations for a start — Fearful smells and sights in the "boma." — The plain of Usango and the Ruaha tributaries — Mercre's burnt town — Its great size — Mtengura's Gap — Mkojwe and Mbarafu rivers — Meeting with a Baluchi — News from Europe — Sport among hartebeest and buffaloes — Igunda — The Niam-Niam country, and cattle stations — Wild fruit — The Wa-Ruga-Ruga robbers — Story of the Niam-Niams and Mgongora — The Niam-Niams of Dr. Schweinfurth — The Machinga — Famine in the camp—Among the Kiombo hills—Giraffe—Pambagora—"Hapana marenga" — Reach the Mzombe — Spoils of war — Night scene on the sands of the Mzombe — A "mamba" — An alarm of Wa Ruga Ruga — Scanty fare — The lower Mzombe — A hard push for the "Shambas" — First sight of Wawambara — A dinner off wild figs — Arrival at Mgongora's, or Kagowa's — Interview with the chief — Effects of food after starvation — Carriers engaged for Usekhe — Complaints of great weakness — Retribution of the Makangwala on the Machinga — Abrupt termination of Consul Elton's Journal.

Nov. 21*st.* No one could sleep. The effluvium from decaying matter, corpses, and filth evolved by the rain is fearful —material enough to "cut with a knife," as the expression goes. Outside there was cooking for the road, and chatting round the fire going on, and inside we were up and down and smoking pipes half the night. Hyenas were very noisy, and one crossed the river and actually stood in the doorway, smelling at the meat and goats, till Pangazina threw a firebrand at him! We packed and breakfasted by 7, and then began enrolling carriers. But only twenty-eight were

forthcoming, and I was obliged to have a stormy interview with Merere, and show visible signs of impatience and discontent. He said the next morning we should have the balance of the men, and we had better wait. This I flatly refused to do. Cotterill and Hoste were outside the boma, sitting in the sun and stench with the twenty-eight loads; Downie and Rhodes watching baggage in camp in a still worse stench and a similar sun, surrounded by the loiterers, beggars, and loathsome objects of the boma; and they had been doing this for hours. [Among these "loathsome objects" I must here mention certain ghastly apparitions, chiefly young children and women, who were literally walking skeletons, frameworks of bone covered with tight, brown, parchment-like skin. We were told that they "ate the ground," and that this was not an uncommon disease.] So I turned to Suleiman, and asked him for his hunters to go with us to the Ihahi river, till the required carriers were forthcoming. This he could not refuse, and we moved off in the intense heat, Suleiman and his people accompanying us beyond the boma, and, thank God! we turned our backs on the stockade, in which we had spent so much valuable time, had so much worry, and imbibed so much malaria for twenty-three wearing days. Cotterill was knocked up by the sun, and had to travel in a hammock. We camped on the Ihahi, under the Wanje Pass. I at once, though very shaky and seedy, went with Hoste after game. Over seventy men to be fed made it a necessity [Merere not having supplied us with food, as he promised]; I shot two zebras and a pallah. I could only just crawl back to camp by dark, and when bathing was taken by a violent chill and headache, but hot soup and coffee brought an almost instant reaction. Beyond the camp there is an immense "sponge," in which several streams rise and flow into the Ruaha.

Ubena. Uranga. Ruaha Gorge. Uwanje.



S.E. S.S.W.

S.S.W. Uwanje. Usafa. W.S.W.

RUAHA VALLEY, AND PLAIN OF USANGO.

Looking south from "Zebra Flat."

To face page 367.

Ihahi is an offset of the Wanje and joins the Ruaha. The Wanje does not join until the lake is reached twenty-eight miles, or so, N.E., and is called the Mporo in the valley. Merere's wife is accompanied by three head-men. She is blind of an eye, but has been prepossessing once. She prostrated herself on the ground, and kissed Merere's feet three times. He gave Ali [son of Suleiman], who takes down letters to the Seyyid, two wretched tusks to help him on his way.

Nov. 22*nd.* I awoke wonderfully refreshed by a tolerably quiet night, disturbed only by the quarrels of two goats who engaged in a desperate duel about midnight. There were driving clouds all night, and a heavy shower. It was delightful to wake in a bright, clear, wholesome atmosphere. Every one looks better for even this short change from the filthy boma. There will be a great loss of life from epidemic disease to add to the depopulation of Usango, which is already started by spear and famine. We have seventy-nine people in camp, and there are not many morsels left of the pallah and two zebras—barely enough for a morning meal. However, every one looks fatter, and the carriers are contented. The march to Mirara streamlet (five miles) lay through thorn thickets, and we kept the Konde range on our left. Thence to the Mporo through woods of a more pretentious character, where elephants had been roaming lately. I broke off and worked up the Mporo to look for game, and saw koodoo, zebra, and pigs, but at very long distances, and reached camp tired out at dark. On both sides of the Mporo are burnt kraals, and swarms of francolin. Hoste and Pangazina sighted a herd of forty elephants about three miles to the N. The heat was intense, and every one complained of it, so we settled to march at

dawn to-morrow. Zebras came down to drink at midnight and roused us up, but they were soon off again.

Nov. 23*rd.* Four-and-a-half miles to Merere's burnt kraal on the Mambi, which comes from above Uwanje, waters the valley, and resolves itself into a marsh or sponge. We soon began to pass the outlying suburbs of Merere's big town, which is really as big as people said it was. [We were told that it possessed more than 300 gates, and that from each of these issued every morning to pasture a herd of thirty or forty cattle. This coincided with the statement that Merere's town held 10,000 cattle. The stockaded portion was certainly in itself of very considerable dimensions]. We halted for breakfast in it, near Suleiman's old flagstaff—the sole remaining relic—under a big fig-tree. I shot a zebra, and saw two of the finest koodoo rams that I have seen for a long time. We rested for some time here, and then came through thorn country and wood to the Mswiswi river, where we thought it best to halt, as all wanted a little rest. We now see clearly the low hills and isolated hummocks forming Mtengura's Gap, apparently an easy country. [Through this gap passes the road to Usafa and Lake Hikwa.] One of the carriers bolted to Mtengura's. I am not afraid of those from Merere's. After to-morrow's march they will be too far to return home. We have passed a great number of cattle sheds of extensive dimensions, with oval-shaped doors. They corroborate what was heard of the large quantities of cattle said formerly to have been here.

Nov. 24*th.* Start at daylight. Six miles to Mkojwe river, a respectable stream, which flows from Usafa through the Gap to the Ruaha. Two hours to halt at pool under a tamarind-tree, then four miles to camp on the river Msanga.

Our line of march lay across iron-bound plains, the paths split across in every direction by crevasses from the intense heat after the floods, and the surface heaped up into mud rocks. There are cattle sheds and stations, some in ruins, some burnt, all over the country; but it is dry and arid between the rivers. Between the midday halt and Mkojwe, on a sandy and thorny plain, I saw zebras. The heat was very oppressive. At the filthy game-hole [pool] under the tamarind we could not stop, so came on to the Msanga *nullah*. A few wretched Wasango, half starving, occupied a village upon it. All of us rather tired, and Hoste knocked up. I had to serve out our own grain to the carriers in the evening. To-morrow we *must* kill game, and shall make half-a-day's halt for the purpose.

Nov. 25th. Three hours to halt on the Maherata, a dry river with one water-hole. At four miles the carriers put up a rhinoceros. Then seven miles through the first low ranges to camp on the river Mbarafu, flowing from the Ukinga range. [We had now crossed the south-west corner of the great Usango table land.] A hot and very tiring day through bush and grass; the second half being through shady forest. Hoste knocked up, and had to be carried in a hammock to the breakfast halt, where he remained until we could send back from Mbarafu, and he did not reach camp till after dark. We fell in with a Baluchi who was, with five other men, on his way to Mtengura's with powder and goods for Suleiman. He was sixty days from Zanzibar. Told us that Turkey and Russia were fighting hard: that slave-trade on the coast was "marfook" [prohibited] owing to Burghash and Kirk's action: that a large caravan had gone on to Unyanyembe. He was rather confused and excited, and so was Kidogo, our guide, who executed a

fantasia, and let off his gun in his delight at seeing reinforcements arrive. He did not care about being questioned by me, I fancy, and got away on pretext of being in a great hurry. It was very hot, and we were all fagged—Hoste completely down, and Cotterill very weak. Ukinga range was on our left all day. We crossed the lower spurs and rose to 4000 feet from 3700, getting into quartz and granite.

Nov. 26*th.* A cold chilly night, with showers of rain and south-east wind. I went out before dawn and strolled down the valley. There had been plenty of game about, but I only saw two buffalo and a few zebra, which did not give me the slightest chance. However, I knocked over two pallah rams, and, sending back Baraka for men, breakfasted under an immense tree. They are very big about here. On his return I tried again, but saw nothing, and returned to camp very weary. Cotterill shot a bastard hartebeest. Showers in the afternoon, but a fine night, and Cotterill got latitude 8° 13′ 45″ by Achernar. To-morrow we are to get more buffaloes, they say, in the Ukinga range. There are a few scattered inhabitants in the valley. The country is granite and quartz. In the river-bed iron hæmatite, shale, and slate, with quartz veins and rock. Small fish in the river.

Nov. 27*th.* From Mbarafu river, N. by W., through Ukinga ranges, nine miles to camp on the river Karaüuso. Bad luck in the morning. Five carriers bolted. Three had the grace to leave their cloth, but all took meat. The head-men behaved well and carried loads; but I had to burn a dear friend—the 'Berthon' boat. I began to make preparations for a further holocaust, but this had an effect on our Wasango and Suleiman's guides, and they cried over the

loss of honour they would incur when Merere heard of our annoyances, saying they would all carry rather than see us leave anything behind. The march was most delightful. We rose to 5100 feet, and passed through undulating hill ranges and forest. There are many well-built houses, some of wood, and cattle-sheds, mostly stockaded, some pole wigwams, and large clearings, well fenced with heavy wood. [All this country was, however, completely deserted.] We camped by a delicious stream in a grassy valley, among large granite hills and ant-hills. I shot a fine buffalo bull, and wounded another. There are numbers here, and giraffes. It is a lovely shooting ground. C. was so weak that he had to be carried most of the way. H. is much better, and did the march well. We regaled ourselves on delicious wild plums.

Nov. 28th. Up before dawn and off to shoot meat to feed our hungry crowd. Worked west through a charming forest country watered by burns, just the cover for buffalo and giraffe. About five miles from home two leopards were put up in the reedy bed of a partially dry stream. One kept down it, bounding above the grass to see what occasioned the alarm. The other took across the river, and stood for a few seconds on the opposite bank, to take stock of us. I was too slow, and pulled on him just as he bounded off. The men beat up the rushes to look for cubs, but found nothing. A little lower down the stream we crossed, and found that two buffaloes had been drinking and had moved south-west. So we took up the spoor. In half an hour I sighted a black back amidst the trees and grass above me, and keeping under cover followed until within 60 yards. I made out two of them. The leading one was sniffing about and flapping his ears. I gave the other a stern-chaser,

which made her hog her back. I then gave the other a shot, when both charged across blindly, and I had to fire at the first, bringing her on her knees. She then got up, charged and was finished, and I got a second shot into No. II. He was very sick and lay down twice, but got into dense bush, where I could not recover his traces.

Nov. 29th. The hyenas made a riotous row round our camp all night, but the fires kept them off. We started soon after daylight, and went all the day, only resting twice. We crossed to the left bank of the Karaüuso, and went over undulating hill and forest country, past many Niam-Niam stations. They are built of wood with mud roofs, very strong, square, with cattle inclosures inside. The stock houses are made with racket-bat-shaped doors. Look-outs are on the numerous ant-hills. The clearings are very extensive, and the cultivation has been so too. Granite "kopjes" [knolls] dot the hills. Fruit-trees are abundant —the "mimbi," plum, and the "pindi" the best. At eight miles we crossed a stream flowing to the Ruaha valley, and camped by another at sundown, by an inhabited hut, having lost an hour in picking up the right place, as the Wasango guides had left the track without marking the turn they made. [In African travelling it is invariably the duty of those who lead to "seka njira," *i.e.* close any wrong path by drawing a line across it with a spear or the foot, or by placing across it a fresh-gathered branch or handful of grass.] The Ruga Ruga infest these hills to our left. They began the cattle raids, and got the Machinga to join them two years ago. Some of Merere's runaways are with them, and are said to be near our to-morrow's line of march. The Niam-Niams are all either with Merere, or over the Ukinga range with the cattle they have saved. Both Cotterill and

Hoste did the march wonderfully well, and are much better.

Nov. 30*th.* Seven miles to halt by roadside for breakfast. We march closely to-day. There are Ruga Ruga north-west of us, they say, and skulking bands to the east. Half a mile further brought us to a river running through a charming grassy valley. The northern slopes had been dotted with homesteads. Our carriers would not come on because the Wasango had gone out scouting for the runaways from Merere, who are supposed to have joined the Ruga Ruga; but I went ahead, and did five miles more to another valley and river and a large [deserted] Niam-Niam village, where we were not joined by the baggage till late. There is a remarkable hill here—granite, and wooded—perhaps 5800 feet. The cattle kraals are very large. I noticed a new species of spurge growing with euphorbia. Jasmine is delicious in the woods.

Dec. 1*st.* We made a pretty good march, but the carriers were perpetually halting to rest, and though we started at 6, we did not reach camp till 4 P.M. Deserted Niam-Niam villages are now numerous, built on the ridges running south-east and north-west, which connect the main hill-chains running nearly north and south parallel to the Ruaha valley. Ukimbo lies to our north-west, and also Ikumba or Igunda, chief Mpande, two days' journey distant. Mgoroka is the district beyond the hills to our east. The Niam-Niams were vassals of Merere, and after Goambari's death acknowledged his rule, though under Masuare, a brother of Goambari. They were attacked in the first instance by Mgongora, a son of Moenyegumbe, and therefore uncle to Masuare, or rather by Inyambeyo's people instigated by Mgongora, and aided by the Wa Ruga of Mbamira. Inyambeyo had been a

faithful servant to Moenyegumbe, and resigned his chieftainship at once to Mgongora on his taking refuge with them, but the latter only received it as an honorary title, and left all administration in Inyambeyo's hands. Masuare fled to Merere's. His people went across the ranges to the west, and some of them to Merere's. The Machinga plucked up courage. Hence the eighteen months' war and devastation, the results of which we are witnessing. [The unwonted form of the name, the high, square substantial houses and cattle sheds—much higher and better built than the Ugogo "tembes"—the unusual character of the relics, such as immense milk-jars, which we found in the deserted towns, all testify to the fact that these Niam-Niams have migrated hither from some distant part. Whether they are the same people as the Niam-Niams whom Dr. Schweinfurth met north of the Welle, remains to be proved. We saw little of the people themselves, for they had deserted the country, and had taken refuge in Usafa, but we heard no rumours of cannibalism (perhaps the great numbers of their cattle would account for its absence), and their houses are certainly neither round nor peak-roofed, as they are in Dr. Schweinfurth's illustration of a "Niam-Niam village." The only similarity that I notice is the feather head-dress, common in Usango. As regards the Machinga, there is a section of the Ajawa tribe, towards the S. of Nyassa (besides the Wiao, or Yao) which has this name. Whether these Machinga or Majinga, in Usango, are Ajawas I could not learn, but think that it is very probable. They are not, I think, Mangoni or Maviti, although a few of their warriors may have been Wabena or Makangwala auxiliaries.]

The boundary stream [of Niam-Niam] runs through a wooded valley, and is an attraction to game. Downie went

out in the evening and hit two buffaloes. Famine in the camp. C. and H. very weak. Too cloudy for stars.

Dec. 2nd. Downie was off before daylight, and found his buffalo dead in the reeds. We therefore halted for the meat —an absolute necessity. Baraka was intrusted with a gun to look for guinea-fowl. He came across Downie's other buffalo by following a heavy blood spoor, and found him dead in the rushes, not 300 yards from where he had been hit. The Wasango spent the entire day in going to and fro, cutting and carrying meat, and our men dried a great quantity over big fires. Only the faithful are down on their luck. No true believer was present to "halal" either beast [*i.e.* cut its throat]. They are afraid of each other's tongues, and are almost starving. We are now on pretty short rations ourselves. No salt, sugar, liquor, or biscuit. We live on "maëre" porridge—a substance resembling a coarse poultice. Liebig has been a great stand-by to us. This must have been a good country to travel in two years ago, with its cattle, milk, goats, grain, and beer. The houses have large detached fireplaces, and are neatly divided into rooms. They are built with flat roofs, supported by beams resting on upright posts closely planted. Sometimes a wicker-work completes the walls, which are then daubed with mud. The roof is worked in with earth and sticks and mud, until quite hard. But it is not rare now in deserted villages to see a crop of grass or even grain-stalks growing on them, with creepers. There are many beautiful flowers in blossom, and the forest trees are just breaking into leaf. Our followers sleep in a deserted cattle station near our camp.

Dec. 3rd. The march crossed a swamp and stream at three miles, where buffalo and rhinoceros had drunk this morning.

Traces of iron-works and smelting were passed. Ironstone frequently crops up. The character of the hills here changes to a long rise and fall, covered with fair forest trees. In places there are granite overflows, and heaped-up boulders lie on the hillsides. Elephants had been roaming lately among them. A rather monotonous day, relieved by a "pindi" plum-tree, and several long halts for the carriers' delectation, brought us through the forest to a "kambi" and clearing, in the valley of the Kiombo hills called Kiriki or Kiziki, where we halted at the ruined huts. I sighted giraffe, and Rhodes shot a porker—an addition to our larder. He saw twenty-five giraffe, pallah, and many guinea-fowl. Three buffaloes ran across our line of march to-day. We only go about ten or twelve miles to Pambagora to-morrow, as the Wasango wish to scout towards Zungomero. So much the better for Hoste, who is very thin and weak. Cotterill got latitude by Achernar 7° 41′ S. Lovely starlight. Lions very noisy all night.

Dec. 4th. We were up early, but halted on a rise above the camp to collect the carriers. The path is ill-defined, and Ruga Ruga are feared by the head-men. What might be termed the ridge-and-furrow character of the Ukinga range has completely changed to an admixture of kopje [small peaks] and granitic rocks. To the south-west and west last night we were inclosed by a range of this kind, called the Kionga Hills. Game is very abundant; so are tsetse. Giraffe we saw twice on the road; also spoor of buffalo, zebra, hogs, &c. The march was through forest into low scrub, with the Zungomero hills on our right front, and we camped at Pambagora, one of the regular "kambis," or resting-places. The guides wish to examine towards Zungomero [where bands of Ruga Ruga, with Machinga and

deserters from the Wasango, were reported to be gathered]. Food is scarce, and water not plentiful. After tents were pitched, the head-men actually wanted to march on again, but I refused to strike camp.

Dec. 5th. A long day, and no water on the road. Our first two miles lay nearly west, and then down a broad water-furrow leading N.W., and then N.N.E., with hills on either side, continuations of the Zungomero and Kionga ranges, which close in the country in the shape of a magnet. It slopes down to the valley of the Mzombe, which rises in Igunda, beyond the Mkojwa Peaks. These are granitic peaks, perhaps 7000 feet in height, prominent to the west at a distance of twelve miles. The country was low tree-scrub, dry and arid. Plenty of game was seen—eland, pig, hartebeest, zebra, and koodoo—but the journey was too long to allow us to kill any.

Our guides went fruit-hunting, and we had to halt for them; so I took the opportunity of every one being assembled to explain that I was vexed with the delays and trouble, and that it rested with themselves whether they received scanty or good presents at the end of the journey. This had an effect, for they led all day, and we did absolutely reach the mythical Mzombe, the first water, at 6 P.M., all of us very done with thirst—a good twenty-two miles. [Considering the condition to which we were all reduced, this was a severe bit of work. Several water-holes and nullahs in which the guides hoped to have found water by digging proved perfectly dry. "Hapana marenga"—no water—"marenga kotari"—a long way to the water—were the constant exclamations during such days, while the sun was blazing fiercely overhead and our tongues were literally cleaving to the roofs of our mouths—and when the delicious "marenga" was

at length reached, it often proved some green stagnant pool, with scarce enough water to fill our cooking-pots, churned up and polluted by large game.]

Hoste had to halt and rest after seven miles, and Downie with him. There was great difficulty in getting H. along; however, he got to the sixteenth mile and remained there near a little muddy water in a hole. We were delighted to see D. come in after dark, answering to our signal guns. We camped by a water-hole under some immense trees, and made ourselves comfortable on the sand with large fires. The range above Mgongora's [the Marikori hills] I sighted, nearly north-east. The country reminded me of the dry flats about the Limpopo on the Tati river. Downie saw an elephant on the march, but was not armed for a duel.

Dec. 6th. All tired and resting. Hoste came in at 8, all right, weak, but far better and cheerier than we expected to see him. Baraka caught some tiny fish in the pools down the river, and we breakfasted sumptuously on them, and the last of the maëre. I have contused my toe, which is very painful: but we had to look for game. Unfortunately it is all lower down the river, which is at present simply the dry bed of a mountain torrent. [The bed, though dry, was that of a very considerable stream, about 40 yards in width, with lofty and steep banks, overhung by magnificent trees.] Cotterill, when in quest of game, came on two wandering Machinga or Ruga Ruga. One was carrying a gun, but both bolted, leaving their load of odds and ends, including a calabash of honey, which made an addition to our scanty dinner. We had to buy some dried buffalo-meat of our own shooting from the Wasango. The camp in the river-bed, with the huge overhanging trees covered with coils of monkey rope, the tents, fires, and groups of natives, made a delightful picture in the

dark night, and one wished for some of the talent of a Salvator Rosa. Heavy banks of clouds surged up from the south-east, and rain fell and lasted all night. We are not fairly clear of the mountains, and during December there are storms every three or four days, Suleiman said. The rains are in January. We should drop them at Mgongora's and down the caravan road. [Most of the rain about Nyassa and Konde comes up from the south-east. In the central highlands the first rains fall much earlier than in the same latitude on the coast. In Ugogo, and until we were well to the east of the Rubeho mountains, we met with a great deal of wet weather, and the clouds came from the north-west.]

Dec. 7th. Raining still. The Wasango would start, so we rolled up the wet tents and packed up. We marched E. by N. on the left bank of the river, over wooded rises and down into muddy valleys, a monotonous journey, to camp near some pools and large trees. Cotterill killed a huge "mamba" [a venomous snake], which seemed inclined to dispute possession of the road, and stopped the line of march. He was hunting a land turtle when disturbed. After last night's wetting every one was eager to build "kambis" for shelter, and they soon ran up a village. We dried our tents and bedding, and tried to shoot small birds, but only got one and a francolin and a parrot, which Hoste was persuaded to eat. He touches almost nothing now, and is very weak. We dined sparingly, then down came the rain—a regular wet night. I hobbled all day with my toe, and got cramp in my calf, but Boca doctored me up with shampooing and some medicine of his own. I am very well bodily, but thin; and I can still go, and am better than any one at present, thank God! We are in for rains now, until

we pass through Ugogo, they say. Height of camp by barometer 4100 feet.

Dec. 8th. Damp, dripping morning; but carriers eager to push on, and we made a long day of it. My foot was painful, and I was behind the greater part of the way. At five miles we crossed a deep nullah and rapid stream from the hills to the Mzombe, and in the afternoon another stream, and slept at a third amongst some granite "kopjes" at nineteen or twenty miles; all very tired, and Rhodes with fever. We sighted a Wa Ruga-ruga station on the right bank. They were men from Mbamira, and they made a great crying out on seeing us, but did not attempt to cross the river or molest us. However, they frightened both guides and carriers, and although we have come about 190 miles round from Merere's, it was proposed, but fortunately negatived, that we should take to the westward again, and leave the road. There was a compromise effected, and we pushed on a long march—twenty miles. I sent on Bilali with one of the Wasango to Mgongora's, which they will reach late to-night or to-morrow, to report our arrival, and buy salt and food to be sent out to the outlying Shambas [gardens and cattle stations], where we hope to camp to-morrow night. Everybody is tired and done with short commons and hard work. Rhodes got upon three giraffes, but had no gun, and Cotterill did not succeed in getting a shot at a buffalo seen near the camp. Baraka shot a rock-rabbit; but the men are as hungry as we are, and I wouldn't take it, so we fed on some Liebig and dry buffalo-flesh, smoked, and tried to be pleasant. [A last long-hoarded pot of Liebig just carried us through, with about a square inch apiece of very hard, rancid zebra or buffalo-meat.] We were on and off the bends of Mzombe all day. In the evening large fires were lit, and every one

captured and ate white ants, until the rain and thunder began. [By a famished man these large yellow maggot-like winged ants are by no means to be despised. We curried them.]

I fell into a pit while walking down the valley in the evening—but on my legs, luckily. Mgongora's is, as far as I can make out, about twenty-five or twenty-six miles off.

Dec. 9th. Very wet night. Heavy showers with thunder; and we were nearly flooded out of our tents. [I may mention here that, in spite of all that tent-makers tell one, no ordinary canvas will keep out African rain. The traveller should always be provided with a "fly" to stretch above his ordinary tent, or a waterproof, such as I found answer admirably either as a ground sheet or a roof, as circumstances required.] We started, wet tents and all, at 6.20. Rhodes is seedy with sharp fever; Hoste with rheumatism; I am well, thank God! bar a sore toe. We kept on till we crossed the river, where we made a long halt, and took Liebig—our sole food for the last few days excepting dried buffalo-flesh, tough and unboltable. The Mzombe is now a respectable river, broader than the Ruaha, with hippos. and ducks, sand and rock, and well shaded by big trees. The country is thorn-bush, with buffalo and quantities of guinea-fowl. The scarcity of food with hard work is telling on us all. Wasango and carriers and every one are now lying about like logs on the sand. From all information the Shambas appeared to be about three hours' distant; but after two hours' fast walking to a halt, where we fortunately bought [from a carrier] and cooked a barbel by the roadside, Downie and I, walking a good pace, found we had all our work cut out to save daylight into camp, where we found Rhodes in a hut with Baraka, Boca, and Mpenu, the

only men up, with two or three carriers. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could on Liebig and tobacco, and slept on the floor of the hut. Heavy thunderstorm at night. As most of the carriers and all but one of his men were back, we hope Cotterill got some shelter, and that Hoste is with him. He was very seedy when we left him yesterday. We met two men in the morning carrying grain. [The rapturous welcome with which, after our long marches through a hostile and deserted country, our men greeted this first sight of food and friendly faces was worth beholding. But though fabulous prices were offered, we could not procure a handful of grain from these Wawambara. Late in the afternoon I came across a huge wild fig-tree, and made a ravenous feast on the tasteless fruit. Hoste also shot two green pigeons, one of which we gave to the men who camped with us, and on the other, washed down with some compressed tea that I fortunately discovered in my baggage, we made a sumptuous repast, though drenched by the heavy rain.] The river runs in rapids, and reaches in a rocky bed. At the Shambas there are good square flat-roofed huts. The country is watered by spruits from the hills.

Dec. 10*th.* I awoke rather stiff, after lying in my clothes on the hard floor after a twenty-five-mile walk, and no food to speak of. But a warm over the fire, and a wash, brought me round, and we made a fresh start. In a quarter of an hour we crossed the river, waist-deep, to the left bank again, and, after meeting guides from the chief Kagowa, in an hour arrived at "Mgongora's"—rather a misnomer for the kraal, seeing that he has gone to Unwambesi (Datura), why, I don't yet exactly know. We were received by groups of idlers, given a house and a yard, and became the show of the place.

Cotterill and Hoste, who camped all right last night, and got pigeons for dinner, came in an hour after us. We got milk, honey, ground nuts, fowls, eggs, and goats, and began to feed up; and we indeed wanted feeding up. I sent Kagowa a present, and received in return a goat and a promise of carriers. He called in the afternoon. He is a young man, about twenty-four, stout and rather short; wears his hair divided into three divisions, one from ear to ear, and worked into twine tied in knots at the ends, the napemost knot being a regular chignon. The lobes of both ears are cut laterally, and in the right ear he wore a piece of wood. Iron bracelets, brass and copper armlets, a few beads, and an Arab cloth, completed his costume. He said but little, except that we were the first white men he had seen, or who had visited the country. His little boy, after summoning up courage to shake hands with me, broke into a violent paroxysm of fear, and had to be carried away. I gave our Wasango a goat at the end of the journey. It appears that Inhamerere and Inhangongo are sub, or even perhaps joint, chiefs in council with Kagowa. The range of mountains bearing S.E. are the Marikori hills.

Dec. 11*th*. The houses here are flat-roofed, built of wood, some 6 or 7 feet long, rather dark, but cleanly kept. I called on Kagowa this morning. He received me in a large beer-cooking hut. I never saw such a complete puppet as he appears to be. Mwana Merere [a so-called son of Merere, who had accompanied us as guide] took all the talking upon himself. Kagowa has no power whatever over this little republic, and ended by acknowledging that he could get me no men, but said that if I could find any I might enlist them. This will delay my start, but I hope to fall back on the Wasango as far as Usekhe. [Consul Elton was

exceedingly desirous to reach the coast at the earliest possible date, and, even as far back as at Merere's, had been longing for an opportunity of pushing ahead with a few of his men. We endeavoured to dissuade him from what we thought was a rash undertaking, at all events until he could secure Zanzibar carriers and guides, whom we expected to find at Usekhe.] Worked at map and writing, and packed slight kit for the journey. The good food after starvation has been too much for our stomachs, and every one is suffering from indigestion. [We were by this time so fleshless and reduced by want of food, that to lie down was positively painful.] D. and C. are much troubled with their ailments, and Hoste cannot be roused to do anything. He suffers from cramps [or, rather, from a kind of paralysis in the leg], and does not fancy any food but milk, and of that there is very little, and the people do not care about selling it except for a dozen times its value in gunpowder. The Mzombe here runs swiftly, but not very deep. It runs to the east [and is said to fall into the Ruaha and to form with it the Ruaha Lake].

The Wa Ruga-ruga were reinforced by runaway slaves of Hamram Masudi's, and Shere Ali bin Masudi's (Kasése) after Mirambo's successes.

Dec. 12th. I arranged in the morning with the Wasango and Kidogo to get the old carriers on to Usekhe, and, if we cannot get coast carriers there, they are to keep on to Kanyenye. We pay the same wages, three fathoms, for three days' journey as we did for eighteen days. But as they were underpaid the first time, it does not matter. Rhodes and the rest of the party want me to wait until we are on the main road and have got coast carriers. So I do not go on from here, and it is best I should not do so,

although I am most anxious to get down quickly for many reasons.

I worked all day at maps, and felt very weak from the effects of a podophyllin I took last night, which gave me no rest; but topped with quinine it will do me good, I think.

Downie and Hoste are both down. The former suffers great pain; and we must halt to-morrow.

Carriers are beginning to volunteer for the coast, so perhaps the delay may be utilised.

In the evening I felt much better, enjoyed my dinner, and slept soundly. No rain. Yesterday one heavy shower in the afternoon.

Mgongora feared the Machinga reprisals, showed the white feather, and was kicked out. He hopes to settle among the savages of Datura!

The Makangwala [in alliance with Merere] have completely smashed up the Machinga; burnt all their towns and villages, and taken back Merere's cattle. Some of them have gone back with cattle; others are in pursuit of fugitives.

Dec. 13th. Dull morning. Feeling better, and hungry. Had the yard swept up. Every one a little better.

* * * * *

With these words Captain Elton's Journal abruptly ends.

CHAPTER VII.

By H. B. Cotterill.

Start from Kagowa's—Makasumbi river—The well in the rock—First symptoms of serious illness—The river Kasigo, and arrival at S. Usekhe—Terrible suddenness of the fatal attack—Death of Consul Elton—The burial—We procure supplies from the Arabs—Reach N. Usekhe—Kanyenye—The scorpions of Ugogo—Christmas Day, and a Homeric feast—We join company with Suleiman bin Selim—Waniamwesi carriers—The "Ziwa"—Blackmail—The planet Venus—A prowling leopard—Mwara's—An impudent prime minister—A case of slave selling—Night alarm of brigands—The pass of Chunyo—Famine—Mpwapwa and the white men's house—News of war between England and Russia—Lake Ugombo—Kirasa—Mr. Thompson and M. Broyon—The "tsetse"—Arrival at Sef Suleiman's—Another case of malarious sunstroke—Terrible suspense—Recovery, and decision to push forward—The Makata swamp—The Lungeringeri—Simbamwenye, the "Lion-lord"—Mount Mgombazi and the Waruguru—A night attack by "Maviti" ants—"The sea! the sea!"—The Kingani—Arrival at Bagomoyo—Hospitable reception on H.M.S. 'Vulture'—Zanzibar.

It remains for me to continue the story of our journey to the coast—a distance of about 350 miles—and although the terrible suspense, the sad bereavement, the wearying delays, and the many minor troubles of those six weeks have combined to leave on the memory an impression such as not even our march through Usango and our hardships in Merere's stockade have left, yet I shall endeavour to give as brief an account as possible, for the greater portion of this route has already been traversed and described by several other travellers.

At the village of Mgongora, or rather Kagowa, chief of the Wawambara, we had now halted three days, glad of the rest and food after our forced marches and privations. But the sun was intensely hot; and our huts, with their mud walls and roofs, were almost intolerable. There were no large trees near the town under which we could camp, and the tents were even more insufferable than the native houses. During these close hot afternoons Consul Elton, who was very weak and much reduced, slept a good deal in his tent. I mention this, because in two of the cases of what is called sunstroke that I have witnessed in tropical Africa the first symptoms were induced, not by exposure to the direct rays of the sun, but by sleeping in a close tent during the heat of the day.

Our friends the Wasango, and Kidogo the guide, failed us at the last moment. I believe Kidogo had orders from Suleiman to take these men of Merere's (for whom now return was impossible) westwards, and meet him at some place in Usafa or Fipa. At all events they abandoned the idea of accompanying us to Usekhe, and we were obliged to enlist volunteers from the wild Wawambara. With these we made a start on the 14th of December, and, passing through a well-wooded gently-undulating region, reached the Makasumbi river, a large affluent of the Mzombe, in about four hours. It is a delicious stream, cold and clear, brawling over a rocky bed, and overhung by great trees, many of which, especially the baobabs, were the haunt of wild bees, and whose enormous boles (as is to be seen in the illustration on p. 392) were scaled by natives, in quest of honey, by means of a ladder of wooden pegs. Here we camped, and to the great delight of the Wawambara, who chanted improvised songs in honour of their "white brother, whose gun shot twice," I bagged a wild boar, which we surprised asleep in a hole. As I returned to camp, the cheery

voice of Elton greeted me. He seemed well enough in most respects, but was troubled with an inordinate craving for food, and slept very badly that night. The next day he looked pale and fagged, but insisted on pressing forward. As usual, some of us went ahead of the carriers, and he stayed behind to see everything off. We passed through a beautiful country, sighting game now and then—ostriches, giraffe, zebras, and pigs. But, in spite of the entreaties of the carriers, we refused to delay the march. Downie was unable to walk, and, as all the Swahili men refused the laborious and what they considered menial task of carrying him in a hammock, it was undertaken by my men. Before noon we caught sight in the distance of the curious peaks of Usekhe, and soon the open forest glades changed to a thick interlaced bush, in which was conspicuous a shrub bearing a profusion of golden sweet-scented flowers. Through this dense belt of bush our path wound its way down into rocky ravines and over gentle slopes, till we reached an open grassy space, where, in a great rock, was a natural reservoir of green stagnant water. Here we intended to make a mid-day halt, hoping to reach the river Kasigo by nightfall. But, though we had great difficulty in restraining the carriers, we thought it best to wait for the rear party and Consul Elton. Hour after hour passed, and the afternoon drew towards a close. Dark masses of clouds began to roll up, the men set to work on their kambis, and at length we grew anxious, and despatched men with food and a hammock. About sunset they returned, carrying poor Elton, who seemed very weak, and scarcely able to give an account of what had happened. His foot had given him much pain. He had sat down under a tree to take off his boot, and had fallen asleep. One little Swahili boy was with him, and had endeavoured to urge him on, but again and again he had sat

down to rest himself, and again had fallen asleep. This happened, he said, about nine times, until at length the hammock-bearers arrived. Knowing that even a slight attack of fever will often cause a wandering of mind and a loss of memory, we thought but little of it, hoping that a good night's rest would set him right. But he did not sleep, tossing restlessly about, and talking to himself in a low voice. In the morning—after a drenching night—we deliberated whether we ought to push on. But the carriers were very impatient, threatening to leave us if we did not move, and demanding prepayment. This we simply could not give them in full, for all our cloth was finished, except a small piece of red check which I had kept in reserve for special contingencies. However, we distributed all we could spare, and, with Elton and Downie in hammocks, made our way (N. by E.) towards the Kasigo, the broad deep bed of which we reached about noon. Here we were obliged to halt until men had been sent on to announce our arrival at Usekhe. During our halt Elton, who had slept much on the road, made us very anxious by his feverish excitement and strange behaviour, ravenously eating whatever he could lay hands upon, and insisting upon walking on at once to Usekhe. We did our best to calm him, and at length made a start. I wrapped a wet towel round his head, and kept up with the hammock as well as I could, but the pace was too much for me. We crossed an open plain, on which were several flocks of ostriches. It was exceedingly hot, the radiation from the dazzling parched ground being intolerable. When shade was reached on the further side of the plain, I found Elton sitting on the ground. He seemed grateful for a drink of water, but was incapable of answering our questions, merely repeating that he was perfectly well. Perhaps we did wrong in pushing on these few miles, but it

was our unanimous opinion that we ought to reach the village as soon as possible, where we could obtain a house and better food. Moreover, to thwart his own intense anxiety to reach Usekhe would have been, we thought, dangerous. And, lastly, we should have been deserted by all our carriers had we not moved on. Towards evening, after passing over a spur of the hills, we found ourselves on a great cultivated plain, in the midst of which around an extensive pool were roaming numerous herds of cattle, while on the further slope were the quadrangular "tembes" of Usekhe. We were received by a mob of men and women, very different from those to whom we had been lately accustomed. Their bright cloths, beads, and bangles, and still more their confident, if not impudent, gestures and looks, gave ample evidence of the proximity of Arab and slaver influence.

In the presence of a dense crowd of inquisitive and jeering Wagogo we pitched our tents in the courtyard of a "tembe," and induced Elton to lie down on his bed. He seemed a little calmer now, though his mortification was extreme when he learnt that this was not the Usekhe on the caravan road, but a village of the same name, ten miles south of the Arab camp. He constantly assured us that he felt quite well: he ate a good meal; and we went to bed that night trusting that at last there was a prospect of rest and recovery.

About half-past six the next morning (Dec. 17) I was awakened by Elton's voice calling loudly for his servant, Noho. The tone of the voice was so natural and vigorous that I at once got up hoping to find him much better. But, a few seconds after, his little black boy, with eyes dilated in terror, came rushing into my tent. "Master is ill. Come quick!"

I hastened to the other tent, and found him lying on the ground in convulsions. Rhodes, who was sleeping in his tent, says that, after passing a restless night, he suddenly got up, staggered to the door, and called for Noho. Then, as he tried to seat himself on a box, he fell, crying out, "Catch me, catch me!"

We poured cold water on his head, but it seemed only to increase his sufferings. After a little the convulsion passed, and was succeeded by a deep coma, with nervous twitchings of the face and right arm. As soon as it was possible to obtain a room in the tembe (for the tent was already becoming very hot) we carried him there, and placed him on a native bed, or "kitanda." The room was small and dark, but far cooler than the tent, and we broke down some of the mud wall to gain a little light and air.

I cannot describe the long anxious watchings and terrible suspense of the next night and the following day, and the second night. Gradually he became weaker. The loud stertorous breathing was most painful to hear. Convulsive fits attacked him every few hours. Nothing seemed to rouse him, or allay the symptoms—neither cold water, nor blisters. Great quantities of phlegm rendered his breathing difficult. The right arm and leg became completely paralysed. I expected that, as his strength grew less, he would be unable to cope with the fierce convulsions, and would quietly pass away without a struggle. And it was so.

About 11 A.M. on the 19th of December, as I sat alone by his side, his head gently declined to one side, his breath failed, and he was dead.

Rhodes had gone that morning to North Usekhe, where a large Arab caravan was encamped. The chief Arab, Hamram bin Selim, accompanied him back to our village, and, on learning the sad news, advised us strongly to buy a piece

of land and bury our poor comrade as speedily as possible, lest the chief of Usekhe, a grasping and insolent man, should discover the fact of his death, in which case much trouble would be caused, and exorbitant demands made on us.

We therefore made arrangements with the headman of our "tembe," and, taking my own men (who had been

GRAVE OF CONSUL ELTON, NEAR S. USEKHE.
(*From a sketch taken on the spot.*)

taught ere this to dig the white man's grave on the shores of their lake) I began to mark out a spot, which I had purchased, under a large tree at some distance from the village. But I was assailed by a number of men who assembled from the neighbouring gardens, and drove me away with threats. They would not have a grave so near their gardens.

After some delay we were given another spot, about three miles to the S.W. of the village, and our men dug a deep grave under the shade of a baobab. When all was ready, that same evening, I read the first part of the Burial Service in the little dark room, and then we carried him out to his lonely resting-place in the forest. Rhodes read over the grave the latter portion of the service for the dead. It was a clear windless night, and the moon was silvering the great branches overhead and dimming the tapers that had lighted up the pages of our Prayer-books, and which were now fixed here and there in the soil or in the crannies of the great baobab trunk, when the last basketful of earth was heaped upon the mound. We then turned our faces homewards, with a feeling of desolation unrealised before. But, if we were to bear up against our present troubles and the coming dangers and toil of the long journey still before us, it would not do to give way to despondency. Our cloth —and therefore all means of obtaining food and carriers— was at an end. We had more than three hundred miles before us, and our road led through the unfriendly country of Ugogo, where we knew that blackmail was imposed on travellers, and food was to be obtained only at exorbitant prices.

It was the greatest piece of good fortune that befell us, considering the state of destitution in which we found ourselves, that a large Arab caravan was encamped at Usekhe.

Hoste first, then Rhodes, visited Hamram bin Selim, and with true oriental hospitality he not only allowed us to purchase from him (accepting Rhodes' signature to the bill) a considerable amount of cloth, but sent us most acceptable presents of tea, coffee, sugar, and spices. He moreover allowed a number of his own men to return with us to the coast. So all our difficulties seemed now to be at an end.

On the 22nd we made a short march of about ten miles to North Usekhe, and camped near the caravan road, under some extraordinary conical peaks that rise abruptly from the plain. The impudent bearing of the natives both here and at our last camp was almost intolerable, and made us wish to push on as quickly as possible; for Usagara, beyond the Rubeho mountains, was described to us in terms that made our mouths water—a veritable land of milk and honey.

Next day we reached West Kanyenye, a group of tembes on a plain which was dotted over with immense baobabs. Our march led through dense forest, but now and then from some rising ground we caught sight of a beautiful valley flanked by a wooded range to the north. At night we were overtaken by one of the most violent thunderstorms, accompanied by tremendous rain and wind, that I have ever experienced. Our tents were flooded and blown down, and, there being no cover near, and no possibility of keeping fires alight, we all passed a very wretched night. My misery was aggravated not a little by a scorpion, which stung my finger. The pain, especially at the armpit, was very intense for about half-an-hour. The scorpions of the Ugogo plains are great black fellows, six inches in length. At night they swarm out of the ground, and flock to the camp fires, or take refuge from the rain in one's tents and baggage.

Here too our troubles on the subject of "mhongo" (blackmail) began. The chief demanded medicine—meaning that peculiar medicine which every white man is supposed to possess, and which acts as a charm against hostile invasion.

On Christmas Day, having left East Kanyenye, after crossing two or three salt streams, we were brought to a halt before noon, the carriers refusing to proceed further because no water was to be found on the road ahead. Most of the

rivulets—and they are pretty numerous in these parts—are so tainted with the salt that the water is useless for drinking purposes. What water we did get was a green slimy ooze from the bottoms of the pits, at which the cattle drank. We consoled ourselves for the delay by the thought that it was Christmas Day, and having managed to purchase a young bullock, distributed beef among all the men, and drank to absent friends in bumpers of sour milk. By the way, it is wonderful how, as one travels in Africa, scenes are constantly recurring that call to mind the descriptions of Homer. Nothing could better describe than certain well-known passages in Homer the busy scene of slaughter and skinning and cutting up, and roasting entrails and tit-bits, strung upon spits with alternate layers of fat. Libations and meat-offerings are wanting in the African ceremony. The final scene is alike in both cases. Until "all love of meat and drink is lost" they feast and make merry through the livelong night, cramming down their throats huge lumps of half-baked flesh, until the whole beast—be it cow, or zebra, or rhinoceros—has vanished, except a few cracked, marrowless, blackened bones.

While we were at our breakfast, about noon, the approach of a homebound caravan was announced. Soon afterwards strings of carriers appeared, then two white donkeys, on which were seated two Arabs. Behind them was a line of women, closely veiled, and clothed in red. As they approached, we went out to meet them. The Arabs dismounted when they saw us, and walking forward, ceremoniously greeted us.

Suleiman bin Selim, the chief, was a man of most courteous and dignified demeanour, and his open kindly face did not belie him, as was proved by his behaviour to us on many occasions afterwards; for we soon decided that it would

be pleasant as well as advantageous to travel onwards together.

As we wished to relieve some of our own men from loads, we hired a donkey at this place. But both donkey and driver proved so refractory—the former kicking his load to pieces—that we soon gave them up. It was impossible to procure carriers, for it seems that we were accustomed, instead of paying men at the end of a journey, to hang them up by the necks to the branches of trees. So the chief man of the village seriously informed us.

The next day (Dec. 26th) both caravans started together, the men, for the first mile or two, racing with each other, some of them weighted to the amount of 100, or even 120 lbs., firing their muskets, and lul-li-looing, in their delight.

After our experiences of Wasango and Wachungu carriers, the immense loads undertaken by these regularly trained porters of Zanzibar and Uniamwesi astonished us. Some of these fellows are magnificent developments of the human animal, with herculean frames; but even the smaller specimens of the breed (for it is an artificially selected breed) possess a capacity for endurance, as well as a muscular strength, that makes us Europeans feel very poor creatures. I have seen them slide and stagger along a path, which a diminutive torrent has worn into a narrow deep winding groove, with slippery sides, or over a marsh, ankle-deep and knee-deep in black tenacious mud, for six and eight hours at a time, without once taking their loads off their heads. Endurance rather than *élan* is the distinctive quality of the African—and it is the quality that the white man in Central Africa finds, by experience, to be the most useful. *Chi va piano va lontano* is true not only on Swiss mountains, but in African swamps.

At mid-day we halted by a "Ziwa," or pool of fresh water, in a woodland glade, and shot some wild duck. This is the "Ziwa" mentioned in Speke's map, I think.

A tremendous storm of rain deluged us that evening, before we pitched our tents near a group of tembes, from which we tried in vain to obtain any food. There were large herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep wandering about these plains, but the Wagogo positively refused to sell us anything except a few baskets of coarse salt. The head-men of every cattle kraal that we passed made demands for toll, and on several occasions showed signs of obstruction. But our united caravans, and perhaps the sight of white faces, secured us a certain degree of immunity. The usual device was to wait until most of the party had got under way, and then they would come down, armed with spears and muskets, on the rearmost stragglers, and detain them, clamouring for payment. To meet this difficulty Suleiman and one or two of us always remained in camp till the last moment, and, to avoid an uproar, were sometimes obliged to make a small present. There are two ways by which one can effect an easy passage through such countries as Ugogo. One method is to pay lavishly whatever toll is demanded, as some travellers on this route have done; the other is to pay nothing, in which case food is not forthcoming, and has sometimes to be forcibly obtained. It is difficult to say which policy does more harm to the natives themselves and to future travellers. Fortunately we were able, and it was in a great measure due to the tact and advice of our Arab friend, to avoid both extremes, though at times we suffered a good deal from want of food.

On the 27th we reached the western declivity of a hilly range that parts the great Ugogo plain from another reaching up to the foot of the Rubeho mountains. The water

here was worse than ever—simply undrinkable. But our men found a small pool of rain-water that had collected in a cavity of the rocks near our camp, just sufficient to fill our kettles. As I lay on my back in the shade of a thorn-bush after the hot march, about 3 o'clock, while the sun was blazing in all its unclouded brightness, I caught sight overhead of what I thought at first was a white butterfly flickering above me; then I fancied it must be a vulture at a great height in the sky: then I realised the fact that it was the planet Venus. All of us saw it distinctly, and the men were much excited at the phenomenon, declaring that it must be the moon. I suppose some scientific explanation could be given of the fact, and probably it is common enough. At this camp we were joined by another Arab, Suleiman bin Hadji, with a small retinue of followers. He was a sour, ill-tempered fellow, and, for good reasons, did not approve of our company, as will be seen hereafter. A boy, a goat, and a fowl were sleeping together just outside one of the kraals. About midnight a leopard, as he prowled about the camp, came upon them, and—chose the fowl! He was chased and fired at, but made off with his prize.

The next day brought us to the village of Mwara, a group of several large quadrangular tembes. The chief Mwara is a mere boy; but his prime minister, a Niamwesi, is a most impudent and obnoxious personage. He was drunk, and demanded exorbitant blackmail from us, making such a to-do when we began to strike tents next morning that we were obliged to order a halt, and to waste the whole day in haggling with the rascal. He even went the length of attempting to pull the beard of dear old Suleiman, who, although the offence in the eyes of an Arab is unpardonable, received the insult with quiet dignity. We at length drove

a bargain, and got off very cheaply, considering that a large caravan (Hamram bin Selim's, I fancy) had been detained here for twenty days, and had been forced to pay about 40*l.* worth of cloth to this drunken wretch. Here we were offered ivory for certain of our small native followers—for one especially who was virtually a slave of a Portuguese landholder on the Zambezi, and who had been allowed to accompany Consul Elton's party to the Nyassa. Finding that we were not to be persuaded, they transacted some business, I suspect, with our sour-faced friend, Suleiman bin Hadji; and when on the next day (31st) we reached a second village of Mwara, we caught him in the act of selling a young girl. At this we raised a protest, and threatened to report him at Zanzibar if he did not cancel the agreement. But the head-man who bought the girl refused to part with her, and a cock-and-bull story was got up by the Arab to the effect that this was the girl's original home, from which he had first taken her, and that he was merely restoring her to her parents. Of course we refused to believe this, and thenceforth would have nothing to say to our friend, though he studiously greeted us every morning as before. He seemed a good deal exercised by the thought of being reported as a slaver; and I sincerely hope that notice has been taken of the case, for we gave his name to H.M.'s Agent at Zanzibar, and there was no lack of numerous witnesses to the fact.

We now passed through a densely-wooded undulating country, while the grand range of Rubeho rose darkly to the south-east. Our line of march from North Usekhe had been almost due east, leading directly towards a deep indentation in the range, up which we travelled, the hills closing in around us. As is usual in wild countries, the mountainous parts are infested by brigands. We therefore travelled in a

compact body, and at night erected rude defences of thorn-bush round the camp, and appointed a watch. In the night shots were heard, and rushing out we found the Arab camp in a state of alarm. A woman who had gone down to draw water had seen, or fancied she saw, a band of men prowling along the edge of the pool. The hysterical natives had at once begun to discharge their flint-locks wildly towards the spot, and we got very little sleep that night.

A nasty tract of swamp, through which we waded knee-deep, lay between us and the pass of Chunyo at the head of the gap. When we reached the base of the acclivity, on the summit of which was perched a picturesque village, a rain-swollen river about 50 yards wide, with a very rapid current, barred our progress. Some of us swam across, being taken a considerable distance down-stream, and disturbing a great crocodile that was basking on the further bank. The carriers, with infinite trouble, passed their loads across by means of a fallen tree; and in the evening we camped on the top of Chunyo pass, from which we could look down on the promised land of Usagara.

Rumours had already reached us of the presence of white men in Usagara. The number of them varied from one to twelve. They had, it was said, erected a house at Mpwapwa, our next station; had built bridges over rivers; had made a broad, straight road all the way from the coast; and had brought up with them strange conveyances running on circles of wood, and drawn by cattle. We did not know whether this might not be the road party, who, we thought, might have abandoned the route from Dar-es-Salam, finding it impracticable on account of the native wars that we had heard of in the neighbourhood of the Rufiji. It naturally made us anxious to reach Mpwapwa, and we looked forward to the prospect of seeing white faces once more, and to a

pleasant break in the wearisome monotony of the journey. Besides, we were nearly famishing. After camping at Chunyo we had sent men—wearied with their long day across the swamp and river—to forage for provisions. They visited several villages, and at length, about 9 o'clock at night, two of my men returned in triumph, having bought at a tembe among the hills, about three miles off, one miserable chicken. "Nkuku, Nkuku!" (a fowl, a fowl!) was the cry that heralded the approach, and the rapture with which we greeted the arrival of the poor fluttering creature, as it was swung overhead by the bearer, was simply disgraceful—so at least it appears to me now as I sit in a comfortable room, smoking an after-dinner pipe.

Our guides had told us that if a gun was fired by the white men at Mpwapwa we could hear it at Chunyo. But it proved a good ten or twelve miles—though, for that matter, a gun is often heard at still greater distances in Africa. Across the water of Nyassa I have heard the report of flint-locks and the roll of drums twenty-five miles distant. On leaving Chunyo we diverged for the first time from our due easterly course, and struck south-east, along the northern flank of the gap, across slopes and spurs of a very beautifully-wooded and craggy range, while towards the south the valley broadened out, and in the purple distance the grand peaks and ridges of Rubeho stood up against the sky.

The village of Mpwapwa lies on the lower slopes of a hill conspicuous for its beauty even amid that lovely scenery. Rich forest and grassy glades, with here and there a jutting crag, lead the eye upwards to a crown of precipices. A green fertile valley at its base, filled with grazing cattle and dotted with hamlets, is sundered by a broad stream—the Mukondokwa, or one of its larger affluents. On its northern bank we pitched our camp, and in a short time realised the

fact that we were among another people. Provisions began to pour in. Groups of natives gathered about the camp with friendly looks of recognition, and a head-man brought a present.

"Where are the white men?" we asked. They had gone away east to Usagara. But their house was pointed out to us on a spur of the hill. I walked up to see it, and found it tenantless and falling to ruin. On inquiring at a neighbouring tembe I was taken to a man who was said to be in charge of goods left behind by the whites. He, with evident pride, produced his well-guarded treasures—an old rusty spade, the frame of an iron camp-bed, a Testament, and a few tracts of a Congregationalist character—relics, I at once concluded, left by Mr. Price and the London Missionary Society's party.

At Mpwapwa we waited for a small convoy of goods and provisions that Suleiman expected to arrive from the coast by a road through the mountains, more direct than the path we intended to take, but too rough and steep for our heavy loads. In the course of the next day it arrived, and was saluted with a magnificent fusillade. Our intense craving for something saccharine, occasioned probably by our diet (the small supply given us by Hamram having been long exhausted), was satisfied by a tin of sugar that we obtained from Suleiman's new stores, at the rate of about four shillings and sixpence a pound!

Another small caravan, outward bound, was camping near us. We paid a visit to the Arab and endeavoured to extract some news from him. But besides the usual formula that "all news is good news"—for it is the height of inhospitality to bring any but *good* tidings—we could gather little. From what was said, however, we concluded that England had declared war with Russia.

Leaving Mpwapwa, and still bearing towards the south-east, in two days we reached Lake Ugombo or "Matamombo" (literally "hippopotami"). We had descended considerably from the high ground of Chunyo, and now the vegetation, springing up rapidly after the early rains, was becoming very rank and dense, and the low ground between the spurs of the hills was knee-deep in mud. A hot, tiring tramp along the flooded valley of the Mukondokwa (which, by the way, being by far its largest branch ought to take the name of the Wami, as it is called lower down) brought us to a cultivated clearing studded with palm-trees. Under one of these I suddenly came across a sight that made me stop short—the figure of a black man attired in moleskin trousers, a flannel shirt, and a hat! It was unmistakable. No Central African could assume that well-known slouch, nor that broad meaningless grin on the thick lips and coarse-cut features. All the world over, one would have said at once, "That is a Capetown *boy*." Without a sign of excitement or interest of any kind he watched me approach—as if the appearance of white men from the West were a thing of daily occurrence—and after some persuasion consented to show me the way to the Mission House, which I now descried perched high on the opposite slope of the mountain, with a bright Union Jack fluttering over its gable.

Sitting in the shade of some neatly-thatched houses, by the side of which were drawn up a tent-waggon and two strong carts, I found Mr. Thompson and a companion, who welcomed us warmly, and after a bath we enjoyed the delicious luxury of sitting in chairs at a table reading the latest European news—the declaration of war, the fall of Plevna, and the discoveries of Stanley. By the way, near Kanyenye we had been informed by an Arab that a white man who had carried a boat up to Ukerewe was returning

from Unyanyembe, and was only a few days behind us. He volunteered the remark that his name was Stanley, or something like it, and we had fully concluded that Mr. Stanley's attempt to cross the dark continent had proved a failure, and expected to see him march into our camp some evening. Not a little surprised, therefore, were we to find that Mr. Stanley had reached the west coast; and we rightly surmised that the Arab's story related to a member of the Church Missionary Society returning from the Victoria Nyanza. We found Mr. Thompson working very vigorously at the foundation of what will I hope prove a permanent roadside station. There had sprung up in the short space of six weeks a little group of neatly-built houses, and in the garden green rows of English peas and other vegetables were already bursting from the soil. He was sanguine of reaching Tanganyika during the next dry season; but, alas! almost all his cattle were already dead, and the few that remained were wandering listlessly about with low-drooped heads and emaciated frames. It is still a question whether this was due to tsetse or to the rank wet vegetation of the lower country. Possibly we may learn by such costly experience how to avoid the danger, whatever it may be. In many parts of this region cattle thrive, and the natives are able to convey them safely from one part of the country to another. For instance, cattle are brought from northwards to Merere's and to the Niam-Niam by certain paths that avoid the dangerous and infested belts. At present, however, I fear the employment of draught oxen on the Unyanyembe route has been proved impracticable, not only by the experiment made by the London Missionary Society, but also by M. Broyon, who made a similar attempt and suffered a similar loss. M. Broyon was at Kirasa with Mr. Thompson. He had not succeeded in bringing his waggons up to this

place, but had left them behind at a camp near the village of Usagara.

After a most refreshing stay of two days at Kirasa, we said good-bye to Mr. Thompson, and pushed on; for rain was now falling daily, and we were told that the direct road to Bagomoyo through the Makata swamp would soon be impassable. Indeed, Mr. Thompson strongly advised us to diverge northwards to Saadani. But we preferred the shorter though more difficult route, as well as the company of Suleiman. After passing M. Broyon's camp, perched on the top of a hill overhanging the Mukondokwa, we, on the second day, issued suddenly from the narrow valley, and, leaving the hills, found ourselves on a large swampy plain. Here the river takes a sweep round towards the S.E., before it flows northwards again, to fall into the sea as the Wami, about twenty miles north of Bagamoyo.

A few hours from the Mukondokwa gorge brought us to the village of Sef Suleiman, built on a tolerably dry patch in the midst of a very fertile but pestilential marsh country. Black groves of immense trees, netted together with huge creepers and dense undergrowth, studded the scene, and groups of huts were clustered under their shade. This village was a halting-station for Arab caravans, and there was in its midst a public lodging-house for travellers, a rather cranky and dirty edifice; but the mere sight of such a thing, reviving pleasant memories of civilised habits, and as an evidence of other than Central African ideas of hospitality, produced a sensation that few but African travellers can be expected to understand. We little thought then with what associations in after-days that half-ruined hut would be connected in our memories. The day after our arrival (Jan. 10th) we decided to spend in buying up food and in recruiting, for several of us were ailing, and

Hoste was suffering a good deal from a kind of cramp in his leg which made his progress slow and difficult. He had lagged behind on the last march, had lost his way, and had painfully crawled into camp late in the day. We noticed that he seemed unable or indisposed to give a distinct account of his wanderings, but it was not till the next morning that the terrible truth flashed across us. The same symptoms, that we knew only too well, appeared in a strange inability to remember the names of the commonest objects. Other words seemed to occasion no difficulty—the first part of the sentence came glibly enough—but the thing that was wanted (we first noticed it by his asking us to pass the "quinine," when he wished for the salt, at breakfast) was either given a wrong name, or described in a circuitous manner. Then his right hand became paralysed. He could scarcely be roused from the lethargy that was creeping over him; and we—those who were not watching by his bedside—went to sleep that night with a fearful certainty, which we dared scarcely whisper to each other that we should be soon called up again. Continual streams of the coldest water procurable were poured over his head; he was wrapped in a wet sheet, and, what I believe was of as great use as anything, a strong dose of aperient medicine was administered. It happened just as we expected—a cry for help aroused me, and rushing to the hut I found him in convulsions. To describe the next four or five days, during which he lay in a deep coma, while every moment we feared that the end might come—as it had come in poor Elton's case—would be too painful. The bare remembrance of it is still like a terrible dream. At length, when protracted anxiety and weariness had become almost unbearable, he awoke, and asked for food. Our intense joy was however soon turned to despair, for, though now no longer comatose,

his mind began to wander, and in a few hours he was in a raving delirium. For four more days this continued. During this time he obtained no sleep, and suffered from the most extraordinary hallucinations—on one occasion escaping from the hut in the middle of the night, and rushing out into the marsh in the midst of a heavy storm of rain. Gradually signs of returning consciousness appeared, and on the 19th we were able to discuss the question whether it would be best for him to return to the station of Mr. Thompson in Usagara, or to push on to the coast. Knowing the great peril that we ran by exposing him to a march of nearly 200 miles through the swamps of the coast country, we had already sent messengers to the Mission Station, and had received the kindest offers of assistance from Mr. Thompson. However, the risks of a delay in Usagara during the approaching wet season were also very great, and we decided finally to push forward with all possible speed.

Before us lay the dreaded swamp of Makata. This we traversed in two days, with no little difficulty, for the mud was knee-deep and the water chin-deep in many parts, and the hammock-bearers, with their load of 14 stone, found it almost impossible to keep their legs. After crossing the Wami and the Makata rivers, and spending a day among the giraffes, hartebeest, and gnu that swarm in the neighbourhood, we reached a most beautifully wooded, hilly country, watered by the streams of the Lungeringeri, and then descended considerably to an open undulating region, where the rank grass and dense bush combined with flooded streams to check our progress. In the early morning the tall grass blades, waving above one's head, and heavily laden with dew or raindrops, pour down a continuous shower-bath as one forces a way through the thick obstructive

tangle of stalks, and in a few minutes one is wet to the skin, with soaking clothes clinging about one and sending a chill through the very bones. Then up rises the sun, and the result of the heat is a vapour-bath of not a very agreeable kind. As soon as one is well dried and warm, the path plunges down into the crypt-like gloom and damp mouldy atmosphere of dense forest, whose boughs, interlaced into a black mass above with innumerable creepers and monkey-rope, exclude every ray of the fierce sun blazing overhead. It reminds one of the shiver that one feels as one descends from the bright daylight of the Campagna into the cavernous darkness of a Roman catacomb.

On the fifth day after leaving Sef Suleiman's we reached the once strongly fortified town of Simbamwenye (the "Lion-lord"), of which Mr. Stanley gave us an illustration and description in his former book. The place is now dilapidated, but a considerable number of large huts is clustered within and around its walls. These walls, the first stone masonry that they had seen, were the object of great admiration and wonder to my Nyassa men, who said they were determined to build a similar wall round their village as soon as ever they reached home. The daughter of the Lion-lord now reigns in his stead. She was absent when we passed, having gone to the coast to procure aid from Seyyid in her quarrel with the chief man of Makata. A quarrel had arisen concerning the death of the Lion-queen's mother, or mother-in-law, who, when on a visit to her relations of the great Swamp, had come to an end—poisoned, said they of Simbamwenye's, by the people of Makata—killed by a lion, said their opponents. The next day we met a motley host of about thirty Zanzibar "*askari*" (soldiers)—*very* irregular troops—and gaudily-dressed men and women, the queen herself tramping knee-deep through the muddy water.

Her so-called husband—one, I believe, of many—was at the head of this column, singing and yelling as he staggered along, brandishing in his right hand a half-empty brandy bottle.

Simbamwenye's town lies at the foot of a large and very beautiful mountain, named Ngombazi, whose upper slopes are inhabited by a tribe that combines agriculture (as is plain from the very extensive patches of corn, cassava, &c., that are visible among the dark forest even on the topmost ridges) with brigandage, making periodical descents in quest of cattle. They are called Waruguru. This mountain, say the Swahili men, can be seen from Zanzibar, and the evening gun is heard here when the wind is favourable.

That same night we found commodious quarters in a large square hut standing in the midst of a village. It seemed to have been begun some seasons ago, but never to have been finished, and no wonder. I as usual preferred my little square tent; but the others were by this time so tattered, and afforded such poor shelter from the nightly storms of rain, that my companions generally made their beds under the roof of some hut, whenever such a thing was to be got. In the middle of the night I heard loud cries for help, and seizing my revolver—for I expected at least that we were attacked by Ruga Ruga—rushed forth. Two figures clothed in "pyjamas" were leaping about the courtyard and rolling on the ground, with frantic yells and contortions, while buckets of water were being thrown over them. Incautiously advancing to the scene, I was immediately made aware of the cause of the uproar by several severe bites on my legs, and looking downwards found that the ground was swarming with immense reddish-black ants —"Maviti," as we called the pugnacious little brutes on the lake. The deserted house was alive with them. Over

our boxes and bales, over every rafter and post, over all the walls and ground, they were marching and crawling and running and congregating by tens of thousands. The mosquito nets of the two beds that had been placed in the verandah were literally black with them. Most fortunately they confined themselves to the environs of the haunted house. I was about to strike my tent and take to flight, when one of the villagers who had been aroused by the commotion, and was standing by as an amused spectator, quietly remarked that they would not come beyond *there*—pointing to a spot some yards distant. They never come further than that. "So you knew all about it?" we shouted indignantly; "and why on earth didn't you tell us?" "O yes, we knew the *virombo* (beasts) were in that house, and always came out at night, and *we* could not sleep there, so we gave up building the house. But we didn't know they would bite the white men!"

On the 28th we again crossed the Lungeringeri, here a broad clear rapid river, in which, among the rocks, we enjoyed most delicious bathing. The village of Massudi on its right bank afforded us good accommodation in a traveller's hut, and we revelled in sugar-cane, and other luxuries; for now we needed no longer to discuss every half yard of expenditure, seeing that Bagamoyo was only three days distant. It is true that for the last fortnight "késho-kutwa" (the day after to-morrow) had been the invariable answer to our incessant inquiries; and our tempers as well as those of our guides had been none of the best. But the following day we forgot all our petty vexations and past troubles, for as we crossed a wooded ridge, below the slope of which stretches the low plain of the Luvo (Rufu) or Kingani, a bright silvery streak that faded away into a haze of blue in the far eastern sky edged the dark

outline of the scene. "The Sea! The Sea!" we cried; and surely never did Xenophon and his Greeks hail the sight of Euxine waves with more rapture than we the blue Indian Ocean, with its white line of surf breaking on the African coast. We pitched our camp that night for the last time in the bush. It was a strange, almost a sad, sensation. The poor old tattered tents, the battered plates and mugs, the dear little spoutless kettle that had served us so long and faithfully, good-bye to one and all! And you who from the banks of the Zambezi, or from your village homes amid the lovely woods of Nyassa, have followed your white master through so many distant scenes and so many dangers—to you too I must soon say good-bye, perhaps for ever. Often, in days to come, beneath a cold and gloomy sky, shall I think of you, and remember your brave and faithful devotion, and yearn in vain to be with you once more upon the blue waters of your Lake.

On the 31st of January we crossed the steamy plain of the Kingani, were ferried across the river, and a few hours afterwards found ourselves among the huge black-foliaged mango-trees of Bagamoyo. Suleiman, I forgot to say, being pressed for time, had left us during those ten wretched days of delay and anxiety that I have described. He had taken a note from us to Dr. Kirk, and when, followed by my Lake men, I went down to the beach to see the "great salt Nyanja," of which they had so often heard me speak, half-incredulous that there could be any water so vast as their own Nyassa, an exclamation of wonder broke from them as they pointed seaward, "*Galawa ikuru! wa moto! a pimbana Ilala!*" Yes, it was indeed a great steamer, bigger than the 'Ilala,'—and a white sail was dancing over the waves towards us. We hastened to meet it; and a few minutes afterwards two officers—who must have thought me a strange object in my

torn and mud-stained habiliments—were grasping my hand, and congratulating me on our safety.

The fact of our dining that evening in the wardroom of H.M.S. 'Vulture' is perhaps less interesting to my readers than it was a novel and delicious experience to us. I must, however, take this opportunity of acknowledging with gratitude the great kindness shown to us by the officers, and the many little services offered us and our men by the crew of the ship during our short voyage to Zanzibar, where we were warmly welcomed by Dr. Kirk, Captain Sulivan, Mr. Foster, and others,—English naval officers and residents. To Mr. Foster especially the thanks of the whole expedition are due for his generous hospitality.

Some eight months before this a wave of the Nyassa had swept out of my boat a journal containing all the notes and observations that I had collected since I first set foot in tropical Africa. Fortunately a replica of the greater portion of these diaries had been sent home beforehand, so that my loss was not of much consequence. But all the notes and observations that I had made on this last journey, and which had safely travelled with me through the wilds of Usango and Konde, were carelessly left behind by me at Zanzibar, and were (together with private letters, fully addressed) swept into oblivion by some thoughtless or unscrupulous hand. Their chief value consisted in the observations, which fortunately Consul Elton has recorded in his diary, and which have been incorporated in his maps, as well as of facts which, with characteristic unselfishness, he discussed openly with me, and which I have pieced into his narrative, as occasion offered. So I have little reason to lament my loss, except in so far as such letters and journals are of private interest.

And now is ended the story of our journey of 1000 miles

from Livingstonia to Zanzibar—a journey of, I cannot help thinking, more than ordinary interest. Should these 'Travels and Adventures' fail to give a distinct and vivid picture of the scenes through which we passed, the fault is mine, not his whose name and memory shall in after-times be ever associated with that region of Konde and Usango which it has been our fortune to have first explored, and which, from its loveliness and grandeur, is surely deserving of the name that he gave it—"the Garden of Africa."

THE "TEMBE" IN WHICH CONSUL ELTON DIED, DEC. 19TH, 1877.
(*From a sketch by H. B. Cotterill.*)

NATURAL HISTORY APPENDIX ON THE KUNGU FLY:*

Communicated by the Rev. A. E. EATON, *M.A.*

IT is very probable that insects of more kinds than one are employed in the preparation of the Kungu cake, and that the species may vary according to the time of year as well as with the locality. This surmise receives some support from the materials forwarded to me by the Rev. H. Waller and H. B. Cotterill as samples of the Kungu Fly, being of diverse affinities. Some of the latter (separate specimens entangled more or less in cobweb, captured on board his boat while a great swarm of them was passing) proved to be Ephemeridæ, of the genus *Cænis*, Steph.—a small May-fly with two wings and three jointed tail-bristles. It is the habit of insects of this genus to emerge from water as "sub-imagines" late in the day, and, after alighting upon neighbouring objects with wings widely expanded, to moult their skin in the course of a few minutes, and then take flight, congregating in the air in immense assemblies. They fly readily to light when darkness sets in, and in the early morning after sunrise resume their dances, until, overpowered by the heat, they sink down to die. They have been known to accumulate upon the borders of pieces of water frequented by them to a depth of a few inches in the course of a night, and are used in Prussia as food for pigs.

Other and larger flies of the same family are almost as

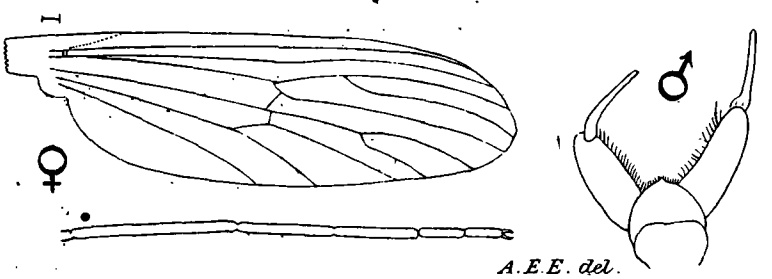
* See note, p. 292.

plentiful in certain parts of Europe and North America. A letter from Mr. Cotterill contains a rough sketch of another of the Ephemeridæ, differing from *Cænis* in possessing only two tails, and probably allied to *Baëtis*, Leach, which was observed by him on that lake.

A piece of genuine Kungu cake of Lake Nyassa, forwarded to me by the Rev. H. Waller at a date prior to the transmission of the specimens above-mentioned, was, however, composed of gnats and not May-flies. A very small portion of it placed in cold water upwards of three days, to soften, afforded material for a microscopical investigation extending over four days. Examined in water under a bright condensed light, no trace of Ephemeridæ could be discovered in any part of it. The only exceptional ingredients noticed in its composition were a bit of a dead leaf and a few herbage-haunting insects, such as ants, a small homopteron, and a spider, forming altogether a very small proportion of the general mass. By far the greater bulk of the commodity is made up of thoraces of the female gnat, tightly pressed together and firmly imbedded in a promiscuous tangle of wings, legs, and flattened-out segments compacted with hardened eviscerations. Everything was in consequence very much out of shape, especially the wings. These were crumpled and twisted up until they assumed the forms of shrivelled tea-leaves a twelfth of an inch in length; and it was only by selecting a few, whose condition seemed to be not quite so desperate as that of the majority, and scalding them, sometimes repeatedly, that their form and neuration could be displayed with the needle. Out of the hundreds of females examined there was not one which could furnish a wing free from distortion, nor one with a complete antenna: and only one of them possessed an entire palpus. The segments of the abdomen could not in any case be traced beyond the

fifth from the apex. It is therefore impossible to describe the gnat as a species. Of what may be the male of the same insect, two antennæ, complete as to the number of their joints, but divested of hair, were obtained, and several forceps; but examples of this sex were relatively very scarce.

The Kungu Fly of Lake Nyassa, judging from this piece of cake, is one of the *Culicidæ* with the proboscis short. In the neuration of its wings, the mutual proportion of the first two joints of its tarsi (see Fig. ♀) the form of its palpi, the structure of its antennæ (observed only up to the eighth



joint), and of its appendices, the female resembles *Corethra;* but possibly (although this is rather improbable) it may be found to possess fewer segments in the abdomen than the number normal in that genus. The male, probably of the same species, has antennæ conformable with those of the male *Corethra*, but its appendices (see Fig. ♂) instead of being foliaceous are strongly forcipate, two-jointed, with the second joint claw-shaped.

Some of the *Culices* with the proboscis long, have occasionally appeared in England in immense swarms, which have been mistaken at a distance for columns of smoke (Haliday, in Walker, 'Dipt.' iii. 245). Mr. W. H. Bates informs me that midges of another family (*Simuliidæ*) have been observed by him in similar clouds on the river Amazons.

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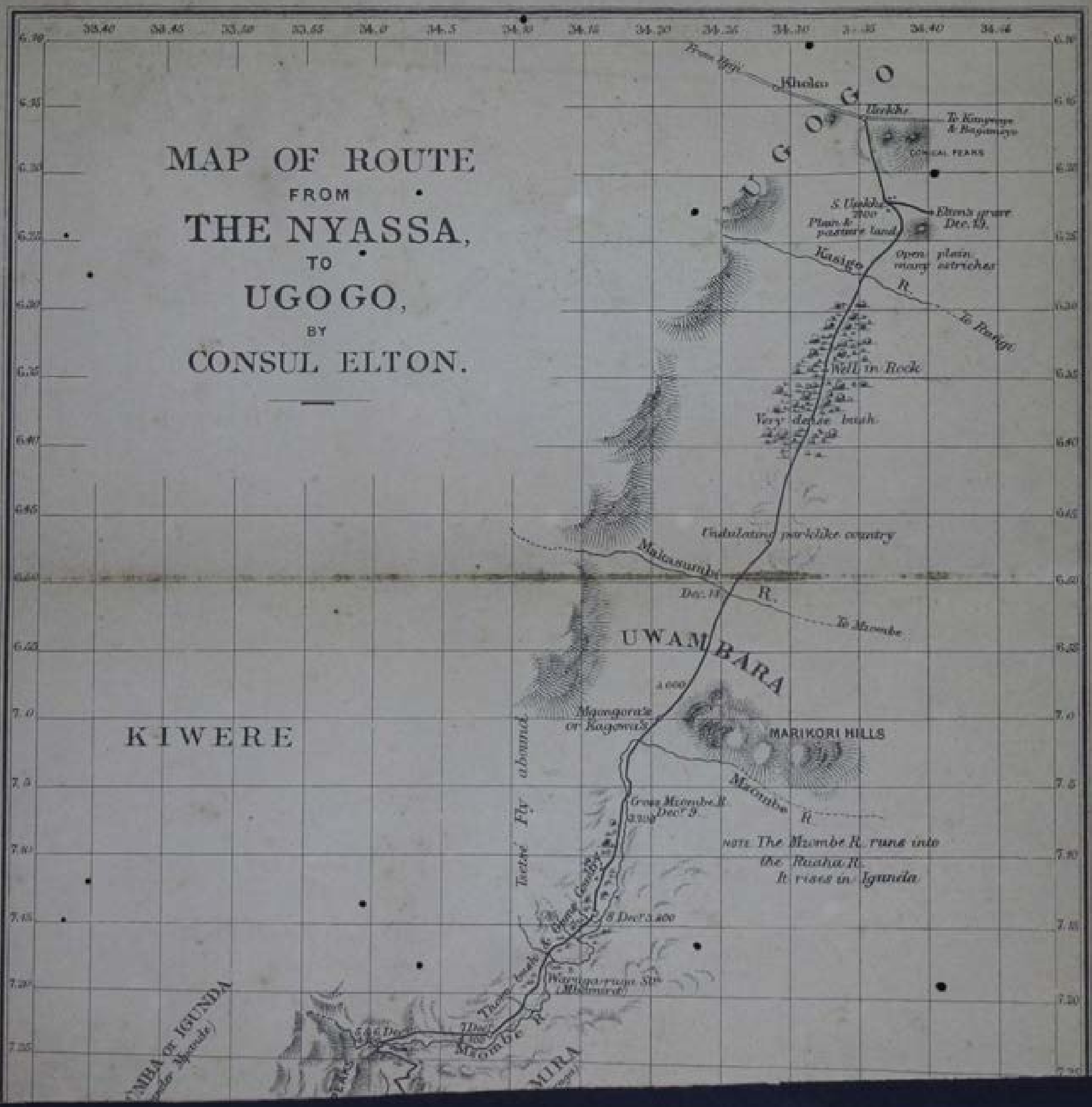
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FROM
THE NYASSA,
TO
UGOGO,
BY
CONSUL ELTON.
UGOGO
Khokwe
Tirikhe
To Kanyenye & Bagamoyo
CONICAL PEAKS
S. Unikhe 7000
Elton's grave Dec. 19.
Plain & pasture land
Kasige
Open plain many ostriches
R.
To Tunkye
Well in Rock
Very dense bush
Undulating parklike country
Makansumbe
Dec. 11
R.
To Mombe
UWAMBARA
Mgongora's or Ragoma's
MARIKORI HILLS
KIWERE
Tsetse Fly abound
Mzombe R.
Gross Mzombe R. Dec. 9
Mzombe R.
NOTE The Mzombe R. runs into the Ruaha R. It rises in Igunda
8 Dec. 5,600
Warriga-rugu Str. Mkomazi
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Thorn bush
Mzombe R.
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